

LIFE



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Jon Whitcomb

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New B.F. Goodrich

"Rythm Ride"

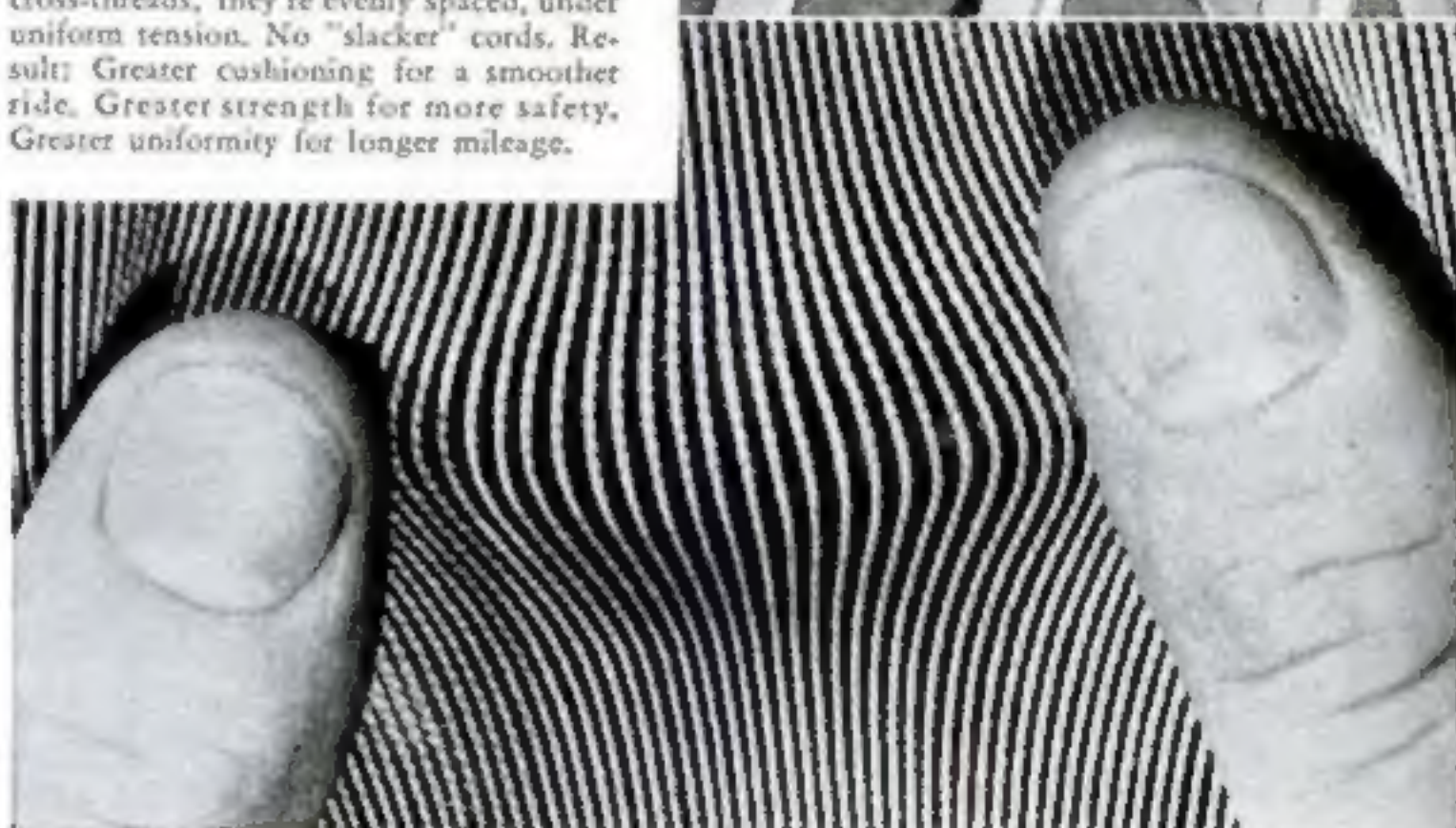
GIVES YOU GREATER COMFORT, SAFETY, MILEAGE



OUT OF RYTHM: Most Cords are "out-of-step" like an awkward squad. Loosely tied by cross-threads, they tend to bunch or separate. Some work too hard, others not hard enough. They don't work together. Result: Tire doesn't run as smoothly. Weak spots invite trouble. Overstrained cords soon wear out.



IN RYTHM: BFG Cords work in unison like precision marchers. Sealed in live rubber, with no shackling cross-threads, they're evenly spaced, under uniform tension. No "slacker" cords. Result: Greater cushioning for a smoother ride. Greater strength for more safety. Greater uniformity for longer mileage.



"RYTHMIC-FLEXING CORDS" MAKE THE DIFFERENCE

Here it is—a basic difference in tires. A difference you can see for yourself.

It's the new B. F. Goodrich Silvertown—with "rythmic-flexing cords" that give you a "Rythm Ride"! More comfort, more safety, more miles!

In every tire there are thousands of cords that flex as you ride. Comfort, safety, mileage depend a lot on how well they work together.

In most tires, cords are "hobbled" by cross-threads. Some are too loose, some too tight. They bunch in places, gap in others. Some carry too much strain, some loaf.

GREATER COMFORT BFG engineers have done away with cross-threads. Cords are evenly spaced under uniform tension and sealed in live rubber. As a result, BFG cords flex

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EXTRA SAFETY Each cord carries its share. No overstrained cords to break under stress. No "slacker" cords. BFG "rythmic-flexing cords" take the gaff—flex right back for more.

LONGER MILEAGE See this basic difference in tires at your B. F. Goodrich dealer. Once you compare "rythmic-flexing cords" with old-type cords, you'll never want anything less than the B. F. Goodrich "Rythm Ride"! The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.

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the Best in Cigarette Quality for 30 Years.*

*And now, I say
the new Fatima is the best of long cigarettes.*

*It's the long cigarette that
I know you'll enjoy as much as I do.*

It's MY cigarette.

Basil Rathbone



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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

GIRLS VS. GIRLS

Sirs:

That photographic debate on Missouri vs. Smith (LIFE, May 9) is the most fascinating piece I've ever seen in LIFE. Those who see merit solely in the Missouri method will probably fail to perceive that in presenting the case for Missouri, LIFE gave the most compelling arguments possible in support of Smith and of private, selective education.

Personnel authorities, men in search of wives, institutions in need of young women executives would do well to ponder upon your report, and to remember that dignity, poise, discrimination, integrity and an active conscience are more thoroughly developed at a place like Smith than they ever can be at Missouri. . . .

WILLIAM H. RODGERS
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Missouri may offer a more normal life, but what is college for? There are only two reasons for girls' going to college: 1) to obtain an education, 2) to obtain a husband. If the purpose is to get a husband, they should not be in college. If they are there to get an education, they should not be in Missouri's anti-intellectual atmosphere.

ROGER W. STRECKER
ALAN S. CALNAN
RICHARD S. PARKER

Brown University
Providence, R.I.

Sirs:

As a fairly recent graduate of a so-called, "exclusive women's college," I have come to the conclusion that gals like Jane Stone knew what they were doing when they chose coed education.

I, and many others I know, regret the hours of isolation spent on a country campus. After all, just being with a man can be an education. . . .

I have decided to send my daughter (if I ever have one) to a large, Western university where, like Jane Stone, she can live a normal, well-balanced, unfrustrated life.

JOAN BARBAGE
Montclair, N.J.

Sirs:

. . . How about a picture of Janet Trowbridge on a weekend date with a man? After all, she must have some dates. . . .

MARJORIE BARKER
DORIS ECKHART
ANN HAGGERTY
ALIDA TAIT

Keuka College
Keuka Park, N.Y.



● Herewith Janet (left) enjoying herself on a weekend date. —ED.

Sirs:

Having attended both Smith College and the University of Wisconsin, I find that without a doubt I learned more, got better grades and had much more fun at the university than at Smith. . . .

JULIE RAMSEY
Racine, Wis.

Sirs:

Like Janet Trowbridge, I lived in Tyler House until my graduation in 1931.

I am enclosing a snapshot taken exactly 20 years ago of a similar group of students on the Tyler House front porch, waiting for the mailman.

The five girls in my photograph didn't wait for letters in vain. All are married, and one has a business career as well.

ELEANOR MARSHALL PORTER
Summit, N.J.



WAITING FOR MAIL, 1929

Sirs:

I have attended both a coed and a girls' college and found more satisfaction at the girls' college. . . .

Most girls, coed or otherwise, marry after college. From then on it is much more important for a girl to get along with other women than to be devastatingly attractive to men.

MRS. JAMES N. WHITE
Oakland, Calif.

Sirs:

I am one of many seniors in high school hoping to attend college in the fall.

Your article sold my mother on a girls' college, but it also sold my father on a coeducational school. A compromise was reached—two years at Stephens and two years at Michigan.

FAY JOSEPH
Flint, Mich.

Sirs:

. . . I learned how to "dawdle in cars" in high school—I didn't come to Smith for that!

DOROTHY DERSHOWITZ
Northampton, Mass.

Sirs:

Weep for Smith girls? Not on your life! . . . We submit that a Smith girl learns as much about men during one Yale weekend as a Missouri coed does during her entire college career.

FRANK B. HALL III
JOHN J. DOWLING JR.

Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

Sirs:

Serving for 27 years as president of a coeducational college and a coeducational university, I found that the advisability of a girl's attending such an institution depends on the character of the girl. If she is temperamentally adjusted and morally sound, she can with equal profit to herself be a student in a coeducational college or in one exclusively for girls. Should she not be self-disciplined in respect to her

CONTINUED ON PAGE 3

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2. When you shop for Dad for Father's Day, be sure to see the new water-repellent and shock-resistant watches, calendar watches, automatic self-winding watches, chronographs—and other achievements of Swiss craftsmanship. Men take pride in owning such interesting and unusual precision timepieces as these.



3. If your gift is for a girl or woman, remember that Swiss watchmakers have led the world for years in new and unusual watch styles. In fact the first wrist watch was a Swiss creation. And just as important as style, are the works and workmanship inside the case. Be sure you get a quality Swiss jeweled lever movement.

1. It's as traditional as a diploma—to give a watch to a boy or a girl who's graduating. For no gift has more meaning than the precious gift of time, no gift is received with more appreciation, displayed with more pride. The most

satisfactory way to buy a watch is to let your dependable jeweler help you select a smart watch with a quality Swiss jeweled lever movement—a watch that will be in style and give fine service for years to come.

How to buy the perfect June gift...



4. It's a Swiss tradition to give you more for your money. To the Swiss, it isn't enough just to have jewels in a watch; they must be cut, polished and set with fine precision at points of greatest wear. A watch with a quality Swiss jeweled lever movement is engineered in all its intricate parts, for dependability and long life.



5. To give the best wear, a watch deserves good care—the care an expert can give it. Today, thanks to the new Official Swiss Watch Repair Parts Program and to the cooperation of U. S. importers, wholesalers and jewelers, you can always have your Swiss watch serviced economically and promptly.

For the gifts you'll give with pride—let your jeweler be your guide

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Oil Quality But

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"Detergent"? YES!
"High V.I."? YES!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

associating with boys, she should attend a school for girls until she is socially matured.

CARL G. DONEY
President emeritus
Willamette University
Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

... A boy-crazy girl will be boy-crazy, no matter what neck of the woods she lives in.

NANETTE KEEFE
Texas State College for Women
Denton, Texas

Sirs:

Hooray for coeducation! Neatness, attractiveness and smart appearance are as important as an education. . . .

FLORENCE M. BERK
Brookline, Mass.

Sirs:

What do the M.U. coeds have to say about the competition they receive from Stephens College for women, also located in Columbia?

JOAN VAN WAGENEN
PAM PRICE
PAT JAMES
ALICE TINKHAM
MAUREEN McNAMARA
MARGIE CHRYST
GRETCHEN RIENETH

Stephens College
Columbia, Mo.

● M.U. coeds, far less restricted than Stephens girls in when, where and whom they may date, like to think they can successfully ignore the competition from across the street. Some M.U. boys are more specific: "You have to ask an M.U. coed two weeks in advance. A Stephens girl you can ask the night before."—ED.

Sirs:

From page 67 through 73 Missouri life is "informal, carefree." But from 74 up to the 80s You'd have us believe that Smith is a Hades.

As two from Wells we'd like to gripe, Since we are of the latter type, Of mid-week dates we have our fill, You know, Cornell is on the hill.

MARY MELONE
DOROTHY FREEDMAN

Wells College
Aurora, N.Y.

LUCKY

Sirs:

Your story (LIFE, May 9) on Lucky, the little Texas puppy starving beside its dead mother's body, is worth the cost of 10 years' subscription to LIFE.

JOHN R. DAWKINS
Summerland, Calif.

Sirs:

Ninety-nine percent of the people in this country haven't time to bother with decent acts of mercy such as committed by members of your staff. . . .

PAUL D. SHANNON
Durham, N.H.

Sirs:

In reference to your article several points of correction should be made.

First, when the picture of me and my assistant bathing the dog was taken no mention was made of publication in LIFE. I had no chance to request, as I must under the ethics of the Veteri-

nary Medical Association, that neither my name or the name of my establishment should appear.

Second, the picture shows one of my assistants bathing the dog. I was merely supervising it.

Also, no dog can be freed of worms merely by giving it a bath, as your article implies. This necessitates the proper medication.

S. EUGENE HERMAN, D.V.M.
New York Veterinary Hospital
New York, N.Y.

● LIFE apologizes to Dr. Herman for confusing him with his assistant and regrets any professional embarrassment the story may have caused him.—ED.

Sirs:

Could you print a picture of your photographer Miss Nina Leen whose nice-looking leg is shown with Lucky?

TIMMIE TONN

Columbia, Mo.



● Miss Leen, holding Lucky, took this picture herself, looking in a mirror.—ED.

WHITHER LOGAN?

Sirs:

The piece in the May 9 issue on Josh Logan had me much impressed until the end of the article and the final picture. The genius and his mates were bound hard-astern, a damned awkward way to row a sailboat, wind or no wind. Further, considering the size of the wavelets, it is difficult to believe that there was no wind.

ROBERT R. HORNER
Holland, Mich.

● Logan's boat was a double-ender, could be rowed either way. There was a slight wind, but Logan's party thought they would row awhile anyway.—ED.



LOGAN AND MATES

CONTINUED ON PAGE 7

It's only \$3¹⁵... It's made by Kodak...

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● Inexpensive, yes, but it has all the dependability millions have come to expect in any Kodak-made camera. It gets the picture. And so simply and surely. No need to focus . . . just load, aim, and press the button. That's why it's such a wonderful camera for youngsters—for beginning photographers of any age. It's a great favorite with the ladies, too. So small . . . so light.

It makes splendid black-and-white snaps, 1½ x 2½; Kodacolor snaps, too (you shoot them in full sun), about 3 x 4½. See it at your Kodak dealer's . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester 4, N. Y.

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speaking of LIFE...



The Flight into Egypt was in LIFE's 1948 Christmas color presentation of Giotto's Arena Chapel frescoes. These are among many European art treasures brought back by the cameras of LIFE photographers on a 3,000-mile art safari. Right: *Hille Bobbe* (Witch of Haarlem), by Frans Hals was found in Nazi salt mine (LIFE, March 29, 1948).



Is Fine Art for the Few?—"There aren't twelve hundred people in the world who understand pictures," Kipling commented in 1890. His pessimistic opinion—that art enjoyment is limited to the few—has certainly never been shared by LIFE's editors. They have always maintained that widespread appreciation of art depended only on bringing the world's masterpieces within seeing reach of the average American. This LIFE set out to do from its very first issue. In the twelve years since then LIFE's fine color reproductions have given millions of readers access to more paintings than would be exhibited on the walls of three great museums the size of the famous Metropolitan in New York. By interpreting as well as presenting art treasures of all periods LIFE's editors seek to bring readers the understanding which leads to greater enjoyment.

News Approach to Art—LIFE also reports on art as an exciting chapter of the world's news. For example, in LIFE readers saw for the first time color reproductions of eleven of the masterpieces from the fabulous Nazi salt mine cache (March 29, 1948). From Adolph Hitler's paintings (November 30, 1936) readers gained an illuminating sidelight on the character of the man who felt it his destiny to rule the world. LIFE was first to send photographers down into the Montignac Caves in southern France to photograph in color an important new find in cave art discovered by two school boys (February 24, 1947).

LIFE's news-reporting on art also covers the work of amateur artists—the men and women who paint just to express themselves and have fun. The most famous amateur to show his paintings on LIFE's pages is, of course, Winston Churchill (LIFE, January 7, 1946). Lawyers and doctors, a waiter, a bank clerk and a corporation vice-president are among other amateurs who have rated LIFE showings during the past few years. LIFE's lively color story "Ithaca Paints" (April 4, 1949) illustrates America's growing interest in art from a community standpoint.

"Art, which ten years ago interested only a tiny minority," says Artist Amedee Ozenfant, "today is literally flooding the life of America. It enters by many doors, but LIFE is one of the really big doors."



Girl Before a Mirror by Picasso was thoroughly discussed pro and con at Modern Art Round Table reported in LIFE (October 11, 1948). Right: *Lighthouse at Two Lights*, by Edward Hopper was shown in "Ten Years of American Art" (LIFE, November 25, 1946). American artists of every period and school have had showings in LIFE.



Andrew Heiskell publisher of

LIFE

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

PARIS "PEACE" RALLY

Sirs:

Your Paris "peace" rally pictures (*LIFE*, May 9) have indeed shown me the truth: my roommate walked in a while ago munching a candy bar and I knew him immediately for a party-liner, for he looked exactly like the photos of that French artist and his friends.

MICHAEL KERNAN
Cambridge, Mass.

PERSECUTED PIGEON

Sirs:

In the May 9 issue you show a picture of a pigeon (persecuted by our mayor) which has just laid an egg in a judge's office in the City Hall. The pigeon returned and laid another. An old box was made into a nest for her, and there she hatched two young ones.

Mrs. A. W. HEWLETT
San Francisco, Calif.



PIGEON'S ROOST

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SPEAKING OF PICTURES...



THESE 68 VETERANS ARE ALL THAT SURVIVE OF THE 3,000,000 YOUNG SOLDIERS WHO WORE THE BLUE OR THE GRAY IN THE GREAT WAR THAT ENDED 84 YEARS AGO



JAMES MARTIN, 101
SUTHERLAND, IOWA



THEODORE PENLAND, 100
LA JOLLA, CALIF.



HIRAM GALE, 102
SEATTLE, WASH.



DANIEL CLINGAMAN, 102
WAUSEON, OHIO



CHARLES CHAPPEL, 101
LONG BEACH, CALIF.



ROBERT BARRETT, 102
PRINCETON, KY.



WILLIAM PETER, 100
HERON LAKE, MINN.



ALBERT WOOLSON, 102
DULUTH, MINN.



JOHN HUTCHINSON, 103
STROUD, OKLA.



CHARLES BAILEY, 100
BALDWIN, KAN.



JAMES HARD, 107
ROCHESTER, N.Y.



GEORGE GRIZZLE, 104
HOLDENVILLE, OKLA.



THOMAS AMBROSE, 100
NEW YORK, N.Y.



JOHN S. DUMSER, 101
OAKLAND, CALIF.



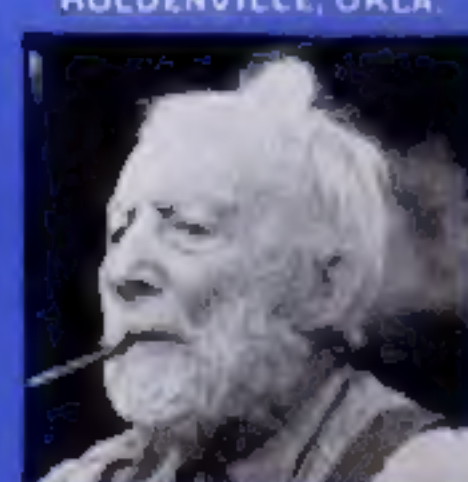
JAMES LURVEY, 101
GOFFS FALLS, N.H.



LEWIS FABLINGER, 102
DOWNERS GROVE, ILL.



LANSING WILCOX, 103
CADOTT, WIS.



ISRAEL BROADSWORD, 102
SAMUELS, IDAHO



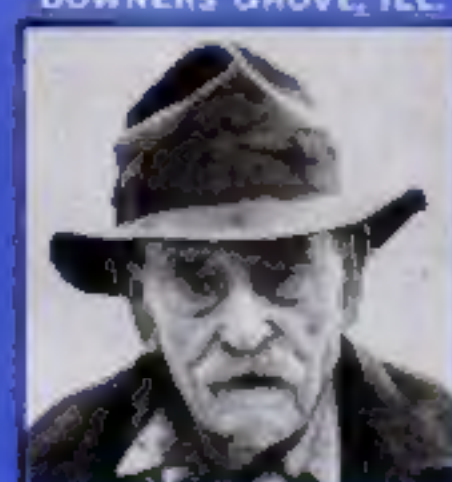
GEORGE CARROLL, 110
CINCINNATI, OHIO



JOHN BRANAMAN, 101
SPRINGFIELD, MO.



JOHN GRATE, 103
ATWATER, OHIO



JAMES SMITH, 106
LEBANON, ORE.



CHARLES DOUGLASS, 102
NEW HAVEN, CONN.



JOSEPH CLOVESE, 106
PONTIAC, MICH.



ALVIN TRUE, 104
FOWLER, COLO.



WILLIAM MAGEE, 102
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.



DOUGLAS STORY, 104
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.



HENRY UMPHRES, 104
CALHOUN, MO.



M. J. THRALLS, 106
NAMPA, IDAHO



JOHN MALOTT
FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.

The men on these pages are, by the latest count LIFE could make, all the veterans left from the Civil War. To get this collection, LIFE wrote every Civil War veteran on the government lists. Those who did not answer were located by LIFE correspondents. In the process a few were discovered whom even the government agencies did not know about.

Of the three million men who fought in the Civil War, 2,500,000 survived when peace came in 1865. Today all that are left are these 38 Confederate and 30 Union veterans (left). Their last years are helped by pensions, a federal one averaging \$120 a month for Union men, state allotments of \$5 to \$100 for the Confederate veterans, who are not entitled to the federal pension. Most Civil War veterans are still alive because they were in their teens during the war and lied about their ages to get into the fighting. Because of that fact it is doubtful that the veterans of World War II will look as hale and hearty in 2029, 84 years after V-J Day, as these veterans do today.



JOHN CHISUM, 100
BEN HUR, ARK.



T. R. MCGUYER, 101
COOPER, TEXAS



WILLIAM BUSH, 103
GORDON, GA.



R. K. BOYT, 101
ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.



ARNOLD MURRAY, 101
ORANGEBURG, S. C.



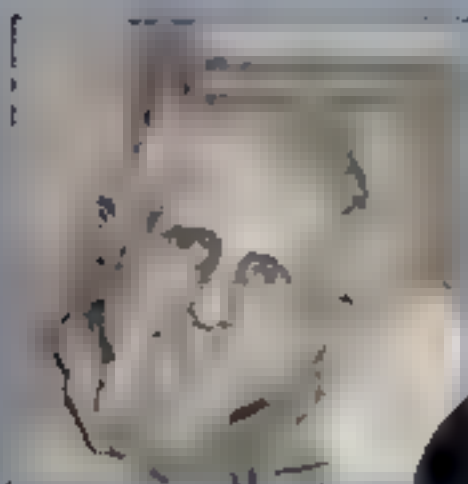
T. B. IDEN, 99
LOVELADY, TEXAS



JEREMIAH O'BRIEN, 104
KIRBYVILLE, TEXAS



J. H. WHITSETT, 101
BONHAM, TEXAS



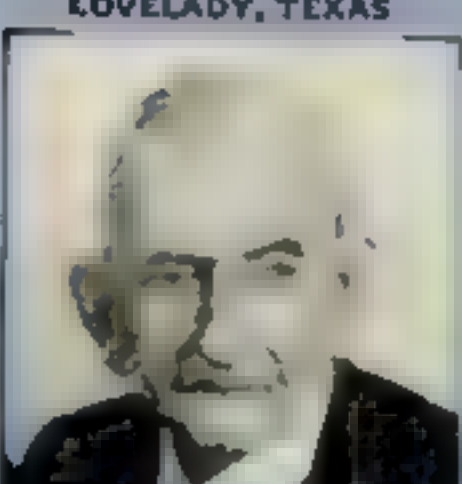
BURRELL MARICLE, 106
ELIZABETH, LA.



THOMAS RIDDLE, 103
WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS



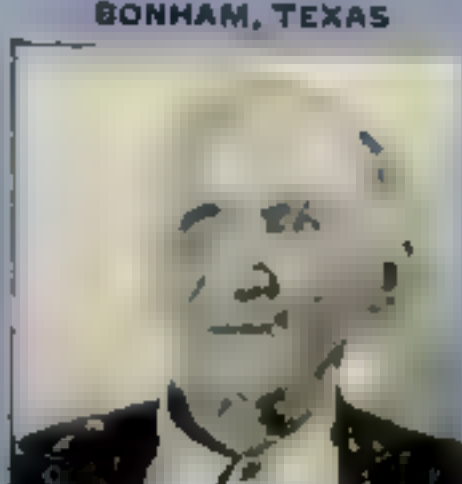
W. N. WHITTON, 102
TIMPSON, TEXAS



WILLIAM TOWNSEND, 102
OLLA, LA.



JOSEPH ROBLES, 102
TAMPA, FLA.



AUGUST SAUCIER, 106
LAKE CHARLES, LA.



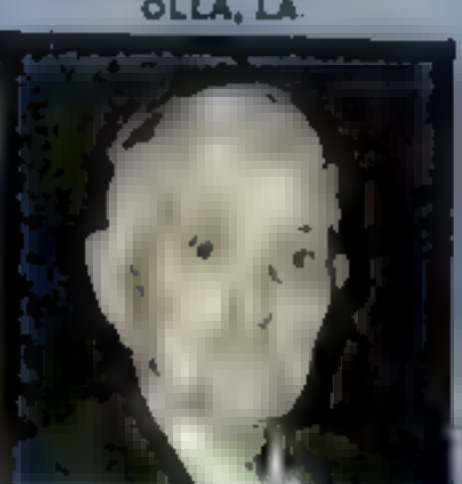
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MARLOW, OKLA.



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FRANK DALTON, 101
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GEORGE BANISTER, 100
RICHMOND, VA.



WILLIAM KEITH, 98
CARYVILLE, FLA.



J. W. MOORE, 97
SELMA, ALA.



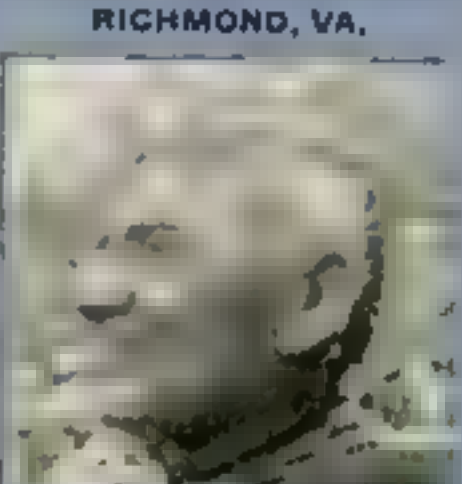
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LAUREL HILL, FLA.



SAM BENNETT, 89
RELIEF, N. C.



WALTER WILLIAMS, 100
FRANKLIN, TEXAS



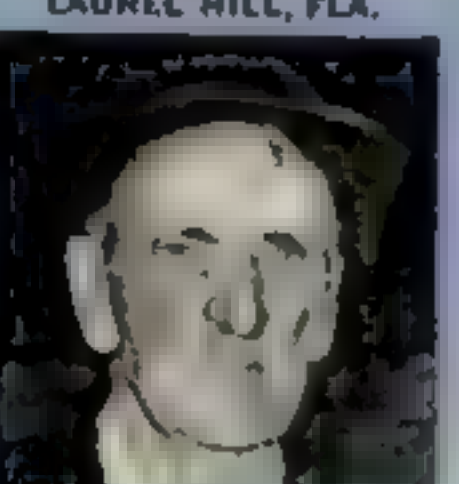
AARON COCKERHAM, 100
MITCHELL RIVER, N. C.



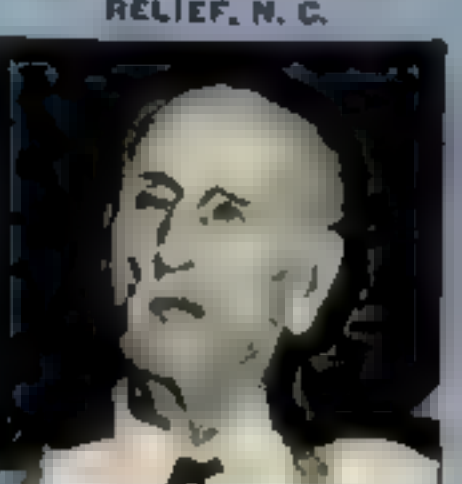
JOHN MARCUM, 96
BERTA, ARK.



WILLIAM BUCK, 96
MUSKOGEE, OKLA.



P. R. CRUMP, 101
TALLADEGA, ALA.



JOHN GRAVES, 107
HIGGINSVILLE, MO.



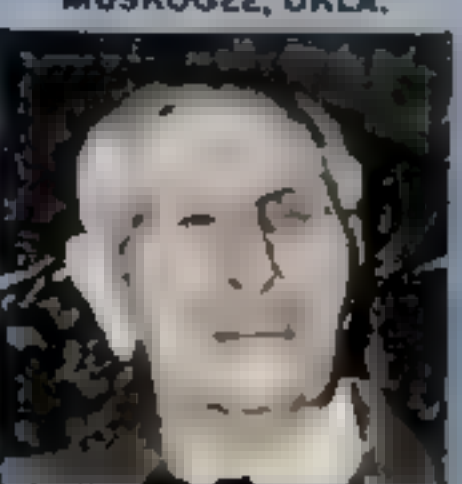
GEORGE KEITH, 97
GRACEVILLE, FLA.



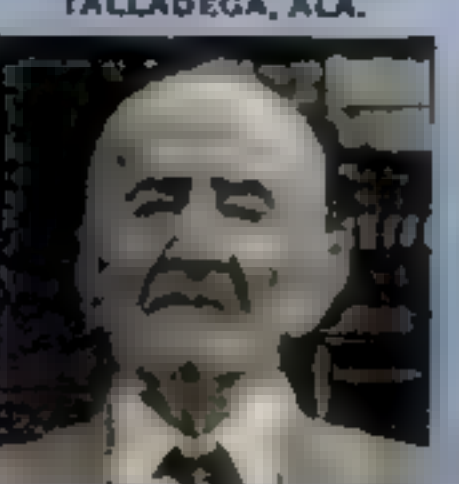
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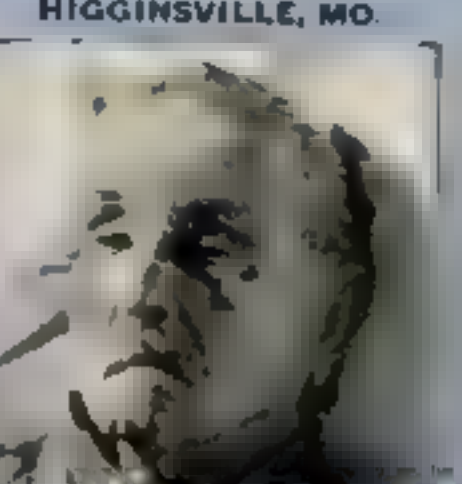
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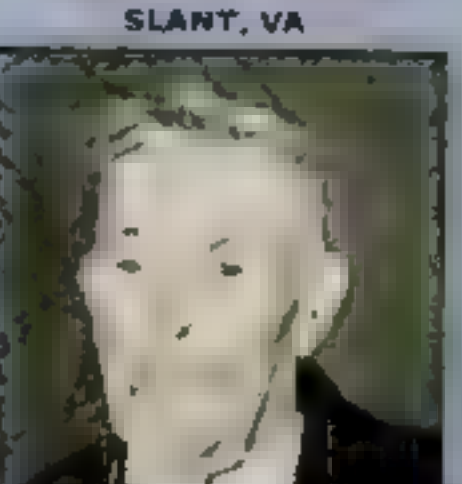
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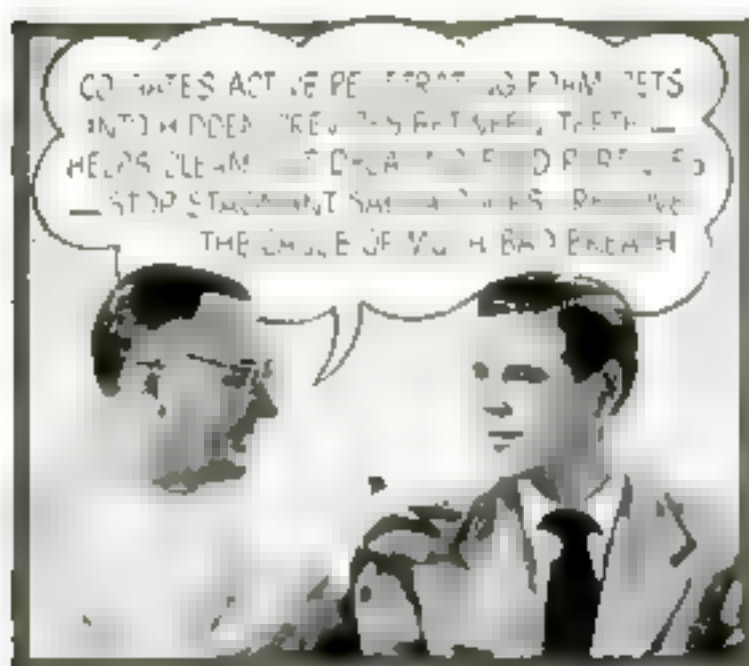
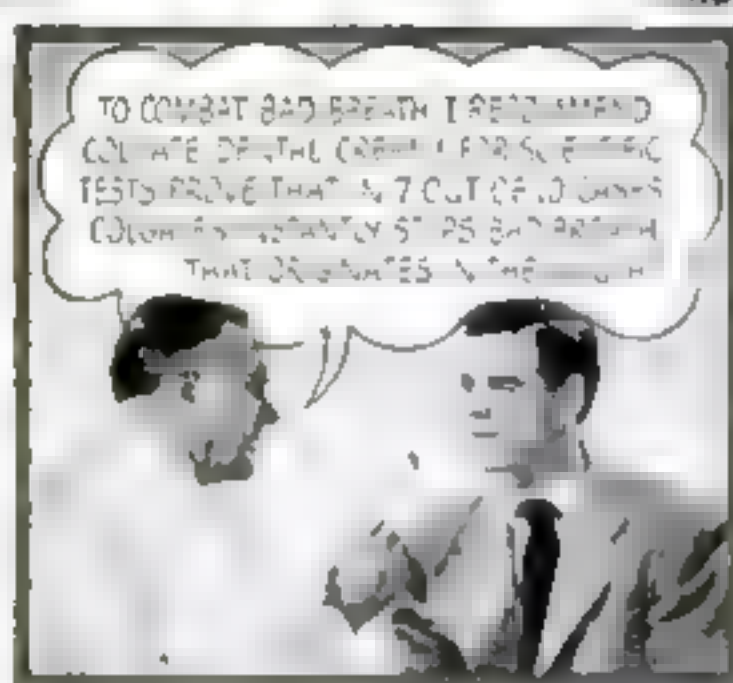
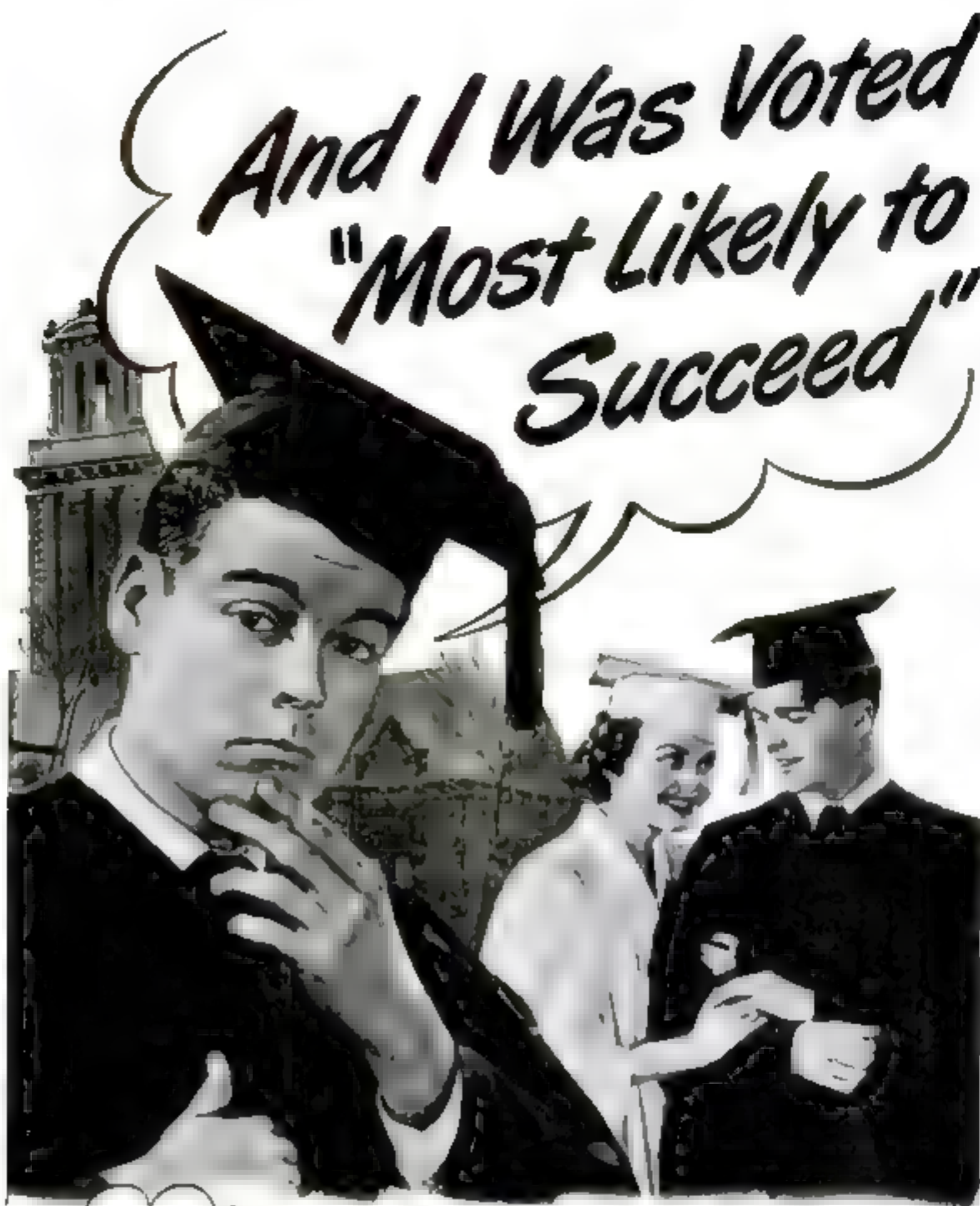
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"THE WAR"

TO A SOUTHERN BOY WHO LIVED IN THE 1900s
ITS MEMORY WILL NOT DIE WITH ITS VETERANS



The words and pictures on the preceding two pages say that only this handful is left; that the rest are dead and gone and (by implication) that "the war" is gone with them. That will be true only when the children who grew up in the early years of this century are dead and gone too, when the mounds of Shiloh and Chancellorsville and Gettysburg are no longer alive and green in the spring. Perhaps to the boy of the North in the early 1900s "the war" was not the present and pervasive event that it was to his contemporary of the South. But in the South of 40 years ago the old men were the veterans of "the war" and the battlefields all about still echoed to bugles and Minié balls. "The war" still was an event to be known and shared, the outcome still touched the heart and shaped the mind. . . .

The old man next door had a long white beard and fierce blue eyes. On a summer afternoon in Mississippi a boy listening to the old man's tales confessed that one of his grandfathers had never liked the war, had actually voted against secession in Georgia and to the day that he lost an arm at Shiloh had never knowingly killed a Yankee. The old man's eyes blazed. "Boy," he said, "boy, never tell that around. I"—and a gnarled finger jabbed at the boy—"I always aimed for the belly!" The boy shivered and was ashamed.

There was in the town another old man with a white beard, stiffer but not quite so long. He ran a hardware store and on July 4 of 1917 was called upon with other merchants of the town to display the Stars and Stripes for the first time since 1860. It was the first July Fourth of Woodrow Wilson's war, and the advanced spirits of the town had argued successfully that it was a proper occasion on which to acknowledge, formally and forever, the end of "the war." Only the old man with the hardware store refused to comply. He declined to put a flag in front of his store, and he declined to walk under other people's flags. On that morning he marched down the center of the street until he reached a point precisely opposite the door of his store. There he made a sharp left turn and marched inside. He did not again appear on the street until the sun and the flags went down.

There was "Yankee Smith." He was never called anything else and he was practically never seen in the town. He had fought in the Union Army and afterward he bought a dairy farm a few miles out. His name was a byword among the boys of the town, and when they ventured so far into the country they used to skirt his place, talking with grave fear of the report that he kept a gun in readiness for any Confederate who dared to trespass. It was a matter of adult remark, a sign of progress, that he was able to remain and prosper in decent insulation from his neighbors, who bought his milk but did not have much truck with him. And, to a boy of the town who was taken one Sunday afternoon to the farm of Yankee Smith, there was a sharp and never-forgotten shock in the discovery that he was a gentle old man who served watermelon just as anybody would.

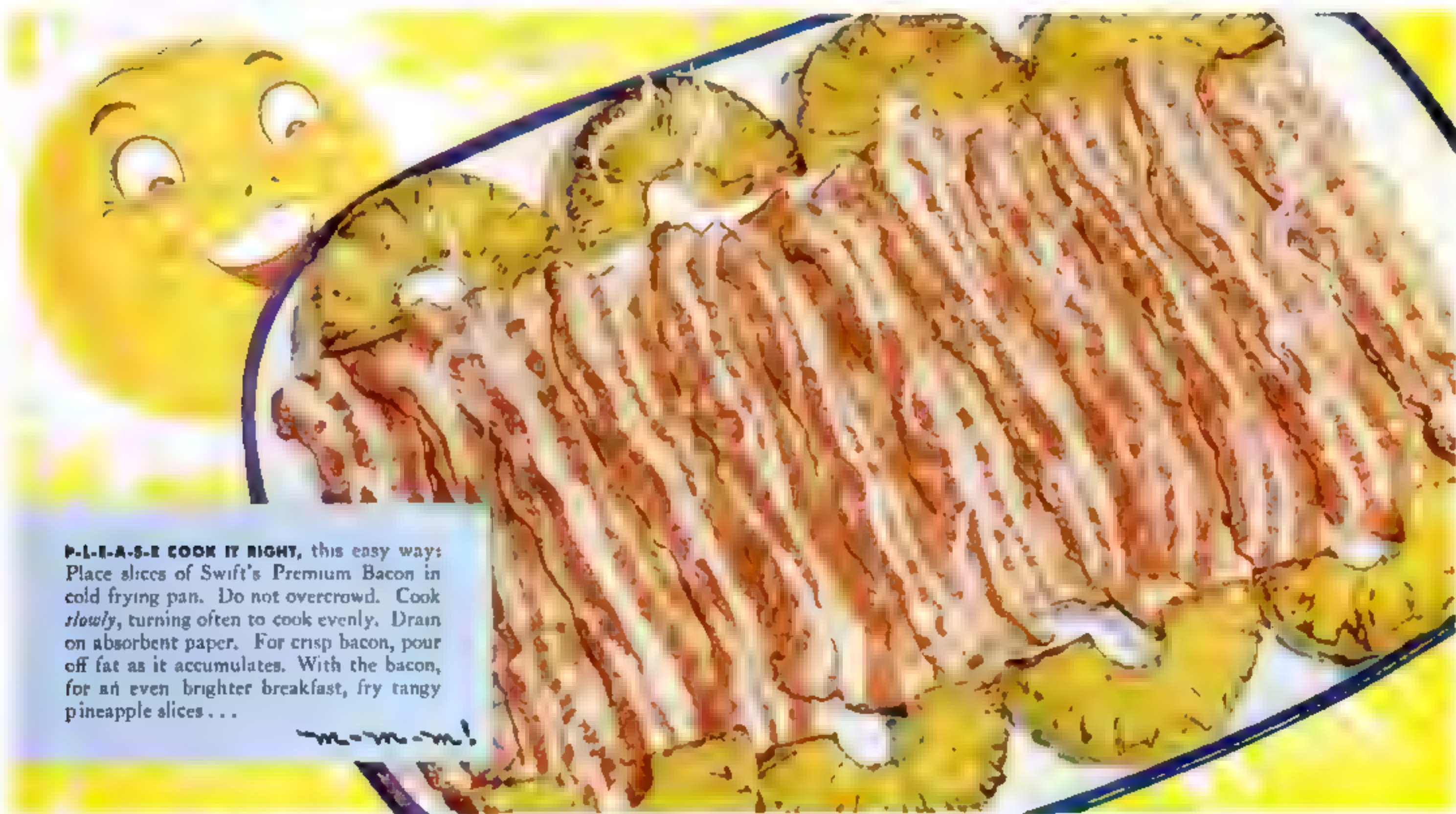
There was Mrs. Inge. Old Colonel Inge, dead in the boy's time, had been the town magnate and their great house was a rotting stone pile in the years of these notes. Albert Sidney Johnston, the Confederate commander at nearby Shiloh, had stayed at Ingeheim and it was said that when a Yankee bullet killed him he had in his gray coat a half-moon apple pie that Mrs. Inge had given him before he rode to battle. People did not hold against Mrs. Inge the legend that afterward, when the Union Army moved in from Shiloh and captured the town, she also entertained Ulysses S. Grant and gave him a half-moon pie when he rode away. Mrs. Inge was old and dying in the dying house on a morning when the boy was taken to see her. All that he remembered was an overwhelming sense that the tiny lady in the canopied bed was "the war" and all that it meant. The boy wept when she died, perhaps because so much that was vivid and real in his America went with her.

—JOHN OSBORNE



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LIFE'S COVER

Sitting gravely, at the age of 2, on a prickly stump in a photographer's studio, young Franklin Delano Roosevelt faced the world with equanimity. His face had not lengthened and hardened into the shape it was to have in young manhood, but his eyes already had their familiar cast. His lace collar and plumed hat showed that he came from a family of substance, a fortunate circumstance for posterity as well as for Franklin, for his family had both the means and the leisure to indulge their fondness for hobbies. The result of their snapshotting can be seen in the charming pictures on pages 82 through 91.

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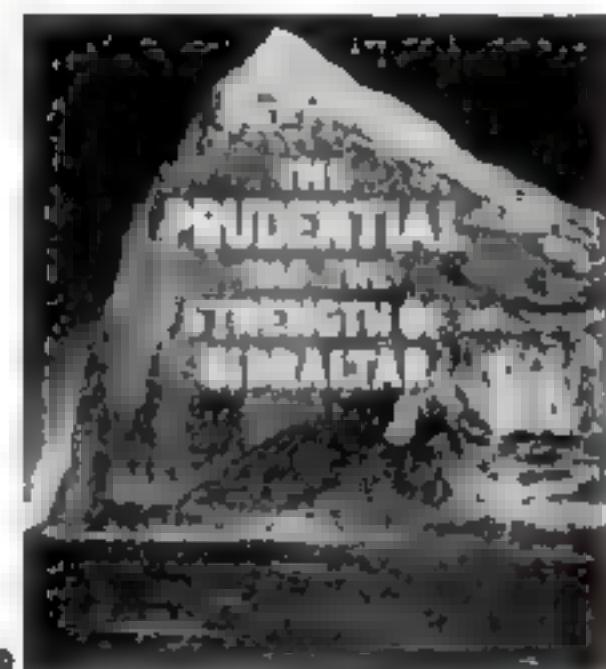
Of course, most of this family's insurance is on Janie's father, but these small policies on the rest of the family can be mighty important when someone passes away. A flood of bills won't sink the budget, or make the family borrow money. That won't happen in *this* family.

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THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PREPARE FOR IT

LIFE

Vol. 26, No. 22

May 30, 1949



WORKER BEGINS CLEARING SITE FOR NEW BANK. IN BACKGROUND IS RECENTLY REBUILT HANDLOWY BANK, NEXT TO WRECKAGE OF WARSAW'S ONLY SKYSCRAPER

PROUD POLES CREATE A NEW WARSAW

In the Polish capital of Warsaw the spring air re-sounded with the rattle of air hammers (*above*). On downtown avenues the city's 600,000 people surged through new buildings, and traffic moved along scrubbed streets. As it had been doing now for four years, Warsaw was busy rebuilding, and its progress astonished visitors who remembered Warsaw's desolation at the end of World War II.

In 1939 the Germans had almost destroyed the great city (pop. then 1.3 million) with aerial bombs and artillery shells. Their movie of Warsaw's agony, *Baptism of Fire*, helped frighten Norway and

Denmark into capitulation. In 1944, when Warsaw's people rose against them, the Nazis came close to annihilating all that remained. They leveled street after street, wrecking 85% of all housing and most of the public buildings. Between 1939 and 1945 some 800,000 people died in Warsaw more than the Allied Forces lost on the Western front. When the Red army entered the city on January 17, 1945, only a few thousand remained.

These survivors soon found themselves swallowed up in a new Communist police state, but a state which knew it had to rebuild Warsaw to suc-

ceed. The government launched a three year reconstruction plan and started building housing out of cement—and rubble. Factories were expropriated and restored to production (*p. 21*). At the latest count about 33,000 persons were engaged in reconstruction work. Recently LIFE Photographer H. G. Walker prevailed on the Polish authorities to let him enter Warsaw to report on the restoration. Walker found the proud Polish claims had not been exaggerated, and that this Communist parallel to Marshall Plan reconstruction may be a force the West will have to reckon with.





A CORNER ON THE NOWY SWIAT

One of the most important streets in the metropolitan section of Warsaw was the Nowy Swiat. The Germans reduced most of its fine buildings to rubble (*above*). Now the Nowy Swiat has been almost completely rebuilt, with only an occasional empty lot to remind Warsaw residents of its wartime desolation.



THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY CROSS

Another impressive restoration has been the 17th Century Church of the Holy Cross. In October 1945 Warsaw residents had to climb through wreckage to attend Sunday Mass (*above*). Now a photograph reveals the interior fully repaired, except for the lighting fixtures, and shining with its old splendor.



THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE

Unlike many Warsaw buildings, the Polytechnic Institute was not demolished by the Germans. They merely gutted it (*above*), knocking out its windows and leaving the inside a shambles. The industrious Poles not only have restored the interior but have also improved its lines and scrubbed it bright white.



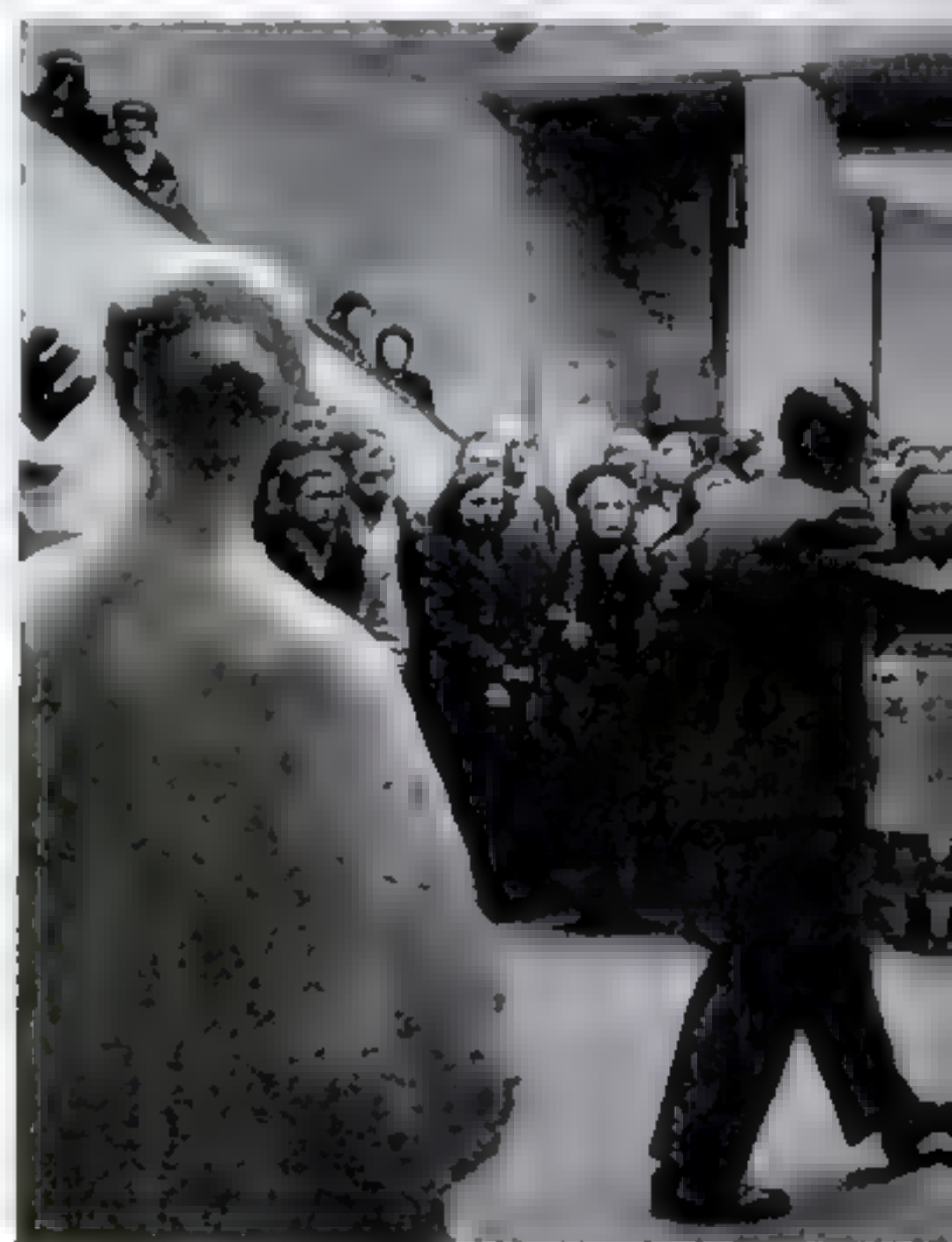


IN A REBUILT LECTURE ROOM AT WARSAW UNIVERSITY, WHICH THE GERMANS BURNED, EARNEST YOUNG POLES LISTEN ATTENTIVELY TO A LECTURE ON CHEMISTRY



COOPERATIVE LUNCHROOM in a housing project in Zoliborz section of Warsaw serves 300 meals daily to

tenants and paying guests. Soup and one course costs 90 zlotys (21¢) while three-course dinner is 150 zlotys (36¢)



LECTURE ON SCULPTURE at renovated National Museum draws studious crowd. The museum was used



IN REFURBISHED WEDEL CHOCOLATE FACTORY WOMEN WORKERS WRAP HARD CANDY BY HAND. PIECEWORK PAYS THESE WOMEN ABOUT 12,500 ZLOTYS MONTHLY (\$31.25)



as a barracks by Nazi soldiers after they had pillaged it. Here Poles view works of Sculptor Xavier Dumkowski.



A STATE NURSERY at the expropriated Wedel chocolate factory provides care for young children of mothers

employed in the plant. Four nurses supervise an average of 30 children ranging in age from a few days to 7 years.



WOMEN AND CHILDREN TAKE THE SUN ON COLONNADE OF NEW APARTMENT HOUSE BUILT FOR STATE EMPLOYEES

Warsaw CONTINUED



POLICE SEALS SHUT CATHOLIC NEWSPAPER'S DOORS

STATE BARS CRITICISM BUT FOOD IS WELCOMED

The people of Warsaw have rebuilt much, but in a city which never could boast about liberty the structure of freedom remains in ill repair. The residents of the fine new housing units (*left*) hardly dare speak to an American visitor. They cannot criticize their government and are free only to praise the Soviet way. Opposition newspapers have been relentlessly suppressed (*above*). But even though anti-American propaganda in Warsaw raucously echoes the *Pravda* line, the Polish government is willing to let U.S. charities help support the people (*opposite*). There is no official aid, but the privately organized and financed American Relief for Poland is getting food to the poor, in cooperation with Caritas, a Catholic welfare group which operates in 20 nations.



WORKERS' APARTMENT in building provided for the employees of National Bank has kitchen, living room,

bedroom, bath and maid's quarters. Here a grandfather amuses two tots while an older girl does her schoolwork.



GRACEFUL STATUE embellishes the modern building which houses offices of commerce, power and industry



ALTHOUGH WARSAW IS REBUILDING, MANY OF ITS PEOPLE
DEPEND ON U.S. PRIVATE CHARITIES FOR FOOD RATIONS

THE ROOSEVELTS

THEY ARE HAVING A FRESH IMPACT ON THE AMERICAN SCENE

McCLOY FOR GERMANY

One good man is replacing another as the chief U.S. representative in Germany. General Lucius D. Clay, to whom the U.S. and all the world owe an enormous debt of gratitude, is home receiving the plaudits he deserves. John J. McCloy, since March, 1947 head of the World Bank, is soon to go to Germany as the first U.S. high commissioner (p. 35). The change signals a shift from military rule of a dependent Germany to civilian supervision of a progressively independent Germany. It introduces a period of new difficulties and new dangers, not the least of which is the uncertain will and capacity of the Germans for democratic self-government. If any man we know of can meet the test, it is John McCloy. He is straight. He is firm. He is knowledgeable. He is the best possible choice.

CURRENCIES AND UNION

Last week we briefly discussed some of the favorable aspects of the continental scene and temper in Western Europe, leaving for later remark a couple of points about which we are not so happy. It is time—this is the year—for the governments of Western Europe to make sense of their senselessly disordered currencies. The lack of effective interchange is at the root of many of Western Europe's troubles, and forceful, intelligent attack upon this problem is both possible and necessary. Any lasting solution must be based upon a real approach to real union of Western Europe. It is beyond cavil that Britain's Labor Government has retarded any effective approach to the complex and at best difficult task. We commend to the British a little less regard for the hazards, a little more belief in the possibilities of union.

A Roosevelt was elected to Congress last week and we are glad of it. We are glad because, among other reasons, we have a certain admiration for families which endure in the national life. They are good for a democracy, which if it is a true democracy has its own sure protections against the rise of dynasties. From the very first the American democracy has had its share of such families and has benefited largely from the leaven of cultural and political continuity which they provide. Most of them are local or regional in their effect and fame, conditioning the national scene only in a remote and cumulative sense. They grow, produce "big men" for their town or county or state and fade away in the third or fourth generation. A few attain national stature in letters, the arts, politics. One such is the Adams family of Massachusetts, which has contributed two presidents and an unending line of ambassadors, cabinet members, recluses, essayists and historians. And of course there are the Roosevelts—the Roosevelts of Oyster Bay and their cousins, the Roosevelts of Hyde Park.

Here, with a respectful bow to the Roosevelts of Oyster Bay and to the lasting memory of the great T.R., we are concerned with the Roosevelts of Hyde Park. As the pictures on the opposite page and on pages 82 through 91 demonstrate, they are quite a family. And Franklin Delano Roosevelt Jr., who beat the pants off Tammany Hall and the pro-Communists in New York City, is quite a chip off the block. Like all the Roosevelt boys, he served with distinction in World War II and the experience seems to have matured him somewhat. We do not presume to judge or say yet whether he is going to be a "good" congressman or a "bad" one, or whether, as some think, he is likely to follow his father to the governorship of New York at Albany and (who knows?) to the White House. We simply note with interest that he has something of the manner, a good deal of what devoted Frances Perkins has called the arrogance and all the vigor of his father at an equivalent age and phase. We also gather that F.D.R. Jr., like others of the family, is deeply conscious of his name. This awareness is said to affect him in diametric ways which may offer some index both to his character and to his future. Not long ago he refused to pose for a picture beneath a bust of his father. "I am trying to do this on my own," he explained with every show of sincerity. At about the same time he swept into a conference called to settle some point of campaign strategy. He disposed of the matter with a certainty and dispatch which caused a man who was there to say later, "You could tell that he was thinking, 'I am a Roosevelt.'"

As a group, the Roosevelt sons have not up to now been conspicuous among America's national ornaments, and we are pleased to see several signs of improvement. Franklin Jr., now 34, is the third of the four Roosevelt boys and one of two working politicians among them. The other politician is the old-

est son, James. At 41 he is Democratic national committeeman for California and has at least a talking chance for the governorship next fall. It is somewhat ironical that Jimmy, much the more seasoned politician of the two, is already benefiting from Junior's victory, which to California politicians means automatically that there are votes in the Roosevelt name.

The second and the youngest of the Roosevelt boys are out of politics. Elliott, 38 last September, is working his father's tree farm at Hyde Park with fair success and making subdued noises about going into the hotel and/or restaurant business. His last notable appearance in the news consisted of a disgracefully overblown tabloid flurry involving his wife Faye Emerson and a razor cut on her left wrist. She is a frequent performer on eastern television and is probably noticed by more people than are usually aware of her husband these days. The youngest and quietest of the four, John, is a businessman in Beverly Hills. He was a happy and effective Navy supply officer during the war, and at 33 he is a happy and effective enterpriser.

The only daughter, Anna Roosevelt Boettiger, is also living in California (come to think of it, there is quite an affinity between that state and the Roosevelts). She and her husband, John Boettiger, flopped out of the newspaper business in Arizona last year. Lately Anna has been editing *The Woman*, a national magazine, from Hollywood and appearing five afternoons a week with her mother on a national radio program.

Since the death of the President the head of the family has been Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. She is a great lady. She is also, at 64, an extraordinarily active one. Her column, *My Day*, has dropped from its wartime peak of readership and display, but it is still one of the major syndicate successes. The second volume of her autobiography, *This I Remember*, is soon to appear serially in *McCall's* (which recently got her away from the *Ladies Home Journal*). She travels far and speaks often. Her performance as one of five U.S. delegates to the U.N. General Assembly has been notable for its consistency, grace and general effectiveness. Some of her associates at U.N. have been pleasantly surprised by the new realism which she has manifested toward U.S. and Soviet Communism, and to a man the delegation is fervent in her praise. When she was in the glare and heat of the White House a lot of people were irritated from time to time by this or that aspect of Eleanor Roosevelt. Nowadays, working and living in the quiet of her home on Washington Square in New York City, she inspires unqualified affection and respect. She gets a little annoyed when she is called "the first lady of the world." There are no contenders.

On occasion she motors to Hyde Park and visits the grave where her husband lies, fixed in history and secure in the hearts of millions who do not await the judgments of time and event.



VICTORY SMILES

These two broad Roosevelt smiles broke out last week when F.D.R. Jr. learned that his first try at the polls had resulted in a smashing victory. In an election to Congress from New York City's 20th

District, young Roosevelt got 41,146 votes. His closest opponent, a "regular" Democrat supported by Tammany Hall and Truman's Democratic chairman, Howard McGrath, got only 24,352.





DURING FUNERAL YOUNG PRINCE RAINIER STANDS AT HEAD OF CASKET. ON STEPS BEHIND VEILED PRINCESSES, DIGNITARIES HOLD POSSESSIONS OF DEAD RULER

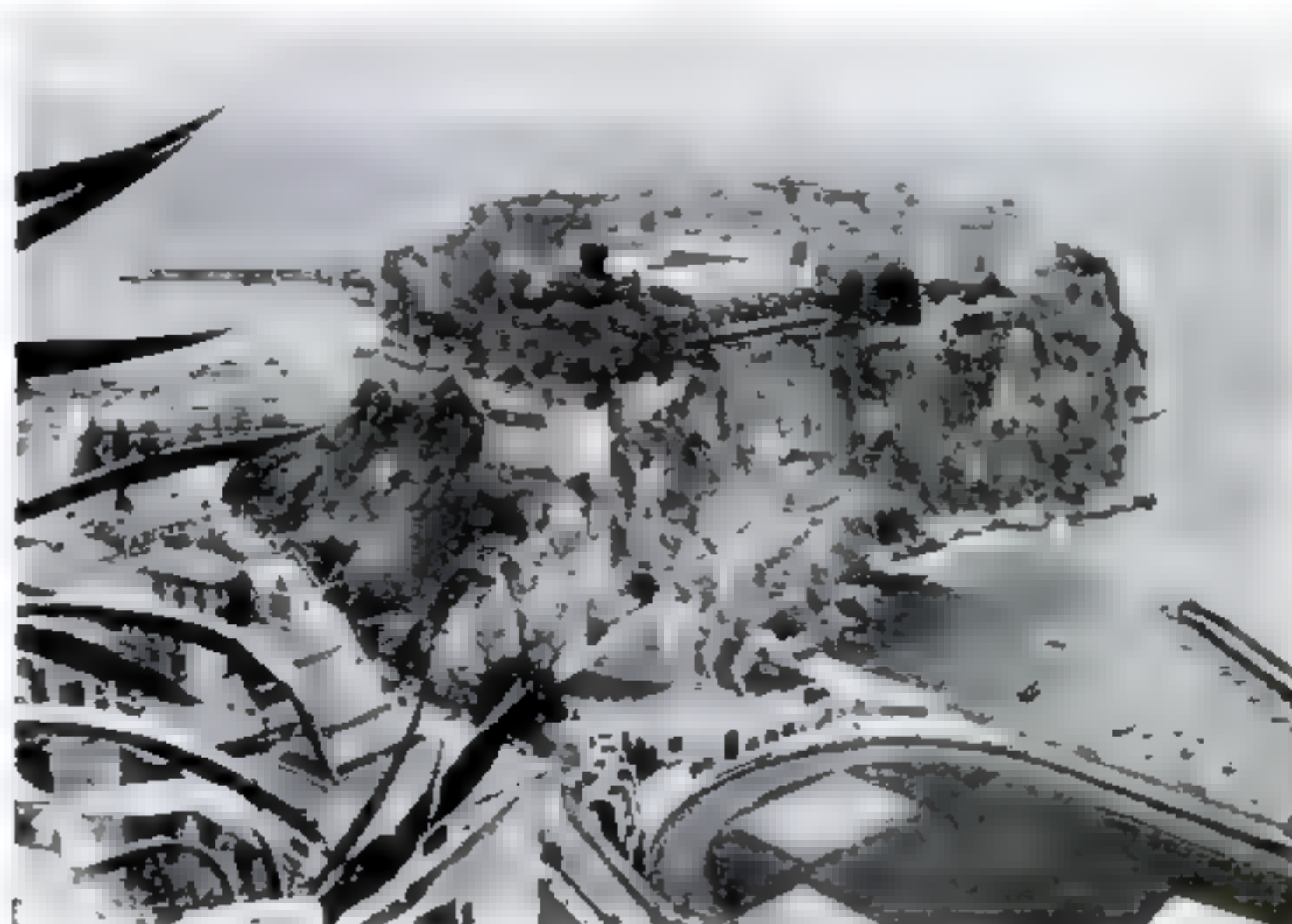
MONACO BURIES HER SPRIGHTLY OLD PRINCE

Louis II of Monaco, who had four times as many noble titles (24) as there were square miles (6) in his little Mediterranean principality, died on the ninth of May at the age of 78. To his 2,000 subjects Louis's death was like a death in the family. They had known him well; his virtues and his little indiscretions were household talk. For seven days before his funeral they filed sadly past his coffin (*opposite page*) and splashed holy water on his feet. On the day of his funeral they put on a magnificent somber pageant for which even the street lamps were covered with black cloth. For a while they actually closed down the casino of Monte Carlo, which for many years has directly or indirectly supplied

Monaco's bread and butter, although lately it has lost money. Old Prince Louis had been a good soldier—he fought with the French Foreign Legion and was buried in the uniform of a French general. He had been reasonable in his demands on the people, and he had lived with a zest which his subjects much admired. At the age of 75, he had taken to wife a vivacious actress of 46. And long ago, when he was a gay young officer in Africa, he fell in love with a French girl. Their child, considered illegitimate by the state, was later adopted as Princess Charlotte (*below, right*). She is the mother of Prince Rainier III, the young man who accompanied Louis's bier through the streets and inherited his throne.



18 YEARS AGO Louis was a robust sovereign proud of his service with the French army—tiny Monaco has none of its own.



THE CITY OF MONACO lies on a promontory above the Mediterranean near the French city of Nice. The rest of the little independent principality, including the famous casino of Monte Carlo, lies between the city and the cape barely visible at top left.



PRINCESS CHARLOTTE, Louis's only daughter, has renounced her right to the throne in favor of her son, Prince Rainier.



SNOWDRIFTS IN MAY

In the middle of May, with motorists already clogging highways nearly everywhere else in the country to escape the heat, plows were clearing the snow off the road in Chinook Pass (altitude: 5,440

feet), through which U.S. Highway 410 crosses the Cascade Mountains in the State of Washington. This towering snow jam was one of the last remaining results of the worst Western winter on record.

"IT'S TOPS WITH
MY CUSTOMERS!"



"WE LOVE IT
AT OUR HOUSE!"



"CAN'T FOOL ME—
THAT'S CAMPBELL'S!"



Fresh-Tomato Flavor...

—THAT'S WHY FOLKS CHOOSE

Campbell's

MILLIONS SAY: "There's no other tomato juice like Campbell's!"

There's a difference in tomato juices... a difference you can *taste*. And every day, as more and more people learn that difference, they switch to Campbell's for keeps.

There's a reason! Campbell's Tomato Juice is made from selected top-quality tomatoes... big, red, ripe, firmly plump... specially grown from special seed.

Add to that Campbell's process of canning, and you have a rich, unforgettable flavor... "the very taste of summer". Get some today! You'll agree, with millions, "There's no other tomato juice like Campbell's!"



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Campbell's
TOMATO JUICE



New, bolder identity. Massive new grille and bumper treatment accentuates its exclusive beauty. In this age of "look-alikes," this car is still proudly *Packard* at a glance!



New visibility for safety—without sacrifice of privacy. You look out through expansive windows and windshield—and over a safety-contoured bonnet. Step in and see!



New advanced soundproofing makes the new Packards almost as quiet as their own shadows. You enjoy restful new relief from road hum and "engine sensation."

PROUDEST ACHIEVEMENT IN PACKARD'S 50 YEARS

OF FINE-CAR LEADERSHIP >>> PRESENTING THE NEW

Golden Anniversary



SINCE 1899, when the Packard brothers painstakingly built their first car by hand, fine-car precision craftsmanship has been a proud Packard tradition.

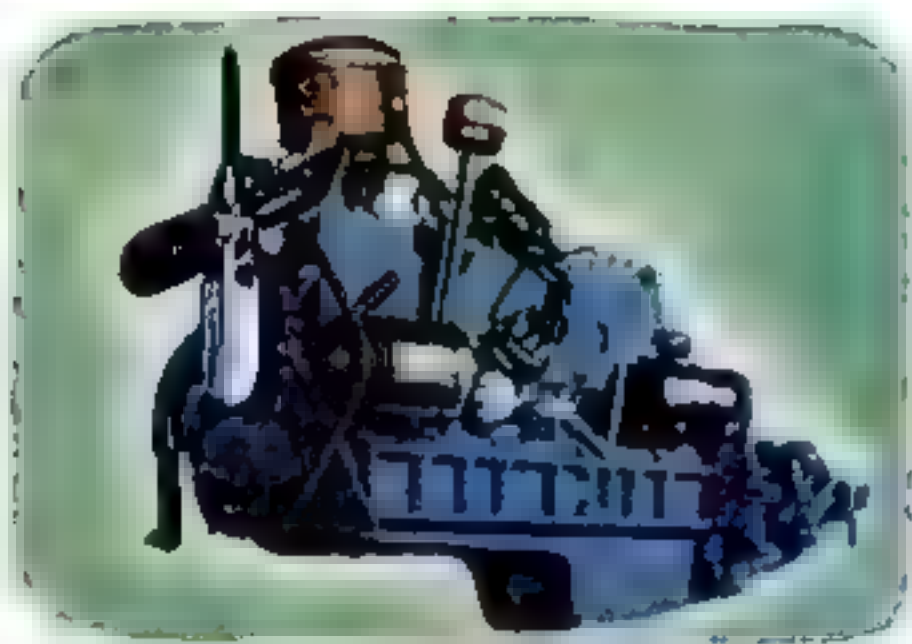
Today—50 years later—Packard presents a line of motor cars which adds new lustre to this tradition.

In their sleek *new* beauty...their *new*, increased power (coupled with amazing fuel economy)...the roominess and luxury of their *new* soundproofed interiors...and in their superb *new* riding qualities

New Golden Anniversary Packard *Super*, shown above, offers you the powerful surge and delightfully silent performance of its stepped-up 150-HP straight-eight engine...and the smooth "limousine" ride of its new, longer 127" wheelbase.

... these Golden Anniversary models are the greatest ever to bear the Packard name.

See them—today—at your Packard dealer's, and choose from a group of fourteen new models.



New spectacular performance from quieter, more powerful Packard straight-eight engines—with no sacrifice of Packard's sensational new postwar gasoline economy!



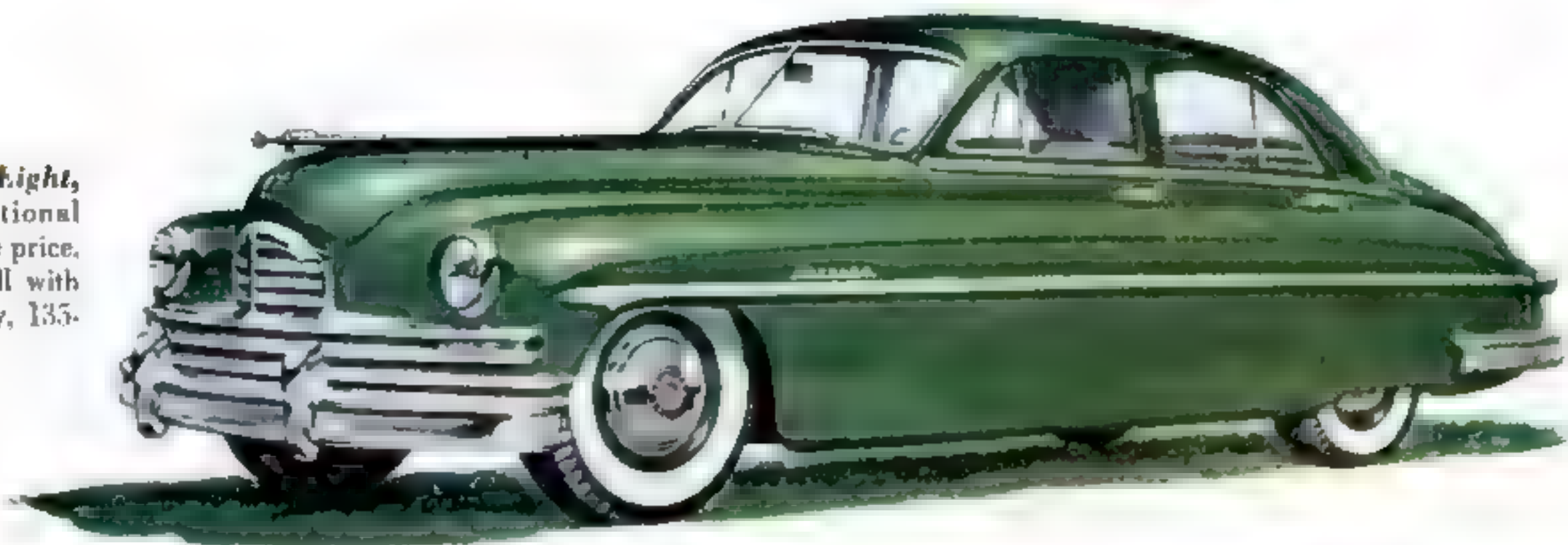
New all-weather comfort from the improved Packard automatic heating and ventilating system. Changes air once every minute... even with all windows closed!



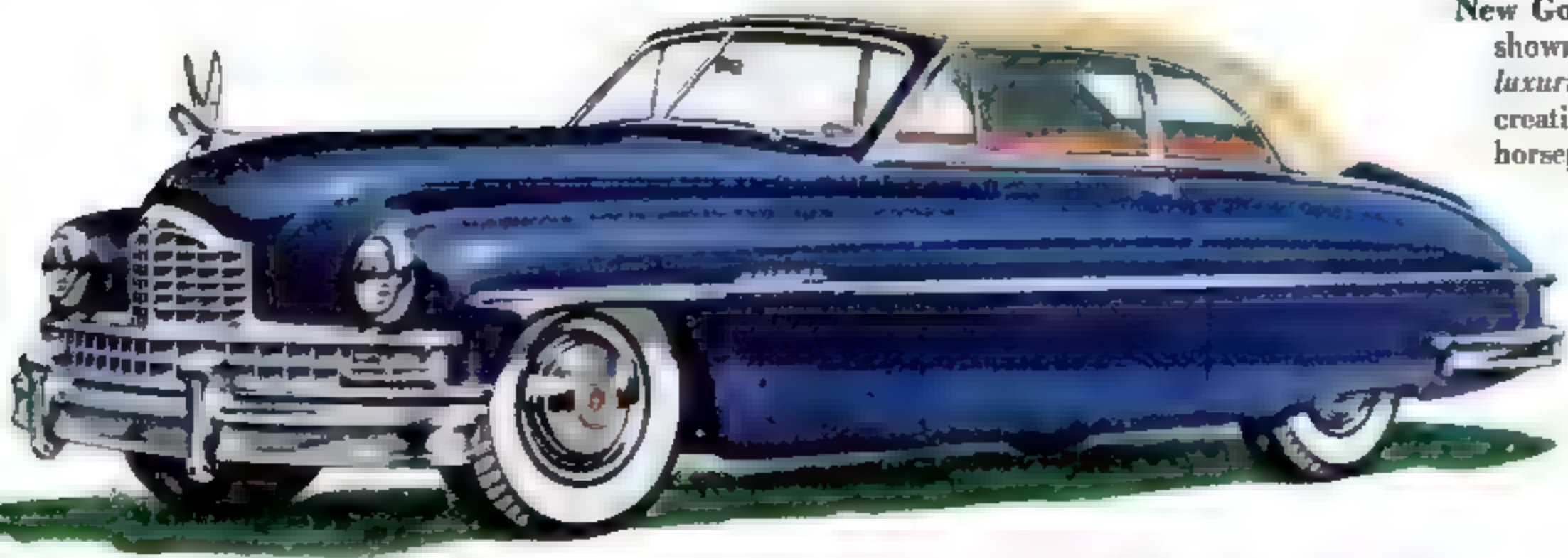
New smoother "limousine" ride. Packard's costly "self-controlling" suspension system combines delightful new smoothness with level-keeled roadability.

sary PACKARDS

New Golden Anniversary Packard Eight, shown at right, brings you traditional Packard quality at its most attractive price, in a choice of four new models—all with the more powerful, amazingly thrifty, 135-horsepower Packard Eight engine.



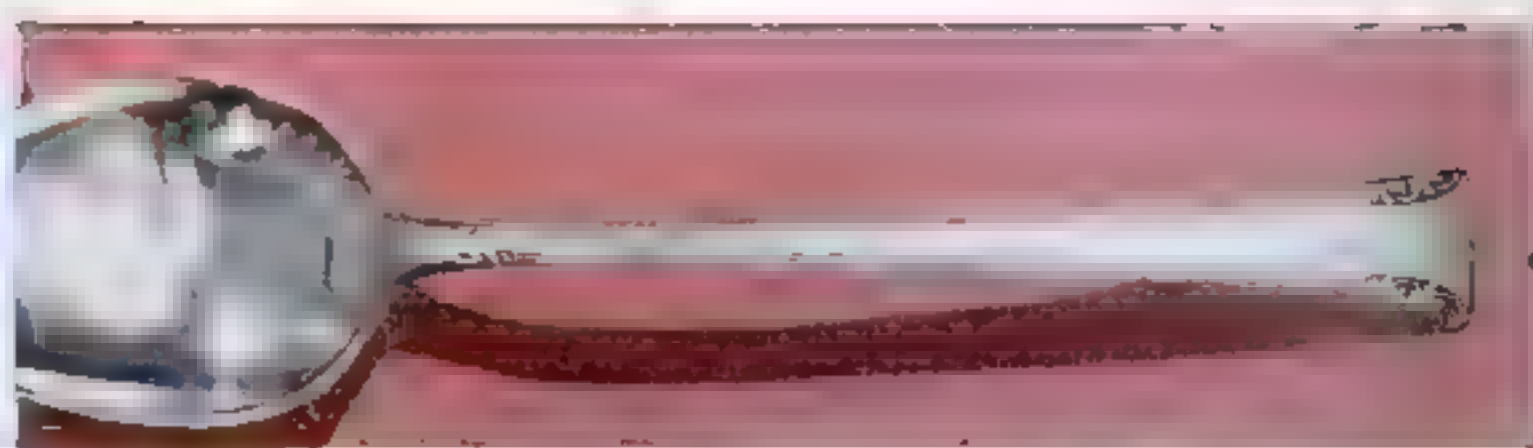
New Golden Anniversary Packard Custom, shown at left, is more than ever America's most luxurious motor car. Two stunning new body creations, both powered by the famed 160-horsepower Packard Custom Eight engine.



ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



NORTHERN LIGHTS: DRAMATIC, LUXURIOUSLY CARVED. \$30.55.*



SERENITY: A PATTERN OF "TAILORED" LOVELINESS. \$22.63.*



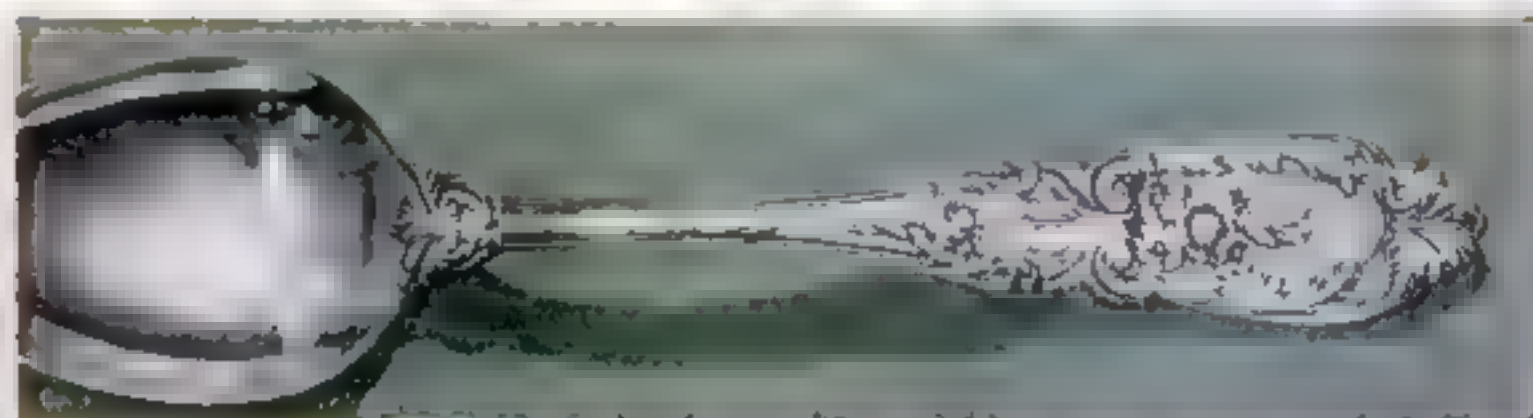
SPRING GLORY: A STEM GROWS INTO A BELL FLOWER. \$22.63.*



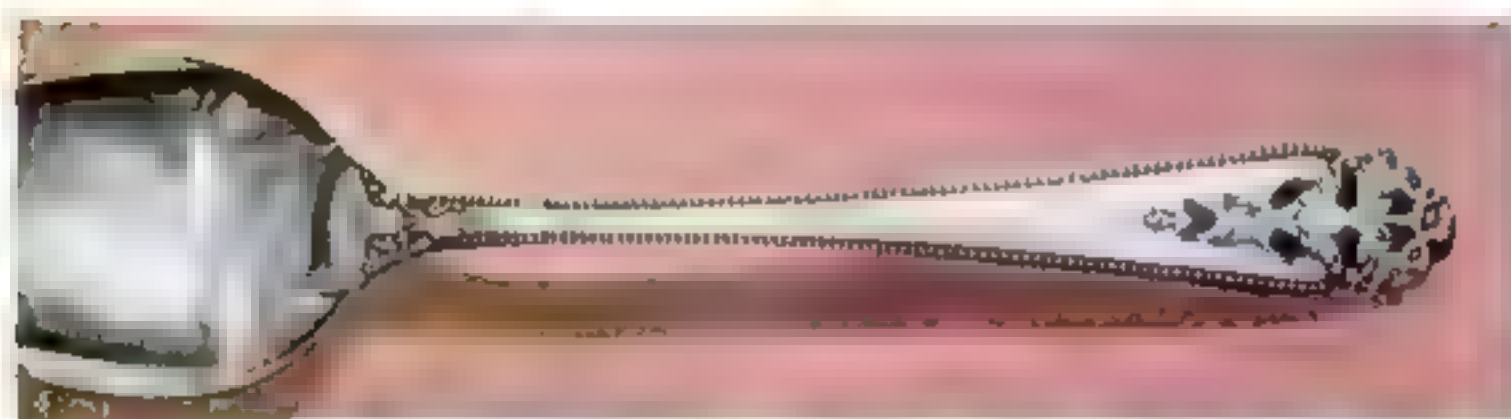
PRELUDE: SLIM, GRACEFUL WITH A FLORAL CLUSTER. \$22.63.*



WILD ROSE: EXQUISITE, NEW CARVED WITH ROSES. \$22.63.*



RICHELIEU: LOUIS XIV INSPIRATION, RICH ORNAMENT. \$26.25.*



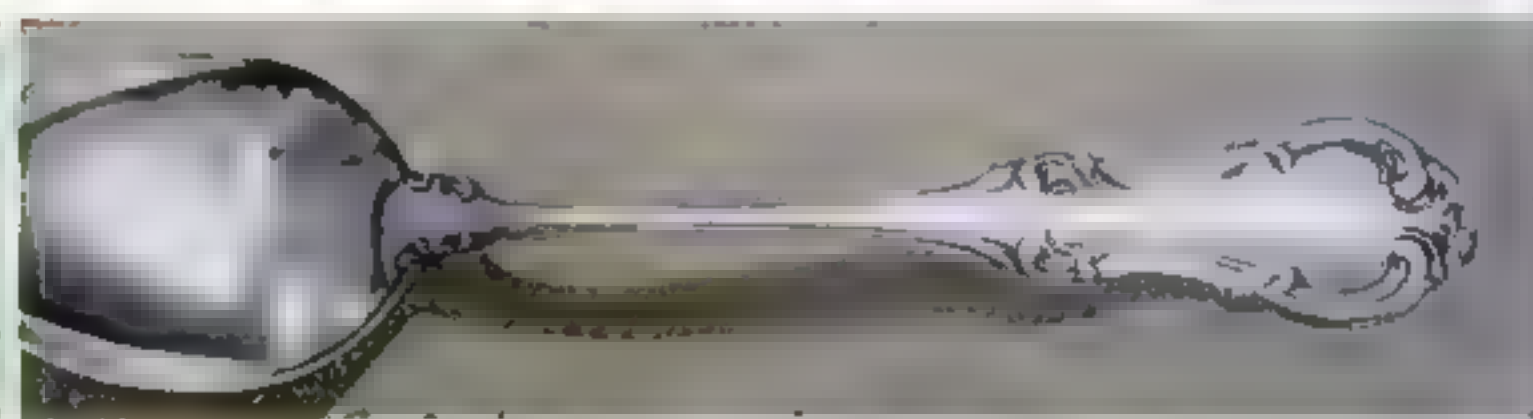
QUEEN'S LACE: REGAL, LACELIKE, FLOWER CORONET. \$22.63.*



ROYAL DANISH: SCANDINAVIAN INSPIRED PATTERN. \$30.55.*



1810: INSPIRED BY EARLY COIN SILVER SPOONS. \$21.38.*



JOAN OF ARC: FRENCH-INSPIRED, GRACEFUL. \$22.63.*

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Visit your jeweler and see the 13 superb International patterns, designed by America's top artists-in-silver. Admire the beautiful lines

...the exquisite details. Choose *your* pattern... plan to enjoy it, beginning *now*. Easy payment plan available, if you like.)

All patterns shown are made by The International Silver Company in the U.S.A.

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*Prices shown are for one 6-piece setting. (Fed. tax incl.)

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NEW SERVICE FOR FOUR, WITH CHEST for under \$100.00, lets you set a magnificent table the minute you take it home. Handsome wood chest with tarnish-retarding velvet lining. Holds up to 132 pieces. (Fed. tax incl.)



RICH INTERNATIONAL STERLING HOLLOWWARE completes the picture. See it at your jeweler's... lustrous candlesticks, serving dishes, bowls, sandwich trays, to match or harmonize with your pattern. From \$12.50 for salt and pepper shakers to \$840.00 for a tea-and-coffee service (shown). (Fed. tax incl.)

"THE LAST OUTPOST OF EMPIRE"

On the battlefield at Shanghai indomitable Mr. and Mrs. Billy Hawkings refuse to be bothered by war

by ROBERT DOYLE

SHANGHAI (BY RADIO)

Two miles from the Communist front lines in Hungjao, southwest of this besieged city, a fresh-faced young Chinese officer stood before bluff, hearty Mrs. W. J. Hawkings, a British matron of 58. Behind the officer were soldiers with baskets of wood shavings. They had come to burn down Mrs. Hawkings' house; it was "in the line of fire." Said Mrs. Hawkings pleasantly but firmly, "Young man, I was living in this house before you were born. This is my home and I intend to stay." Like every other Chinese soldier who for two weeks had come up against Mrs. Hawkings' unshaken moral conviction that she was right, the young officer grinned and relented. The little bit of Britain holding out against China's civil war was again safe for the moment.

Like other residents of Hungjao, Gladys Hawkings of Winterbourne, Kingston, Dorset, had been warned by Nationalists two weeks before that foreigners' lives would be in danger unless they quit their homes. One hundred and fifty American, British and French homes in the Shanghai suburb were abandoned immediately. But Mrs. Hawkings and her husband Billy, also 58, decided this was no time for Britishers to take to their heels. The Hawkings' 15-room wide-eaved brick home, known as "The Limit" because it is the last home on Shanghai's southwestern boundary, became a front-line position at once.

A polite little Chinese officer who wanted to move in a company of troops was told sternly, "You can move in four men—no more, mind you, or I'll report you to garrison headquarters." She allowed soldiers to put up a forward defense post and a field telephone in one of the garden outhouses. When they started to chop down her trees, she bustled out and told them, "We've lived in this house 27 years and brought up five daughters here and we can't have this sort of thing going on." The soldiers, overwhelmed by the aggressive Englishwoman speaking perfect Chinese, put away their hatchets and saws.

"I managed to stop them from building a gun post in the middle of the bowling green by showing them a much better strategic position," said Mrs. Hawkings, "and I saved my bed of anemones and the bushes of weigela and nemo-phila from being dug up for a trench by showing them how to take better shelter down the sides of the lily pond. I got them so sympathetic for my garden that they even held the flowers gently apart so that they could thread barbed wire in between without breaking the blooms, and in the end they wouldn't even walk on my flower beds."

Early one morning a mortar shell screamed into the Hawkings' compound and the explosion wounded six Nationalist soldiers who had moved in for the night. "Bit of bad luck, you know," explained Mrs. Hawkings, "that shell pitching in out of a clear sky like that."

Mrs. Hawkings telephoned her doctor in Shanghai for instructions, then took the wounded soldiers under her wing. "I'm no nurse, mind you," she said, "but I got my bandages and some antiseptic and went to work." By the time Nationalist stretcher-bearers arrived six soldiers were swathed in gauze and cotton and their pain eased with a dose of sedative.

The Hawkings had just weathered a bad night. About 8 in the evening heavy shelling had started, followed by small-arms fire. Near midnight a shouting mob swirled by the gate. When Hawkings checked in the morning the lines were in their old position. Said Mrs. Hawkings, "It was a bit tight. For the first time in my life I slept with my shoes on."

But Mrs. Hawkings' bulldog determination was unruffled. "I still think sticking here is the only thing to do," she said. "The British don't run away." Mrs. Hawkings called two servants—a white-jacketed smiling old No. 1 boy and a gray-haired, gold-toothed amah. "This is Lao Wu and Amah. Lao Wu has been in the family for 45 years, Amah for 34. Now tell me. What would they do if we ran away and left them?"

Mrs. Hawkings, whose broad, tanned, kindly face is creased with lines of good humor, was working in the garden when I arrived. She was dressed in a cardigan sweater, a plaid skirt and golf shoes. The first thing she displayed was three boxes of flowers growing under the shade of a piece of matting on the spacious front terrace. "This is delightful," she said, pointing to the tiny sprouts. "These are some Burpee seeds I just got—petunias—and they're doing wonderfully well. Best of all, Burpee calls them 'cheerful' petunias. I think that's a good augury." At that moment an enormous explosion shook the house and a pillar of black smoke climbed up from Hungjao airfield on the Hawkings' doorstep. "More gasoline," said Mrs. Hawkings evenly. "But you must see my lily pond," she went on.

One hundred yards from the gate the Nationalists have their last defense outpost—a huge brick pillbox built between columns of a stone arch at the entrance to Hungjao airfield. Mr. Hawkings, a trim, spectacled man in a gray flannel suit with neat points of a white handkerchief showing from his breast pocket, pointed across a barren stretch of airfield to a clump of trees two miles distant. "The Communists are there," he said. "Too bad this government defense post is so close. Draws fire, you know."

Across the garden stretched a long bamboo fence, held up at an angle by makeshift props. "They pushed that fence down," said Mrs. Hawkings. "Well, I pushed it right back up again, and it has stayed."

Inside the big cool house Hawkings pointed out the room they would hole up in if the going got really rough—the pantry. "The bathroom is overhead," explained Mrs. Hawkings airily, "and that has a thick cement floor. The outside walls are 15 inches and then there are two inner house walls on either side, and this big refrigerator should be a protection." On the spot Hawkings decided to dismantle one of the soldiers' mud pillboxes and pile it against the pantry's one window.

Hawkings had already moved out of the upstairs bedroom and placed the mattress on the hallway floor. Four gunny sacks of rice were piled at one side of the mattress, a row of tin trunks along the other. Draped over a bookcase in the hallway was a huge British Union Jack. Said Mrs. Hawkings, "I know the Communists don't like a display of flags, but we wanted to look at it."

Before serving tea Mrs. Hawkings apologized for the upset state of the drawing room. While his wife was pouring, Hawkings said with a quiet smile,

"A soldier walked into this drawing room this morning without a by-your-leave, and I want to tell you my wife took the wind out of his sails properly."

Mr. Hawkings, native of Bristol, is manager of a Shanghai shipping firm. "Let's hope it gets over quickly," he said. "I've got my business to attend to, you know." He paused. "Come to think of it, though," he said, "there's no business to speak of now anyway. Might as well be out here holding out."

The Hawkings have no water, but electricity is still on. During long evenings they play Russian bank—"for pennies and ha'pennies." They have ample food, four bathtubs full of water (and a lily pond when those run out) and indomitable will to stay. Said Mrs. Hawkings with a touch of Coventry in her voice, "We'll carry on." The phone rang and Mr. Hawkings answered. He argued with a friend who wanted to come out and visit them, telling him it might not be safe and he probably couldn't get through the barricades anyway. Finally he said crisply, "Well, come along if you must. We'll give you a cup of tea."

In the drawing room of "The Limit" Mrs. Hawkings summed up, "We call ourselves 'the last outpost of empire' out here. I don't think we British ought to quit anywhere. It's a matter of prestige."



COUNTRY HOME NEAR HAWKINGS' IS BURNED TO CLEAR FIELD OF BATTLE



1. Maternal Marge, a Mother-in-law, was really "in the know."
Her kids were glad to see her come, and sad to see her go—
Because, instead of crowding them, she always found it best
To stay at Hotel Statler, where you really *are* a guest.



2. "I love my Statler room," said Marge. "It's sunny, big, and bright—
A cheerful living-room by day, and then, when it is night,
Eight hundred built-in springs and more insure a slumber deep,
And I feel *safe* at Statler when I lay me down to sleep!"



3. "If I were with my children, well, we'd share the bath, I guess.
But *here* I have a private bath of shining cleanliness.
There's always loads of water hot, and *plenty* soap, I'd say,
And stacks of snowy towels white, with fresh ones every day!"



4. "The Statler knows what women like," adds Marge with happy air.
"They do my laundry, clean a dress, or fix a little tear.
In fact, for *anything* I want, I give the desk a ring,
And Statler's friendly service soon takes care of everything."



5. "My son-in-law thinks I'm just great," smiles Marge, "because, you see
Instead of eating up *their* food, I have them eat with *me*!
And Statler meals are *wonderful*. But then, the whole hotel
Is any traveling woman's dream . . . as daughter'd say: It's *swell*!"



STATLER HOTELS: NEW YORK (FORMERLY HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA)
BOSTON • BUFFALO • CLEVELAND
DETROIT • ST. LOUIS • WASHINGTON
STATLER OPERATED HOTEL WILLIAM PENN • PITTSBURGH



BENEATH A MAP OF GERMANY, LAWYER JOHN J. McCLOY PONDS THE DIFFICULT PROBLEMS HE FACES AS U.S. HIGH COMMISSIONER TO THAT DEFEATED NATION

GERMANY'S BOSS

John McCloy accepts his hardest chore: U.S. high commissioner

This thoughtful portrait of John J. McCloy was made last week just after he had agreed to replace General Lucius D. Clay (*next page*) in the rugged job of U.S. high commissioner to Germany. Fifty-four-year-old "Jack" McCloy is the man for rugged jobs. An artillery captain overseas in World War I, he joined a New York law firm on his return. His work in helping pin the famous World War I "Black Tom" explosion on German saboteurs in 1940 caught the eye of Secretary of War Stimson,

who made McCloy a special assistant a year before World War II broke out. Then, as Assistant Secretary, McCloy resettled U.S. Japanese, learned to fly "puddle-jumper" planes to convince Stimson they were practical for artillery spotting. After the war he became chairman of the World Bank, built it into a going concern. Last week, unawed by his hardest chore yet, he was still scrappily confident. Seeing Secretary of State Acheson off to the Paris Conference, he yelled, "Bring home the bacon!"

Never neglect a cut hand



The tiniest injury can become infected. Never take a chance!

Always use BAND-AID,* the adhesive bandage that always comes to you individually wrapped, 100% sterile.

Caution: Not all adhesive bandages are BAND-AID. Only Johnson & Johnson makes BAND-AID. And only BAND-AID brings you Johnson & Johnson dependability.

6 to 1 choice in doctors' recommendations



*BAND-AID is the Reg. Trade-mark of Johnson & Johnson for its adhesive bandage.

Germany's Boss CONTINUED



GERMANY'S EX-BOSS COMES HOME

General Clay came home to a big welcome last week after 49 months in Germany. He had served through four state department administrations and become known to Americans as the hero of the great airlift. Here he speaks in front of President Truman and Secretary Acheson after receiving an Oak Leaf Cluster to his Distinguished Service Medal.

DIAPER RASH?



For FAST RELIEF use this MEDICATED Powder!

No unmedicated powder can relieve your baby's irritated skin as Ammens Powder does!

For Ammens contains three famous medicinal ingredients—gives 3-way medicated skin care: (1) Medicated relief. (2) Medicated protection. (3) Medicated comfort. Soothing and comforting. Promotes healing by helping to protect tender skin against irritation. So soft, it cushions against chafing. Absorbs extra moisture. For medicated skin care, get Ammens Powder today. No luxury tax.



FREE trial size can. Write today to Dept. L-593, Bristol-Myers Co., Hillside, N. J. (Offer limited to U.S.A.)

AMMENS
Antiseptic Powder

THE Swing King "RESTMASTER"

RECLINING CHAIR



America's most beautiful reclining chair at

a new low price... lovely to look at, leveler to live with... and a sensation when you can buy a "RESTMASTER" for as low as \$79. Back and seat tilt silently... smoothly to reclining position. \$7900

at leading Furniture and Dept. stores.

FREE Write for catalog showing the entire Swing-King line

KENMAR MFG. CO. • East Palestine, Ohio



*Smoke a **LUCKY**
To feel your **LEVEL** best!*

Luckies' fine tobacco picks you up when you're low . . . calms you down when you're tense—puts you on the Lucky level! That's why it's so important to remember that LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO

—mild, ripe, light tobacco. No wonder more independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—smoke Luckies regularly than the next two leading brands combined! Get a carton of Luckies today!

L.S./M.F.T. — Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco

So round, so firm, so fully packed — so free and easy on the draw

COPR. , THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY



America has seen it...

America has heard it...

America says it's wonderful!

Here's true "LIVE-



The secret of "live talent" quality!

Theoretically, every record can have a "Quality Zone" in which no distortion occurs. Here is the *first* to be recorded *entirely* in the "Quality Zone." A new speed, size and groove have all made possible a record free from distortion over its entire playing surface. And there is virtually no surface noise.



World's Fastest Changer!

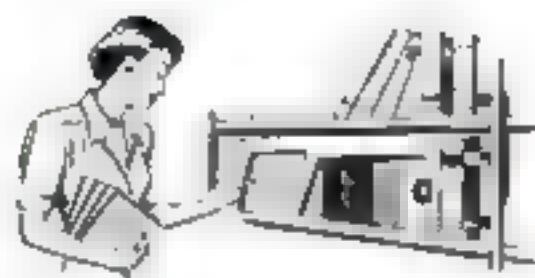
Acts silently with trigger-action speed. Has far fewer parts than conventional changers... works from within the center spindle. No more *changer-damaged* records. You can load up to 10 records with one hand... press one button once to play more than 50 minutes!

All with the famous

"Golden Throat!"
tone system!



All the new Victrola† 45 rpm phonographs and combinations bring you the musical perfection of the already famous "Golden Throat"—finest tone system in RCA Victor history!



An end to record-storage problems!

All the new 45 rpm records are the same, easy-to-handle, 7-inch size. They can be placed in regular bookshelves, desk drawers or between bookends. 18 of the new box-type albums or nearly 150 single records to the foot!



Choose the music you want!

Because all selections—classical and popular—are on the **SAME SIZE** records, they all fit the same changer... play in any combination you choose. A magnificent library of albums and singles ready now to select from... and the *last-minute new releases*, too!

If you own a conventional player

you can continue to enjoy a full selection of conventional 78 rpm RCA Victor recordings. *All new releases every week, every month, will be issued for the 78 rpm system too!*

RCA Victor

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

PIONEER AND WORLD LEADER IN RECORDED MUSIC

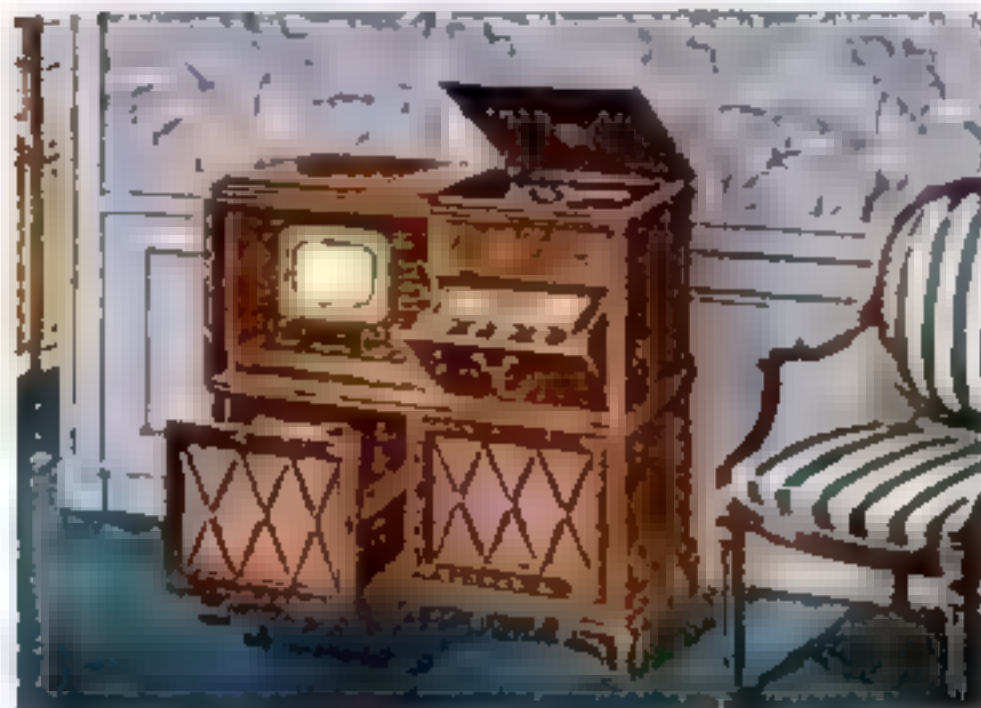




Enjoy the new 45 rpm system in this handsome, traditional console with powerful AM-FM radio. At a touch, player rides smoothly from cabinet for loading convenience. Storage for 24 singles or 24 albums... over 38 hours of musical entertainment. Three-position tone control. Your choice of the RCA Victor 9-W-101 in rich walnut or mahogany finish. AC \$199.50*.



Two record changers... for both your present library of records and your new 45 rpm collection! Room for 24 new albums plus 20 ten-inch or twelve-inch albums. In mahogany or walnut (or modern blond, slightly more) 9-W-105. AC \$269.50*.



Here's the New RCA Victor System of recorded music combined, for the first time, with exciting 32 sq. inch Eye Witness television. AM-FM radio, a 10-12 inch deluxe record changer. RCA Victor's 9-TW-333. AC. \$595* in mahogany or walnut finish. Higher in blond. (Plus Federal Tax. Installation extra.)



Storage space for 30 records in this handsome table-model radio-phonograph! Improved "Silent Sapphire" permanent-point pickup puts only 5 grams pressure on records! RCA Victor 9-Y-7. AC. \$79.95*



Less than 10 inches square, this complete automatic phonograph can play up to 10 records—more than 50 minutes—with one touch of a button. Unbelievable tone and volume from a set so small! Hear the RCA Victor 9-EY-3 today. AC. \$39.95*.



Here's all you need to enjoy the amazing New RCA Victor 45 rpm System through your present set. This compact plug-in unit tucks into a console storage compartment! It's the RCA Victor 9-JY. AC. \$24.95*.

TALENT "tone quality!"

For the first time a record and changer designed to work together!

Now... recorded music is *still more glorious* with added clarity, depth and color! And these finer, non-breakable records cost only 95¢* for Red Seal, only 65¢* for all others... and they wear up to 10 times longer than ordinary records!

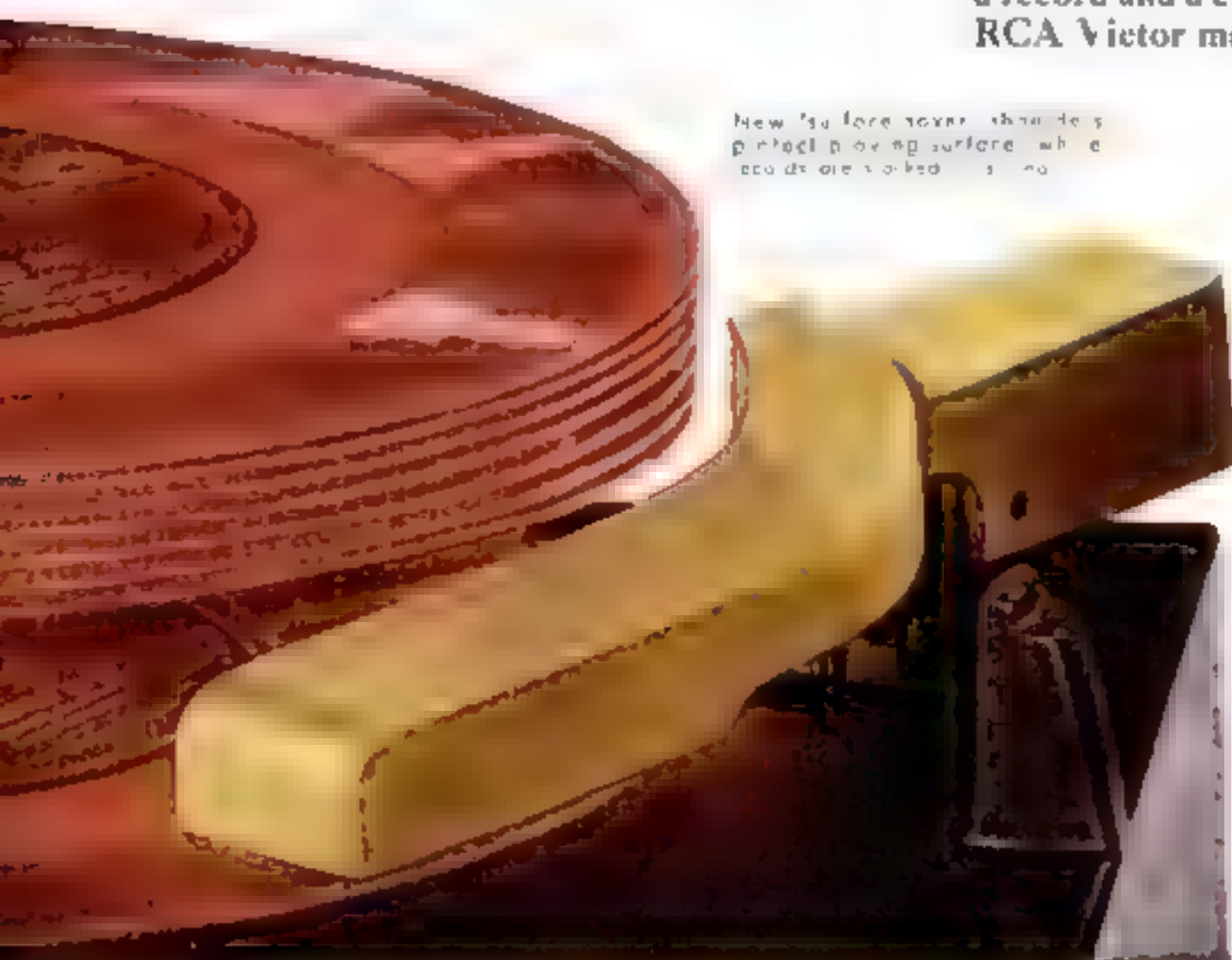
Besides the *tonal beauty* and the *savings*, there are unheard-of conveniences, too! A 12-inch, six-

record album that weighed 5 1/4 lbs. is now only 12 ounces, and can easily be stored in an ordinary bookshelf. The changer is the world's fastest... and less than 10 inches square! Plays more than 50 minutes at just one touch of a button.

Only RCA Victor could introduce the new system because it meant—for the first time—designing a record and a changer to work together. And only RCA Victor makes both records and record players.

As soon as you've *seen* the sparkling new translucent record colors, each distinguishing a different type of music, you'll know that here's the beginning of a new era in record playing!

As soon as you've *played* the new, low-cost 45 rpm system, you'll understand why it's setting a new standard for home musical entertainment... why it is acclaimed the finest, most inexpensive and convenient way to enjoy recorded music. Stop in at your RCA Victor dealer's and give yourself a demonstration today—it's a breath-taking experience!



New 12" record covers... this is a perfect playing surface... which also are... and... and...



A different color for every type of music!

RECORDS COST LESS!

Only 95¢* for Red Seal... only 65¢* for all others!



Colorful new dustproof box-albums—a miracle of convenience and compactness!

*All prices subject to change without notice, and record prices do not include Federal Excise or local taxes. †"Victrola" T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



The team comes out of its huddle and here's the play. Tankmen such as those of the "Hell on-Wheels" 2nd Armored Division at Camp Hood soon realize the value of teamwork and split-second timing in all phases of Army life.

RECRUITING

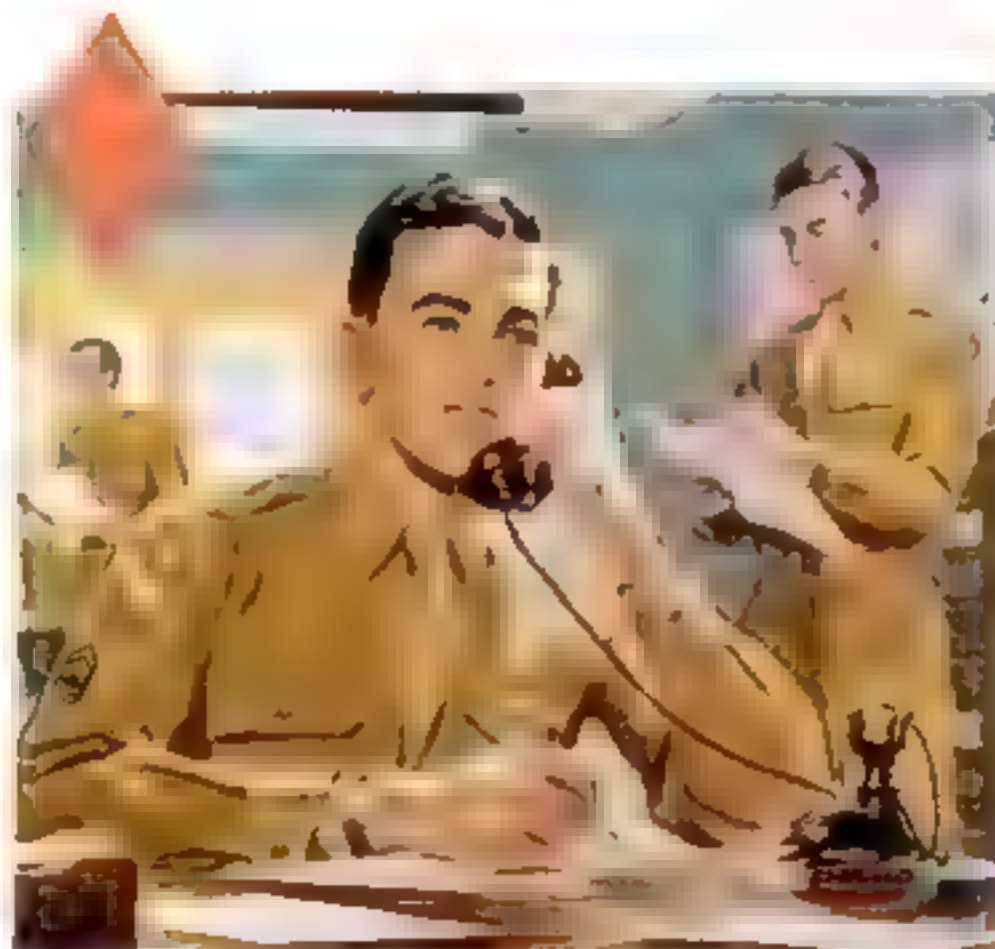


Operation Peace

A quick look at life in today's streamlined Army Divisions. Meet the skilled technicians and soldiers who make an important career out of professional service to their country.



Taken a keen eye and quick reflexes and you will find them Regulars at the top of the 1st Infantry Division in Germany enjoy this thrilling sport, because their training and physical conditioning keep them in A-1 shape.



Great opportunities to develop executive and managerial ability make an Army NCO's career worth while. Here at Fort Jackson, home of the famous 5th Infantry Division, Regular Army men become skilled in planning and leadership.



Lessons in sportsmanship come naturally from our soldiers helping to bring in the Army's best of everything from every corner of the world. The soldier of the 24th Infantry Division in Japan takes pride in his after-hours role.



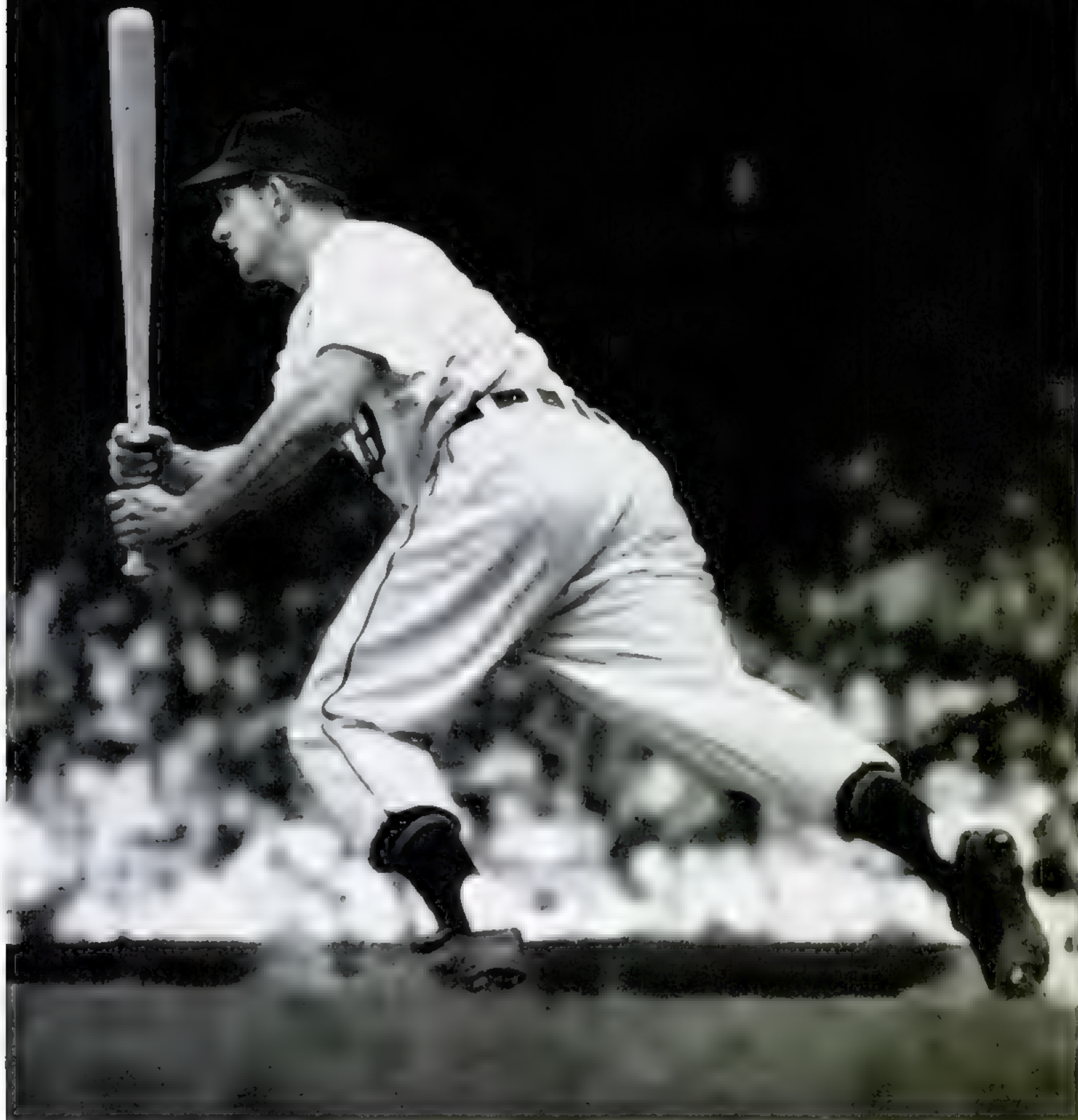
Complex equipment means our modern divisions must have specialists in communications, firepower, many other fields. Here at Ft. Dix, home of the 9th Infantry Division, telephone fieldmen study a complicated switchboard.



Leadership, initiative, quick thinking are recognized and rewarded in the Army. The non-commissioned officer of the 11th Airborne Division directs his men as they set up mortars and machine guns after a drop through space.



Your soldiers work hard... but also have time for play. Dances like this one, attended by enlisted men of the 3rd Infantry Division, are common at all Army camps and posts. Army athletic teams also offer recreational opportunities.



IN GAME WITH PHILADELPHIA, DETROIT'S ROOKIE CENTER FIELDER JOHNNY GROTH GETS AWAY FROM PLATE FAST AFTER TWO-BASE HIT DEEP INTO THE OUTFIELD

SCOUT'S DREAM

Detroit's Johnny Groth is hailed as baseball's brightest new star

The young man in the picture above is departing the batter's box en route to second base. This is a fairly frequent excursion for Johnny Groth, a 22-year-old rookie center fielder for the Detroit Tigers. Groth has hit six doubles so far this year, as well as five home runs. Last year with Buffalo he hit 30 homers, 37 doubles and 16 triples and had a batting average of .340.

A prep-school star in Chicago, Groth got big-

time tutelage from Bob Feller at the Great Lakes Training Station while both were doing a hitch in the Navy. Still modest and a little nervous (pp. 42, 44), he tries to take a skeptical view of his early season flood of publicity. Rival players compare him to both DiMaggios, and even such a connoisseur of baseball talent as "Wish" Egan, Tiger scout, has described him as "the type a scout dreams about finding just once in a generation."

YOU'RE WAY AHEAD WHEN
YOU'VE GOT P.A.

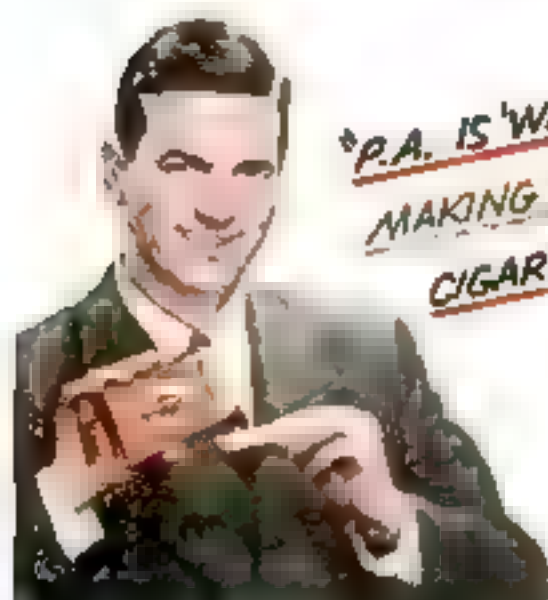
● Yes! You're a winner when you have Pipe Appeal . . . that extra masculine attraction of the man who smokes a pipe. And you're a double winner when that pipe is packed with rich-tasting, mild Prince Albert!

M. J. Reinhold Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

P.A.* means **P**ipe **A**ppeal
P.A.* means **P**rince **A**lbert

Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco is 'way ahead in public favor . . . for years it has been America's largest-selling smoking tobacco. And no wonder! P.A.'s choice, crimp cut tobacco is mild, tongue-easy—specially treated to insure against tongue bite! Try P.A. for smoking joy and comfort!

The NEW HUMIDOR TOP—locks OUT the air—locks IN the freshness and flavor.



*"P.A. IS 'WAY AHEAD FOR
MAKING GRAND-TASTING
CIGARETTES, TOO!"*

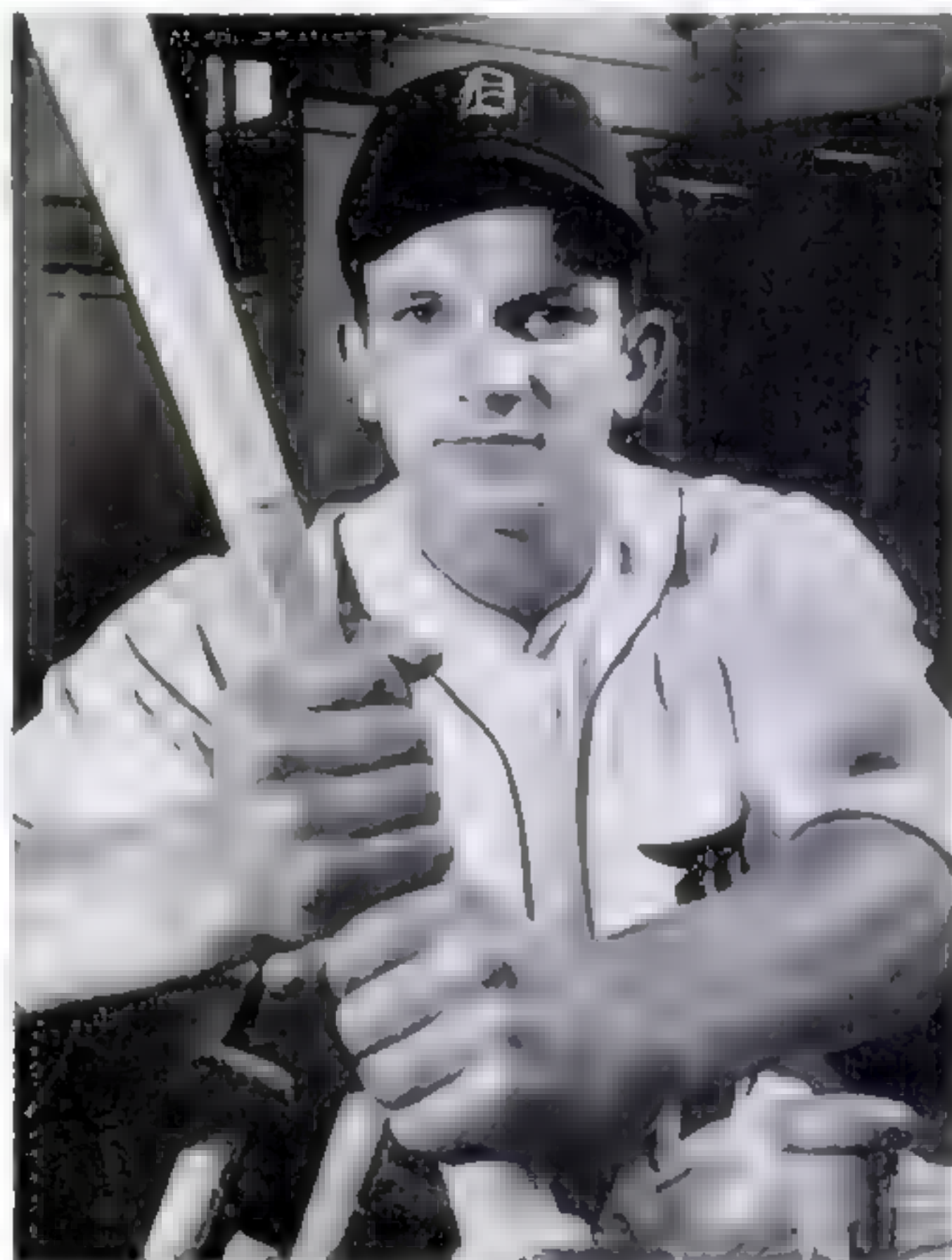
**THE
NATIONAL
JOY SMOKE**



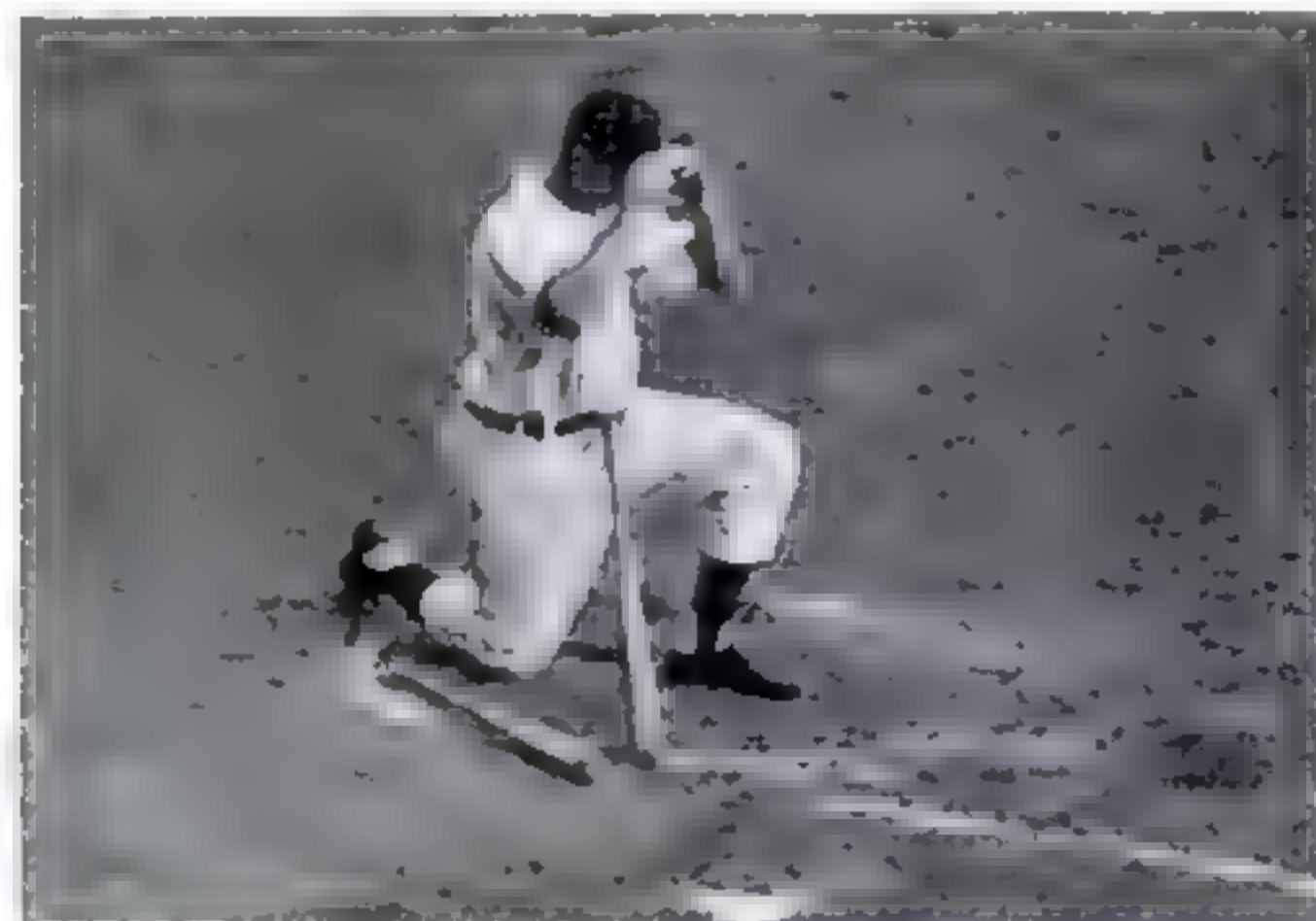
Scout's Dream CONTINUED



GROTH NIBBLES nervously at his fingernails (left) as he watches his Detroit teammates bat against Boston Red Sox in game that ended in 14-14 tie.



GROTH DISPLAYS powerful forearms which make him a heavy hitter. Recently his average slipped from a sensational .471 to a merely spectacular .329.

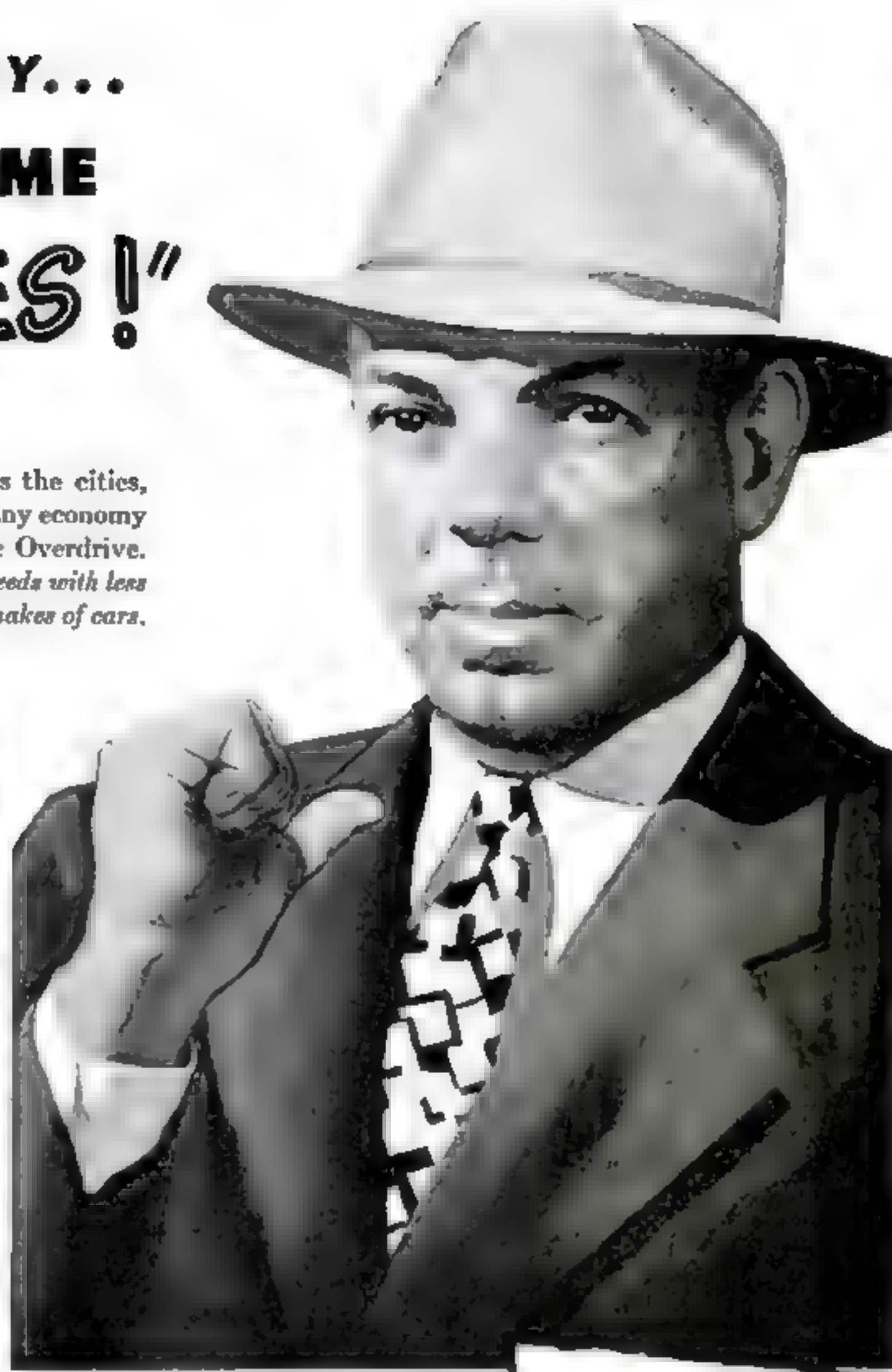


GROTH FIDDLES with his hat as he waits in "on deck" circle for his turn at bat. Once he steps into the batter's box, his nervousness seems to vanish.

"OUT HERE IN THE OIL COUNTRY... B-W OVERDRIVE GIVES ME LOTS OF FREE MILES!"

... says R. C. GLOVER, Tulsa, Oklahoma

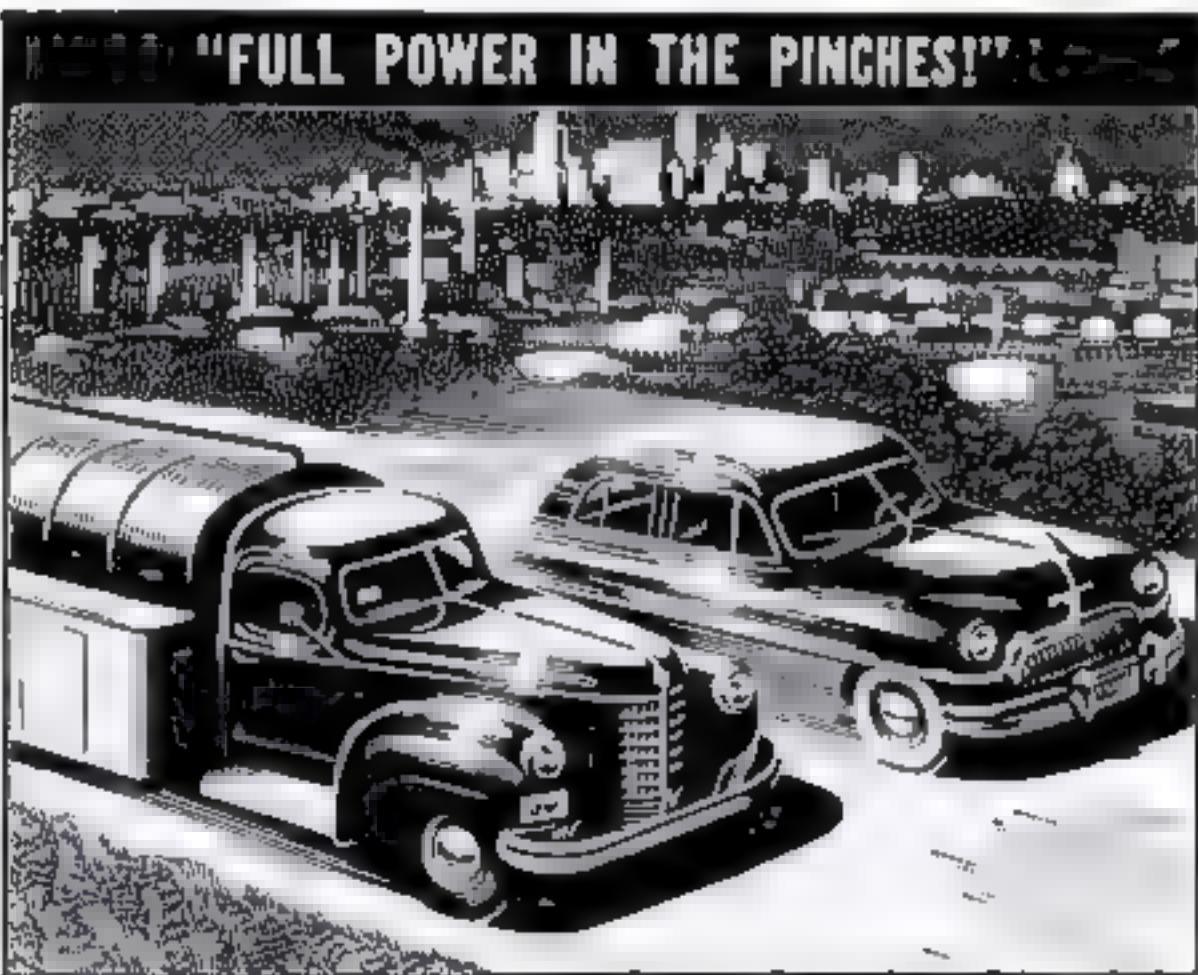
District Manager for a well-known oil tool manufacturer, Mr. Glover drives the cities, highways and rut-laced oil fields of the Southwest. Every day he proves the many economy and comfort advantages of having his car equipped with the B-W Automatic Overdrive. This advance-type transmission gives a car extra gear ratios, produces desired speeds with less engine effort. Made by B-W's Warner Gear Division, it is available on 10 leading makes of cars.



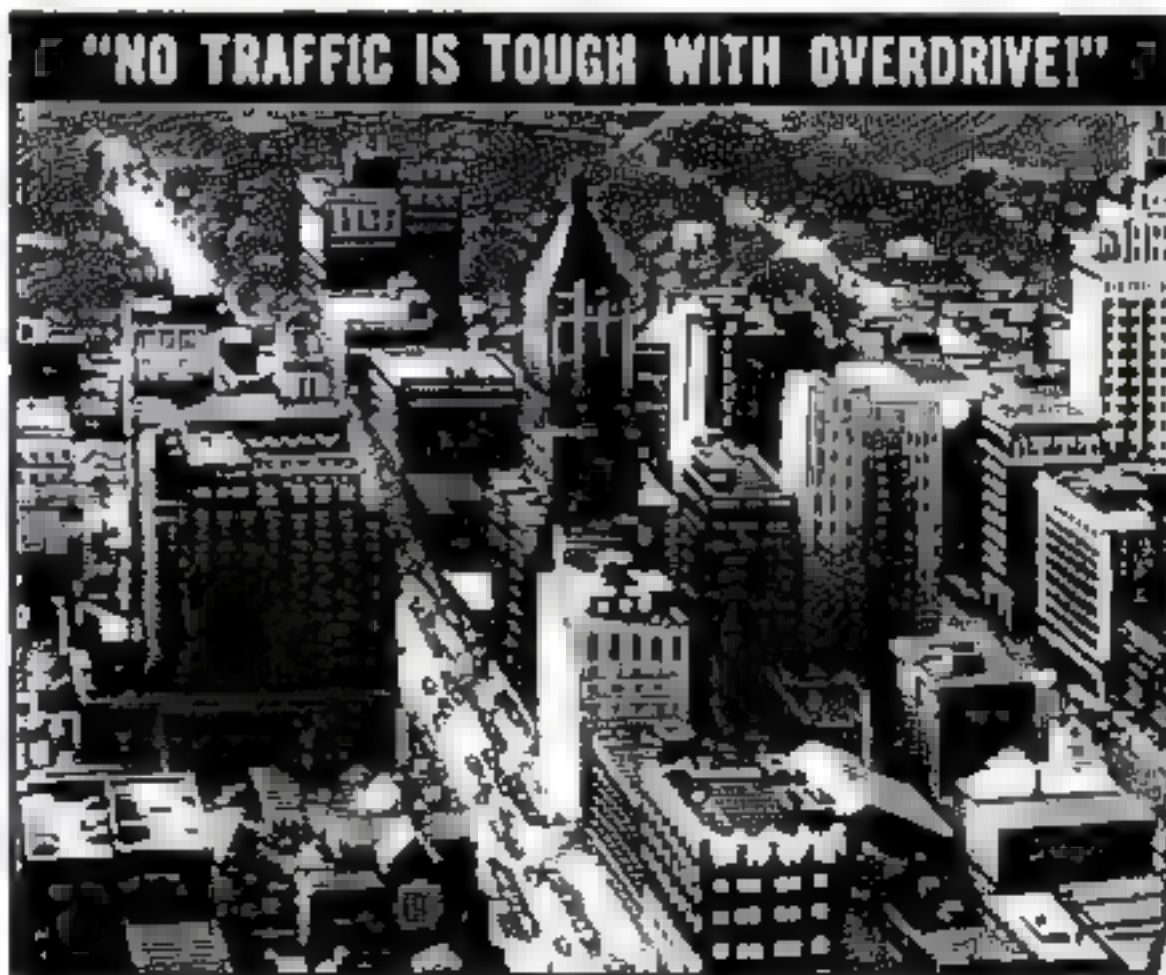
"120 MILES TO OKLAHOMA CITY—BUT ONLY 84 FOR MY ENGINE!"



"Overdrive lets my engine run 30% slower. I accelerate the same as usual. Then overdrive switches in a faster gear that cuts down engine revolutions. I save up to 30 miles' worth of gasoline in every 100 and save wear and repairs."



"Cruising the Black Mesa territory at 60, my engine does only 42. At 30, it barely touches 21. Vibration is almost gone. With overdrive, passing is fast and sure. Pushing the gas cuts in direct drive—and whizz!"



"I stay in second. When I want to speed up, overdrive shifts in a faster second automatically. No doubt about it—overdrive sure is a man-saver and a money-saver. Mine paid for itself long ago. From now on, it's all velvet."

B-W OVERDRIVE PAYS AND PAYS!

- ✓ Boosts gas mileage—up to 30%
- ✓ Cuts fatiguing engine vibrations in half
- ✓ Makes driving more fun—anywhere
- ✓ Delivers full emergency power instantly
- ✓ Saves engine wear and repair
- ✓ Keeps a car young longer
- ✓ Driver's choice "on" and "off" dash control



ALMOST EVERY AMERICAN BENEFITS
EVERY DAY FROM THE 185 PRODUCTS MADE BY

BORG-WARNER

19 OF THE 20 MAKES OF CARS CONTAIN ONE OR MORE PARTS BY BORG-WARNER. These units form BORG-WARNER, Executive Offices, 310 South Michigan Ave., Chicago: BORG & HECK • BORG-WARNER INTERNATIONAL • BORG-WARNER SERVICE PARTS • CALUMET STEEL • DETROIT GEAR • DETROIT VAPOR STOVE • FRANKLIN STEEL • INGERSOLL STEEL • LONG MANUFACTURING • LONG MANUFACTURING CO., LTD. • MARSON • MARVEL-SCHERLER CARBURETOR • MINIHAN UNIVERSAL • MORSE CHAIN • MORSE CHAIN, LTD. • NORGE • NORGE-HEAT • NORGE MACHINE PRODUCTS • PESCO PRODUCTS • ROCKFORD CLUTCH • SPRING DIVISION • SUPERIOR SHEET STEEL • WARNER AUTOMOTIVE PARTS • WARNER GEAR • WARNER GEAR CO., LTD.



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ESQUIRE
POLISH
 FOR EVERY SHOE
 IN EVERY COLOR
 IN EVERY LEATHER



LADY ESQUIRE CREAM: For shoes in all the new high-fashion shades. More colors than there are in the rainbow.
ESQUIRE BOOT POLISH: LANOLIZES* your shoes for that brighter, longer-lasting shine—a Looking Glass Shine.
ESQUIRE LANOL-WHITE: LANOLIZES* your white shoes to keep them Kitten-Soft, and the Whitest White.
ESQUIRE JR. PLAYSHINE: Scuff-Kote. To make all your children's scuffed shoes look sparkling NEW again.

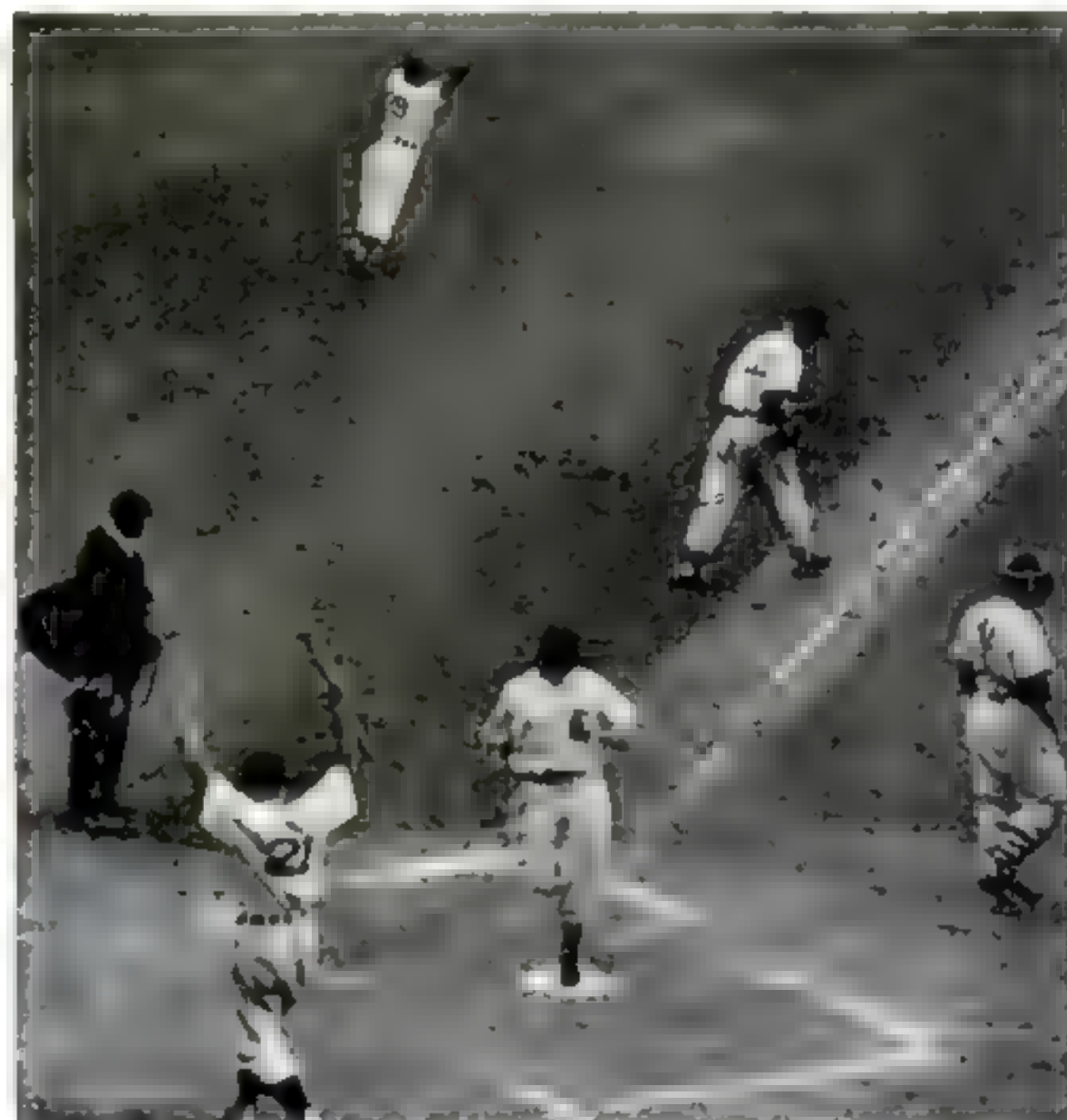
BUY YOUR ESQUIRE POLISH TODAY AT YOUR FAVORITE SHOE STORE, SHOE REPAIR SHOP, DEPT. STORE.
 Products of Koonack Mfg. Co., Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.



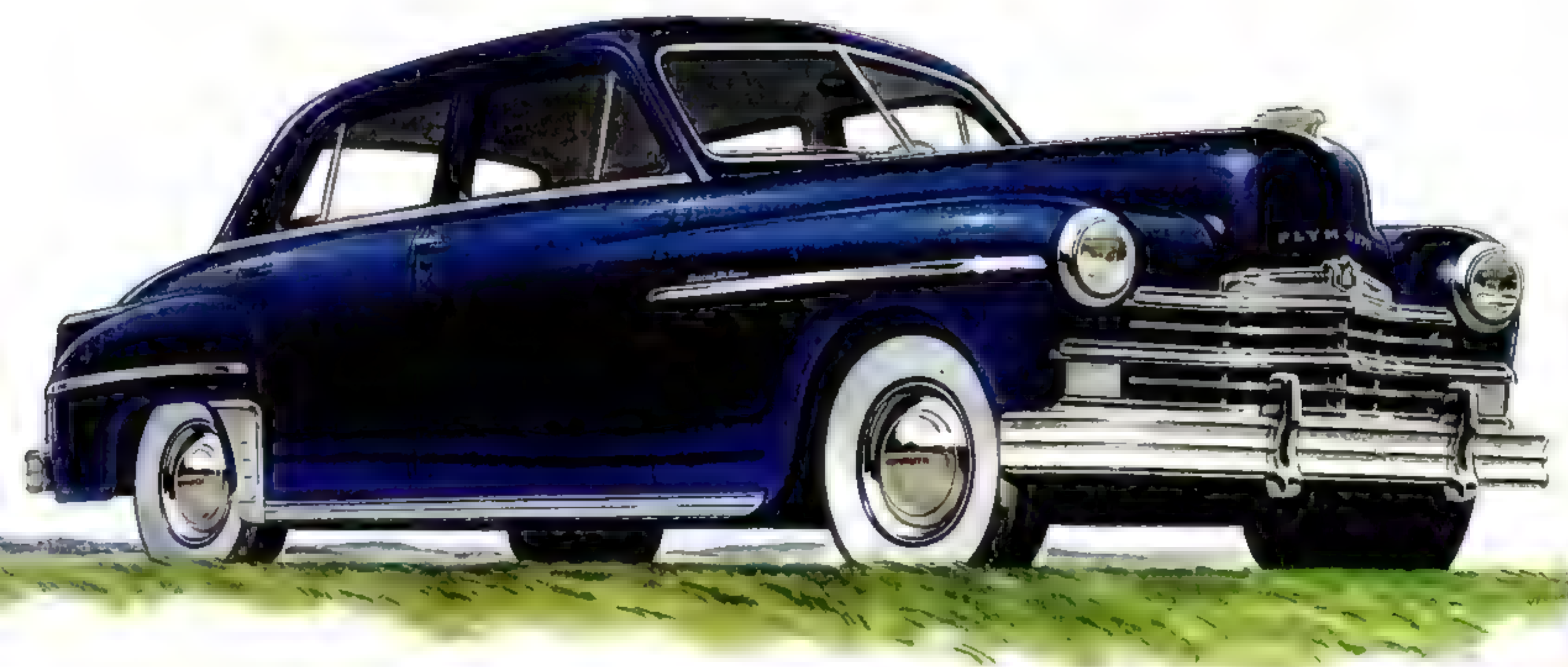
IN CENTER FIELD Groth waits out a Red Sox batter. He is a fast, smart outfielder and already this year has made a number of "impossible" catches.



ON THE BASES Groth worries opposing infielders. Here he scurries back to second as Athletics' Eddie Joost moves in to take pick-off throw from pitcher.



CROSSING HOME PLATE, Groth contributes to a Detroit rally. Two of his five home runs were made with bases loaded. Last year he scored 124 runs.



The car that likes to be compared !

NEW PLYMOUTH



come on in to **CANNON'S**



Bath towels! Beach towels! Towels for home-cabin and cottage—
A splash of Cannon special—showing now at stores!

CANNON MILLS INC., 70 WORTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY 13



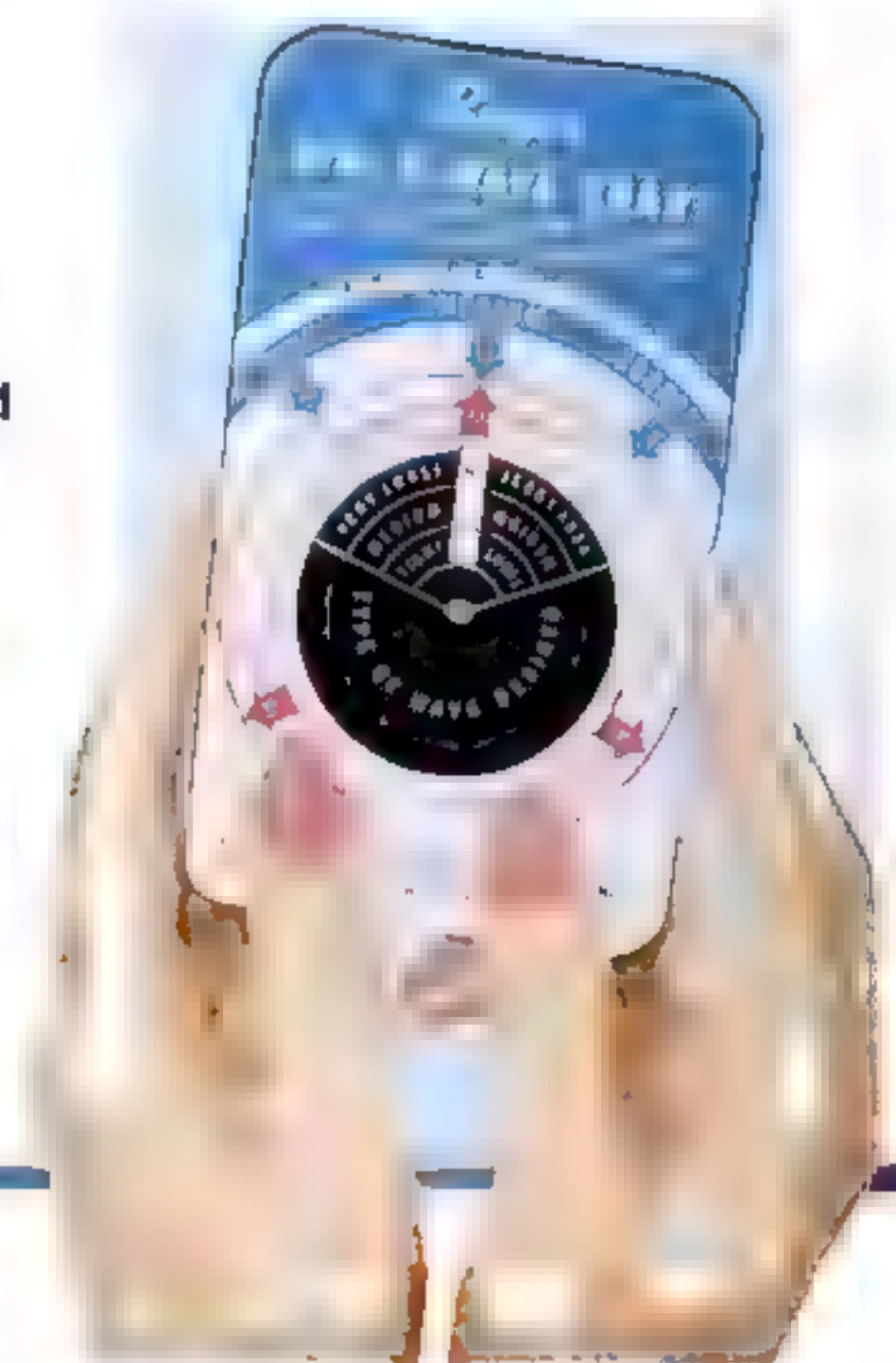
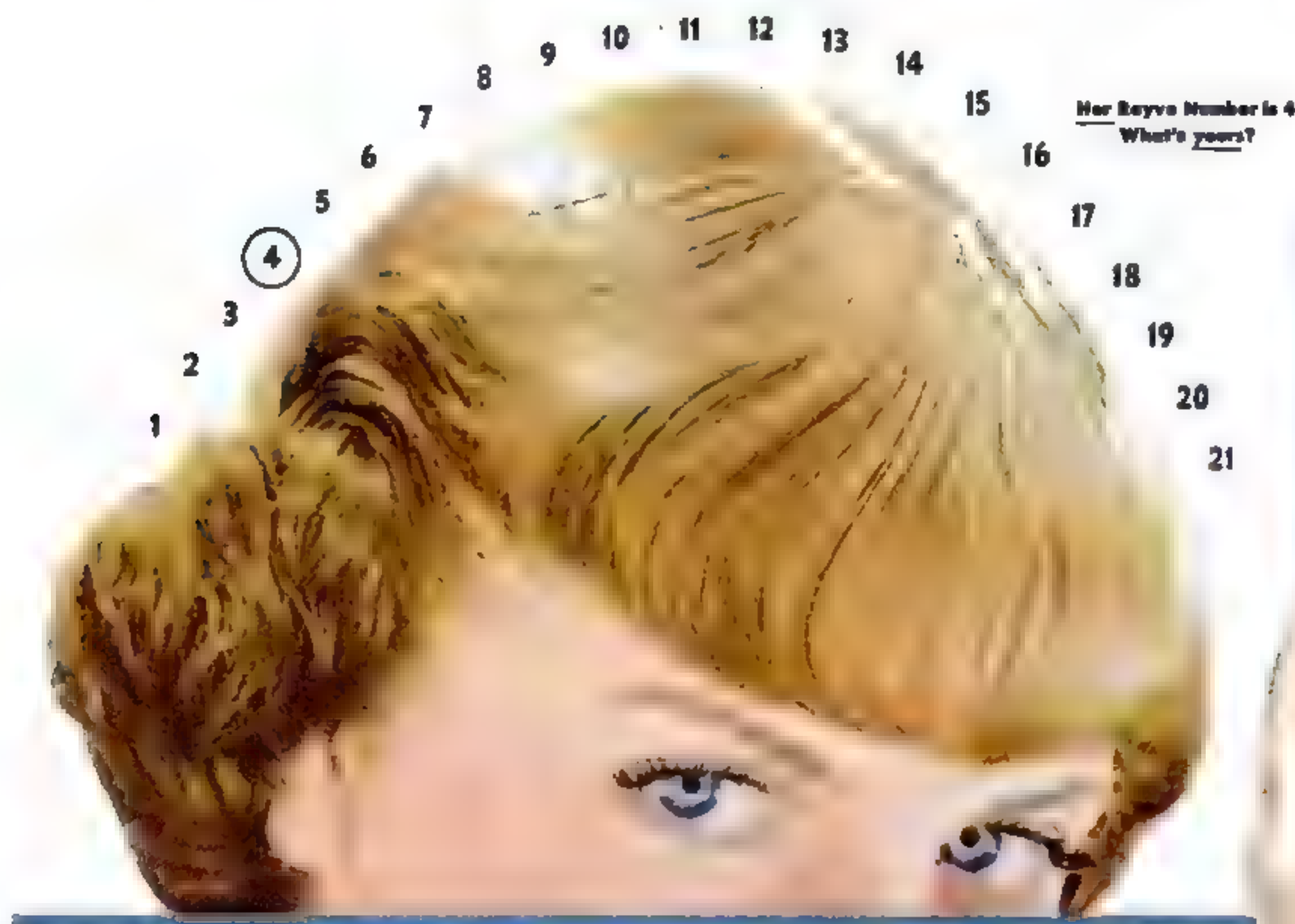
WATER CARNIVAL!



SUMMER-SAVERS from
49¢ to 1.98
—and a wave of others from 39¢ to 2.95

Hale-and-husky textures—you'll want extras for hot weather!
Dive into Cannon's Water Carnival—where prices are way down!

End guesswork in your next home permanent...



Find your "Rayve Number" on the Dial-a-Wave
 exclusive with **Rayve** ...
 the new personalized HOME PERMANENT

YOUR "RAYVE NUMBER" IS YOUR GUIDE TO THE ONE RIGHT WAVE FOR YOUR KIND OF HAIR

There's nothing hit or miss about a Rayve cold wave. With the easy-to-use *Dial-a-Wave* that's in every Rayve kit, you just set the dial for the texture and condition of *your* hair—and up comes your Rayve Number. It's your personal guide to the correct timing procedure for *your* type of hair and the amount of wave *you* prefer—your assurance of a perfect home permanent *every* time.



FASTER...GENTLER...EASIER...

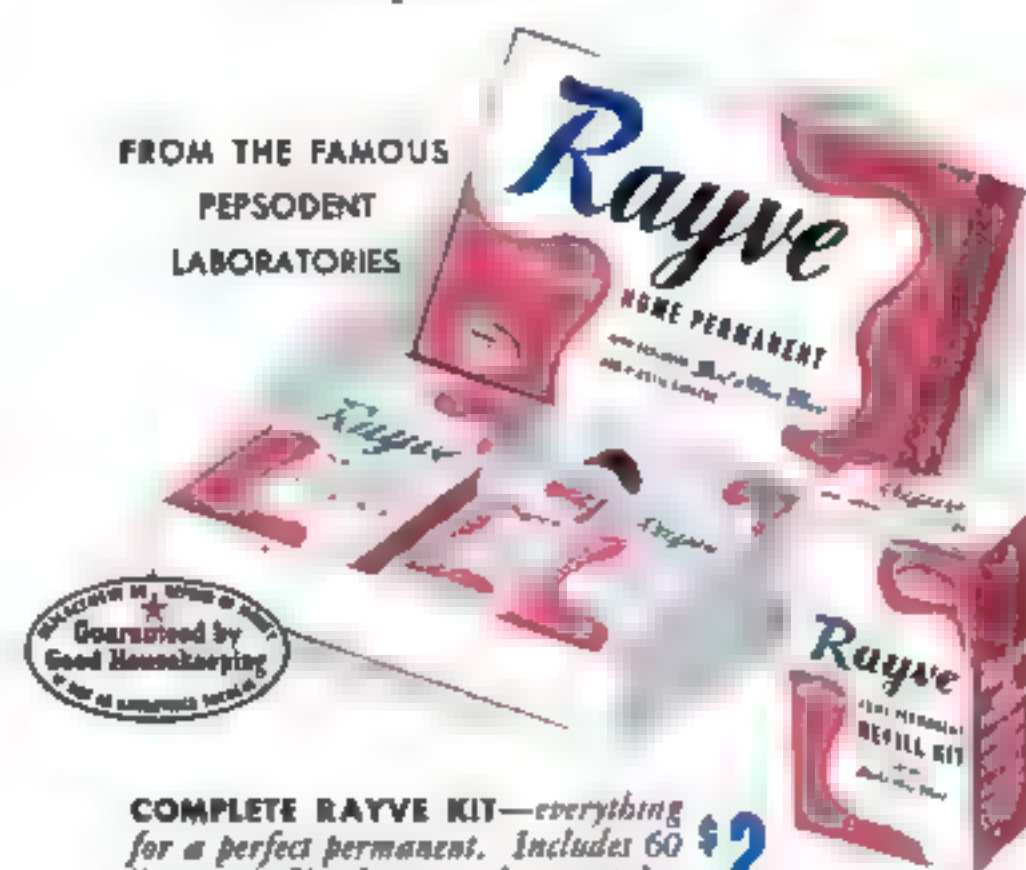
Rayve's personalized waving times are up to *twice as fast* as ordinary home permanents. Yet Rayve's improved creme formula makes waving action noticeably *gentler*. And it's all so simple and easy. Picture-booklet directions are crystal clear, and you don't even wear a turban!

LONG-LASTING...YET SOFTER, MORE NATURAL—No fuzzy ends, no frizz with Rayve. Even on the *very first day*, your hair feels satin-soft... looks and acts as if you'd been *born* with naturally-curly hair. Once you've tried a *personalized* Rayve Home Permanent, you'll never be satisfied with *any* other kind of wave.

Your hair needs special summer care

Head into summer beautifully... look for the helpful display of essentials for summer hair beauty at your favorite drug or cosmetic counter right now.

FROM THE FAMOUS
PEPSODENT
LABORATORIES



COMPLETE RAYVE KIT—everything for a perfect permanent. Includes 60 "easy-wind" plastic curlers, step-by-step directions, and the Dial-a-Wave. **\$2**
REFILL KIT—with Dial-a-Wave. Complete except for curlers and bands. **\$1**



THIS IS MR. LYNN BELVEDERE IN FULL FLOWER: IMPECCABLE, IMMACULATE, SUPERCILIOUS, OMNISCIENT

Mr. Belvedere & Mr. Webb

Nature and art combine to make an elegant addition to U.S. folklore

by JOHN BAINBRIDGE

IN the spring of last year 20th Century-Fox quietly released a bright little comedy called *Sitting Pretty*, whose hero was one Lynn Belvedere. A worldly, witty, perspicacious man who came to be a babysitter and remained by popular demand to rule the household, he proved to be one of the most successful and diverting characters to come out of Hollywood in years. The ineffable Mr. Belvedere is currently on view in a second picture titled *Mr. Belvedere Goes to College*. Though this offering is inferior to *Sitting Pretty*, there can be little doubt that Lynn Belvedere, the self-acknowledged all-round genius, is here to stay. Played flawlessly by Clifton Webb, Mr. Belvedere is a piece of pure Americana.

For all practical purposes, Mr. Belvedere of the films is Clifton Webb of Beverly Hills. Nature has seldom come closer to imitating art. Webb, like his alter ego, does not encumber himself with the baggage of false modesty. One evening a few weeks after *Sitting Pretty* had opened to rave notices and standing-room-only business, Webb, who is a comparative newcomer to the films though an old hand in the theater, was dining with friends in Romanoff's restaurant. A Hollywood producer of lofty rank came in and stopped at Webb's table. "Ah there, Webb," the producer said, "I don't suppose you'll be speaking to us small fry now that

you've had this big success." Webb gave the gentleman a frosty glance. "My dear man," he said, "I have *always* been a success. One more will not unsettle me."

Mr. Belvedere is a man of parts, capable of surprising accomplishments, and so is Webb. During the filming of *Mr. Belvedere Goes to College*, Webb and Director Elliott Nugent were discussing with Musical Director Alfred Newman the selection of music for a scene in which Belvedere plays a piano concerto. When he finishes a listener asks, "Beethoven?" And the great man replies, "No. Belvedere."

"Of course, we could play it true to type," Webb told Nugent, "and use the piano concerto I wrote."

"Oh, do you write music?" Nugent asked.

"Certainly," answered Webb, and proceeded to run through a concerto which, he afterward remarked, he had composed years ago as a tribute to his great friend Jeanne Eagels. Nugent and Newman were properly impressed by the composition, and Webb played it in the film, expertly of course.

In both pictures Belvedere, an accomplished student of yoga (p. 92), stands on his head for rather long stretches. "Don't worry about that,"



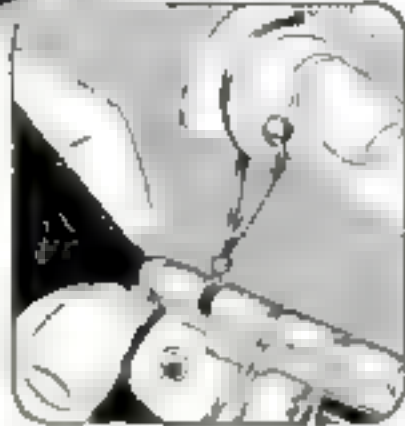
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One unbroken loop of spring steel... locked in so keys cannot slip or twist off!



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Pull it back, turn loop up and lift out. Snap latch back to lock keys in!



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Buxton's exclusive design lets keys turn freely without key case interfering!



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FREE KEY RETURN SERVICE! You register your name and address with Buxton. If key case is lost, card with just your registration number offers a reward for returning Key-Tainer to us. We pay reward, return key case to you! A variety of styles and leathers from 75¢ to \$1.50 + Tax. *Trade Mark of Buxton, Inc. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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The Perfect Gift for DAD... The Perfect Leisure Shoe!

Give Dad the secret to loafin' in luxury — Winthrop In-n-Outers with cushion-cork platform and crepe or leather sole.

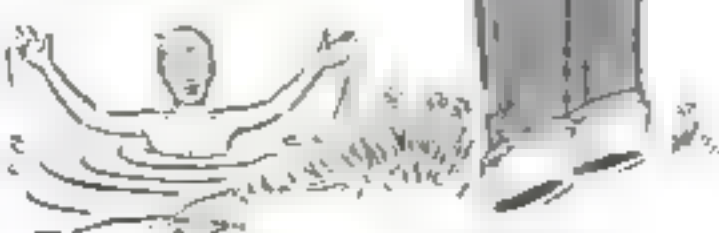
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HANG'EM ON A HICKORY LIMB

Authentic
Western
Denims
for Boys

NOW with ZIPPERS—Made of tough 8-oz. Sanforized denim, Tuffies Out Of The West are copper-colored, double-stitched with heavy orange thread and have inside swinging pockets.



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20" to 32" WAIST
SIZES 5-12 with DOUBLE KNEE

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AS CHEF Mr. Belvedere makes a delicious dessert known, naturally, as crepes Belvedere.



AS BABY-SITTER he disciplines unruly tots by coolly

MR. BELVEDERE & MR. WEBB CONTINUED

the director who made the first Belvedere picture told Webb when they were going over the script. "We'll use a double for the headstands." "I am not in the least worried," Webb said, "and a double will not be necessary. My dear friend Lady Mendl taught me all about yoga years ago. I have made it a point to keep in practice."

The selection of poorly heeled Belvedere's wardrobe was left up to well-heeled Webb, whose experience in these matters is great. He has accumulated a personal wardrobe of 65 suits. His name has often appeared on the perennial lists of best-dressed men, and he takes credit for having introduced a number of sartorial innovations, such as the white mess jacket and colored slacks. For Belvedere, Webb selected two suits of durable fabrics, conservatively cut. "They're cheap—off the peg," Webb says. "But they fit him and they're well pressed." Belvedere has worn the same two suits in both pictures and always manages to look as if he might be a refugee from a best-dressed list himself.

In the days when Webb was devoting himself mainly to the theater and going to Hollywood only to make an occasional picture, he was sometimes crisply critical of the film community. Now that he is under contract to make two pictures a year and has taken up residence in California, he feels it would be ungracious to cavil. "Like being a guest in someone's house," he says, "and complaining about the food. It's not good behavior." Webb and Belvedere are men of impeccable manners. "Belvedere has the mark of a gentleman," Webb once remarked unself-consciously. "He would spit in the eye of a duchess if she deserved it, but he would never injure the feelings of a maid." Webb is one of Hollywood's most sought-after dinner guests. "Every dinner party here is a knife-throwing contest," says Sam Engel, producer of the Belvedere pictures, "but Webb somehow manages to transcend the internecine warfare. Of course he is a gent in the finest sense of the term." Webb casts his views of the Hollywood community in the form of impersonal, sociological observations. He was talking the other day about Bel-Air, a rather lush community heavily inhabited by studio executives. "A delightful acreage," he said, "that might tentatively be described as the Forest Lawn of the living."

Like Belvedere, Webb is a bachelor. He lives with his mother, a vivid, persuasive personality named Mabelle. As a young woman she was possessed by a fierce desire to be an actress, and when that aspiration went unfulfilled she transferred her ambition to Clifton, her only child. By the time Clifton was 3 Mabelle had trained him to do imitations, solo dancing and recitations. At 7 she arranged his stage debut in *The Brownies* at the Children's Theater in New York. In the half century since then Mabelle has continued her shrewd supervision, managing, directing and keeping an eye on the money.

"He wasn't interested in the theater"

THERE are certain tantalizing obscurities in Mr. Belvedere's background, such as the circumstances by which he became the world's champion pole vaulter or the extent of his friendship with General Pershing and J. Edgar Hoover. Belvedere has never bothered to explain. Similarly Webb has never gone out of his way to dwell on certain lacunae in his background, such as the date of his birth or the time and occasion when he changed his name. The fact that his mother always addresses him as Webb is generally regarded as a British affectation or simple idiosyncrasy by his friends, few of whom know that he was born Webb Parmelee Hollenbeck, not an Englishman at all. Nothing is known about Belvedere's father and very little about Webb's. "We never speak of him," Mabelle once replied to an inquiry on the subject. "He wasn't interested in the theater."

Webb's admiration for his mother is profound but not mushy.



emptying bowls full of cereal over their pretty little heads.



AS COLLEGE GRADUATE he faces water with pursed lips of a connoisseur of fine wines.

"She is a great person," he says of her, "a genuinely remarkable character—not a bit like Whistler's mother, who never did anything but sit around and say, 'When are you going to finish this damn picture?'"

Webb's manner of speaking, though not as terse as Mr. Belvedere's, is distinguished by the same polish, precision and directness that marks the speech of his illustrious counterpart. From their respective accents it would be difficult to place their origins. "Belvedere obviously comes from the Middle West," Webb explains. "There is, you know, something special about Middle Western people. There is a determination about them, a go-aheadness, a dauntless spirit. [Webb was born in Indianapolis.] Belvedere's early schooling was by tutors. [So was Webb's.] Obviously he didn't go to college. [Neither did Webb.] It is evident that Belvedere has traveled, he knows his way around, he's cosmopolitan. [Webb has crossed the ocean 38 times and is as much at home in Somerset Maugham's villa on the Riviera as he is in Schwab's drugstore in Hollywood.] A very interesting character, Belvedere. I love him."

Webb and his mother, attended by three servants, live in a rambling, 14-room, pink stucco house that has the aspect of a Mediterranean villa. Over the living-room fireplace is an oil portrait of commanding dimensions, showing Webb elegantly attired in evening clothes and wearing a look of supreme hauteur. Displayed somewhat less prominently on another wall is a painting of a bowl of shaggy chrysanthemums. "And who painted the still life?" a visitor asked. "I did," Webb replied. "I held my first exhibition when I was 14, and one of the critics was so reckless as to call me a juvenile genius. But I tired of painting and went on to study voice. I made my debut in grand opera with Aborn Opera Company in Boston, singing the role of Laertes in *Mignon*. I was 17 at the time. After I'd mastered some 24 operatic roles in various languages, the dance craze came along. I ditched the opera to make a reputation as a dancer."

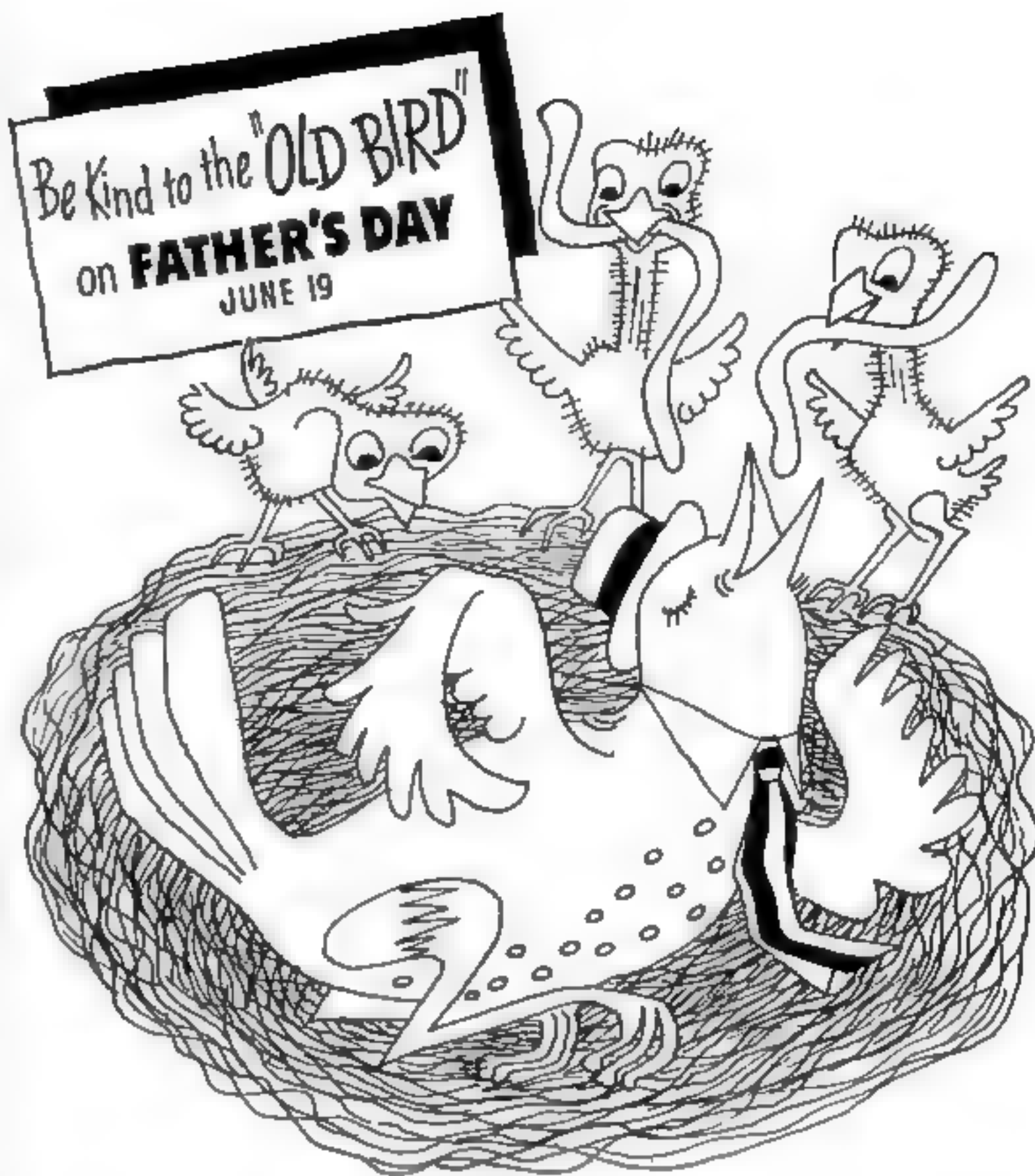
Before he was through with dancing, Webb had gone on tour in a ballroom act, had run a dancing studio with his mother and become an authority on his subject. A page of pictures in the 1932 printing of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* under "Dance" shows Webb, the dapper dancing master, executing the fox trot and the one-step with Irene Castle.

In 1917 Webb transferred his dancing talents to the stage, when he appeared in his first musical comedy, *Love O' Mike*. For the next 17 years—with one interruption, a straight dramatic role in *Meet the Wife*—he flourished as one of the brightest and most dependable fixtures in musical comedy. He appeared with Marilyn Miller in *Sunny*, which played 517 performances, and in a succession of other memorable revues, including the first *Little Show*, *Three's a Crowd* and *Flying Colors*. As the principal attraction in *As Thousands Cheer*, the hit of the 1933-34 season, Webb not only danced twice but also did eight sketches, including his penetrating impersonations of John D. Rockefeller Sr., Mahatma Gandhi, Noel Coward and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. "Mr. Webb," one of the critics said, "is the most versatile of all American revue artists." Webb has never quarreled with the man's judgment.

In 1935 he was engaged by M-G-M at \$3,000 a week to appear in a picture with Joan Crawford. "I learned upon my arrival," Webb has recalled, "that a sinister malady called story trouble had afflicted the picture. It was a dreadfully long siege, lasting, in fact, for 18 months, after which the project quietly expired." Webb returned to New York, having done nothing but collect his salary and establish a reputation as the only man in southern California who knew how to use a fish fork.

Making another about-face in his career, Webb devoted the next decade to establishing himself as a top-ranking actor on the legitimate stage. He spent more than a year on tour in the role of cantankerous Sheridan Whiteside in *The Man Who Came To Dinner*;

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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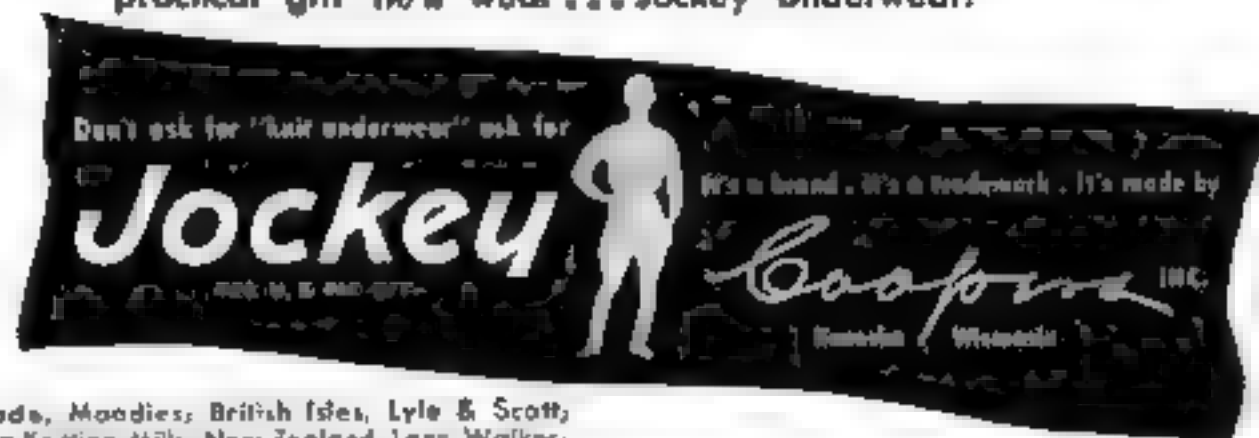


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MR. BELVEDERE & MR. WEBB CONTINUED

exhibited his deft and debonair style in *Blithe Spirit*, which went through 657 performances in New York, and played the rich role Noel Coward wrote for himself in *Present Laughter*. Meanwhile Webb had also found time to polish off three movies, having put himself on view as the columnist in *Laura*, as a rascally esthete in *The Dark Corner* and as a snobbish, decadent American expatriate in Somerset Maugham's *The Razor's Edge*. One day about this time Webb was complaining to a friend. "My only concern," he said, "is where does an actor go from here? Heaven knows I've had all that Broadway and Hollywood can do for one actor. When he's been professionally associated with Coward and Maugham, the two top-ranking literary figures of his generation, what is there left for him to do that isn't anticlimax?" The answer, of course, was supplied rather deafeningly soon afterward in the form of Belvedere.

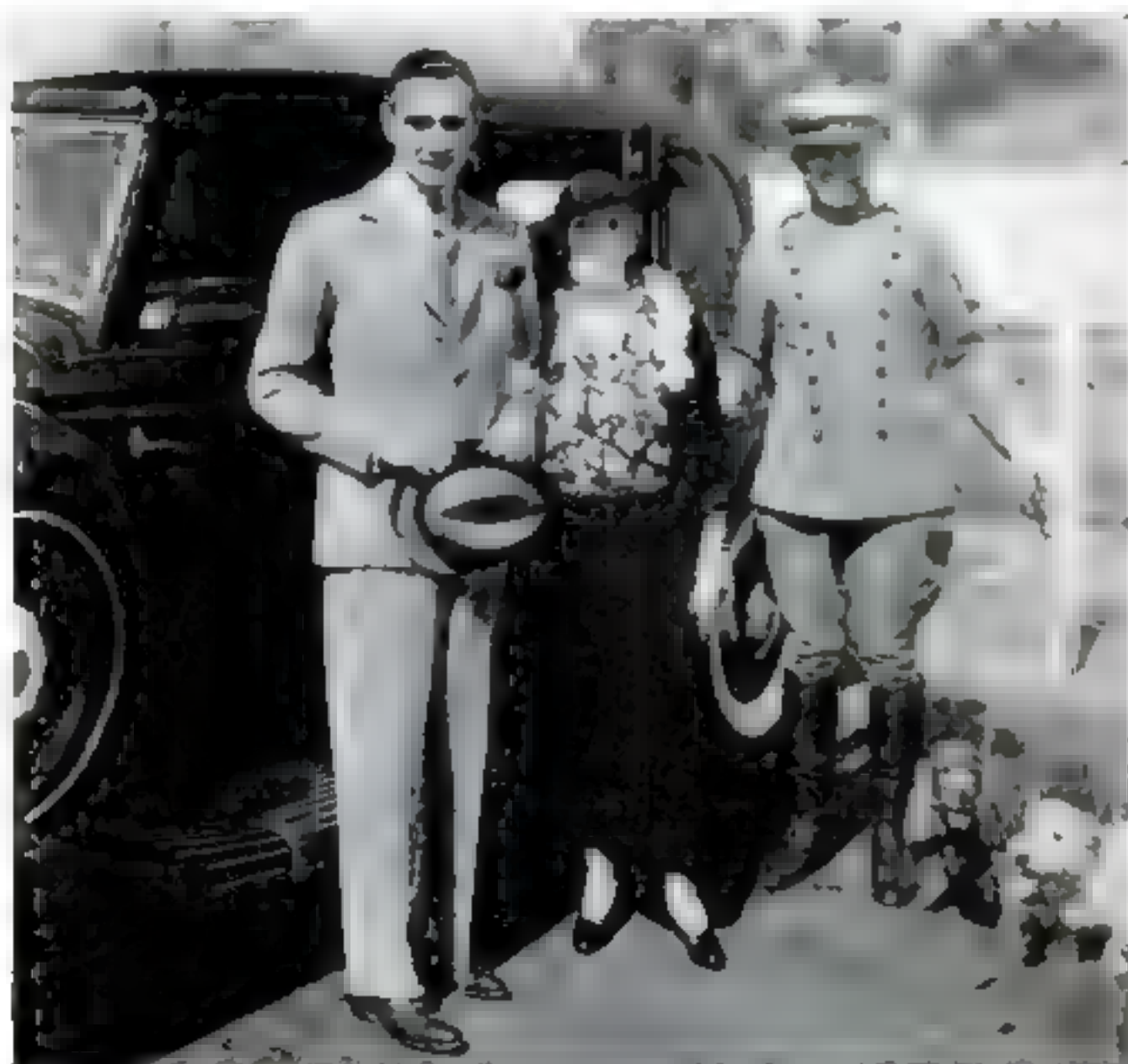
As an actor who reached the top in Hollywood toward his late middle age, Webb is aware that he has turned a trick unique in the picture business. "I've destroyed their formula completely," he said the other day. "I'm not young, I don't get the girl in the end and I don't swallow her tonsils, but I have become a national figure. Belvedere, you see, has become a beloved character, and I now have an entirely new audience—housewives, truck drivers—literally millions who had never seen me before. I think that's a sign of a healthy career." Despite his phenomenal success in the films, Webb is still concerned about his future. "I don't want people to think of me only as Belvedere," he says. "I have always refused to get pigeonholed. So in my next picture I'm going to play the goddamndest, most murderous, most terrifying creature who ever drew breath. I assure you I will make that Richard Widmark look like a nursing baby."

Webb is at present on his way to England, where he will portray a killer in a film about Scotland Yard. However on his return he will again resume the part of Mr. Belvedere since both he and his studio are enthusiastic about making one Belvedere picture a year. The next one will be called *Mr. Belvedere Goes to Reno* and will show the fabled Belvedere as a novelist gleaning background material.

A man who met Webb at a cocktail party recently mentioned that Belvedere seems to have an affinity for the literary life and asked Webb if he, by any chance, had an interest in writing. "As it happens," Webb replied, "I have just put the finishing touches on my memoirs. My publisher has the manuscript and is delighted, naturally. We haven't decided on the title yet, but you should have no trouble finding it when it comes out next winter. Just look under 'Webb' on the best-seller lists."



WEBB IN 1902 was already a veteran of Children's Theater.



WEBB IN 1935 made Hollywood debut, arriving in California with mother, a chauffeur and two dogs. He remained there more than a year, did no work.

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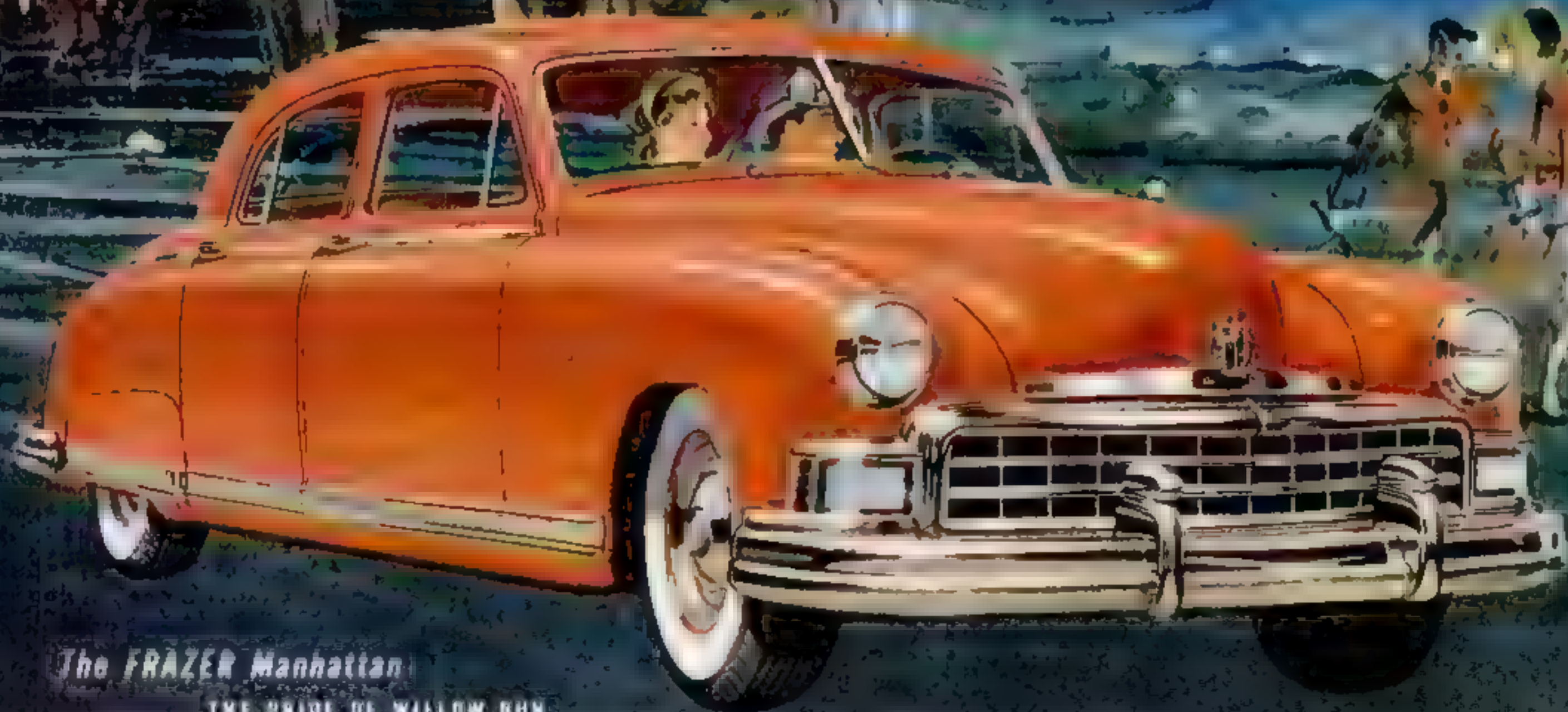
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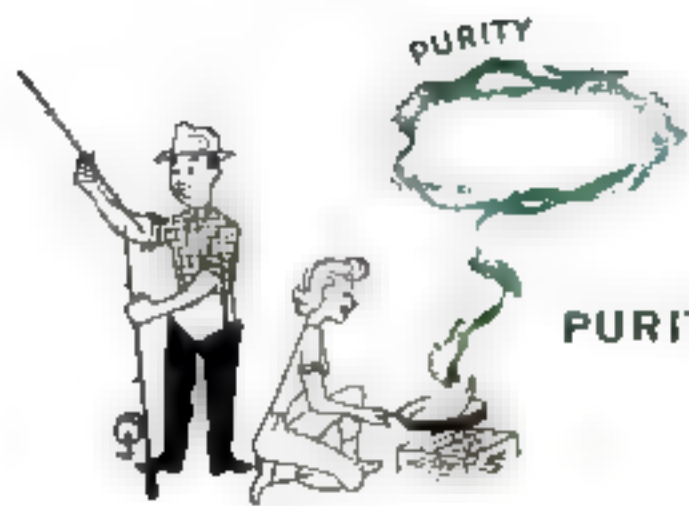
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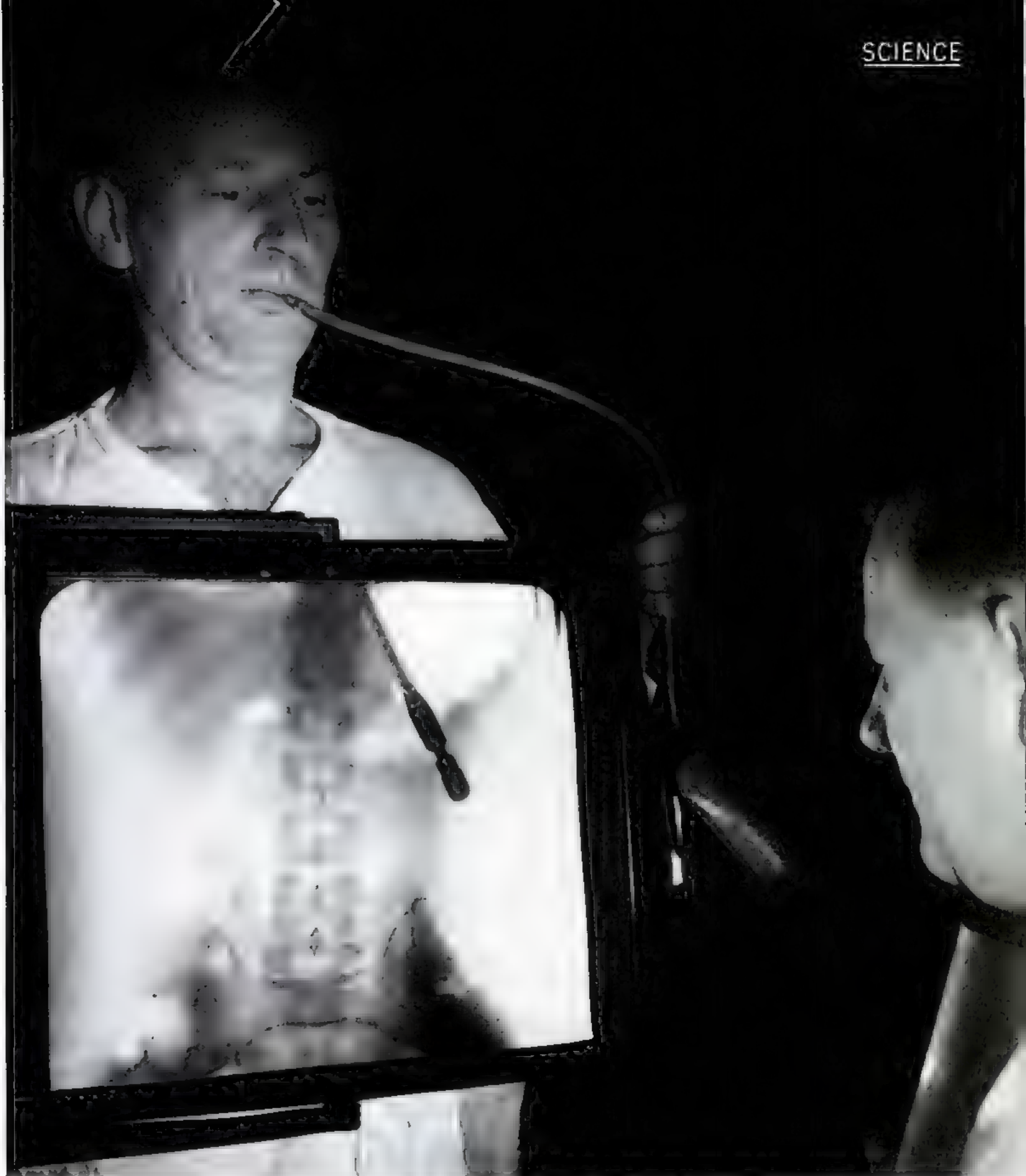


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A FLUOROSCOPE AT THE NAVAL HOSPITAL IN ST. ALBAN'S, N. Y. SHOWS THE CAMERA'S POSITION INSIDE PATIENT'S STOMACH. CAMERA IS EASILY SWALLOWED

GASTRIC GEOGRAPHY

Tiny camera can make photographic survey of the stomach's interior

A tiny camera small enough to be swallowed is now being used to detect gastric ailments. Hanging in mid-stomach at the end of a rubber tube the camera, known as the Gastro-Photor, can take 16 pictures at once in every direction, so that a map of the stomach lining can later be pieced together.

The new camera is a valuable addition to medicine's collection of tools for gastric research. Other means of studying the stomach are costly X-rays,

which do not give a direct picture, and gastroscopes—stiff, bulky pipes used for looking into the stomach—which require a specialist's skill. The Gastro-Photor, on the other hand, is more slender, far more flexible and safe in any doctor's hands. All the patient needs is a normal ability to swallow and an empty stomach which is inflated like a football with air pumped through the rubber tube, so that the camera hangs clear of the stomach walls.



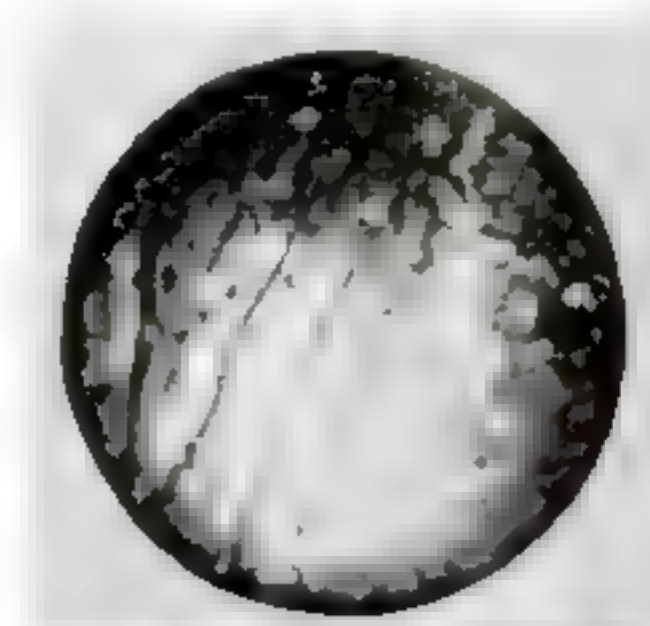
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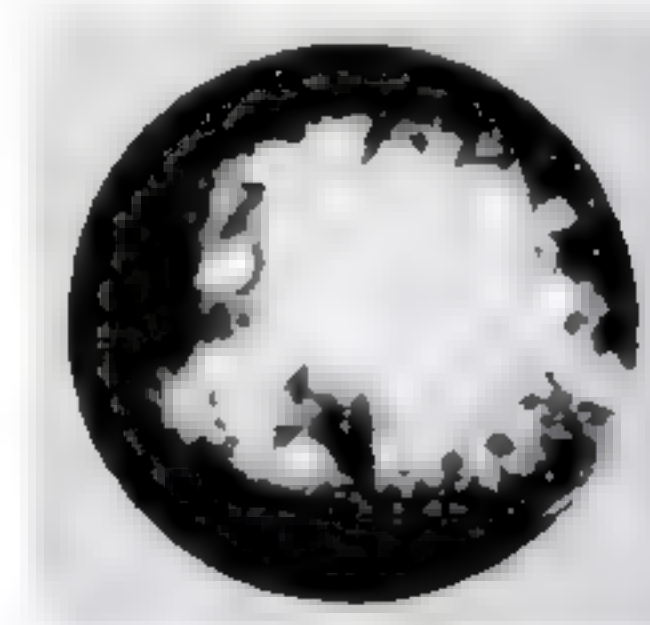
BRIGHT FLASH from bulb in the center of the camera supplies all the light that is needed for stomach pictures. Although the bulb emits light with an intensity of 50,000 candlepower, its flash is too short to burn stomach tissues.



NORMAL STOMACH, distended by air, shows a smooth surface. Undistended stomach has heavy folds.



SUTURED STOMACH shows scars and stitches where ulcer was removed and surrounding lining pulled tight.



ULCERS look like dark craters surrounded by patches of brightly lit and inflamed stomach tissue. The Gastro-Photor is particularly useful in studying gastric ulcers because pictures can show how they are responding to treatment.

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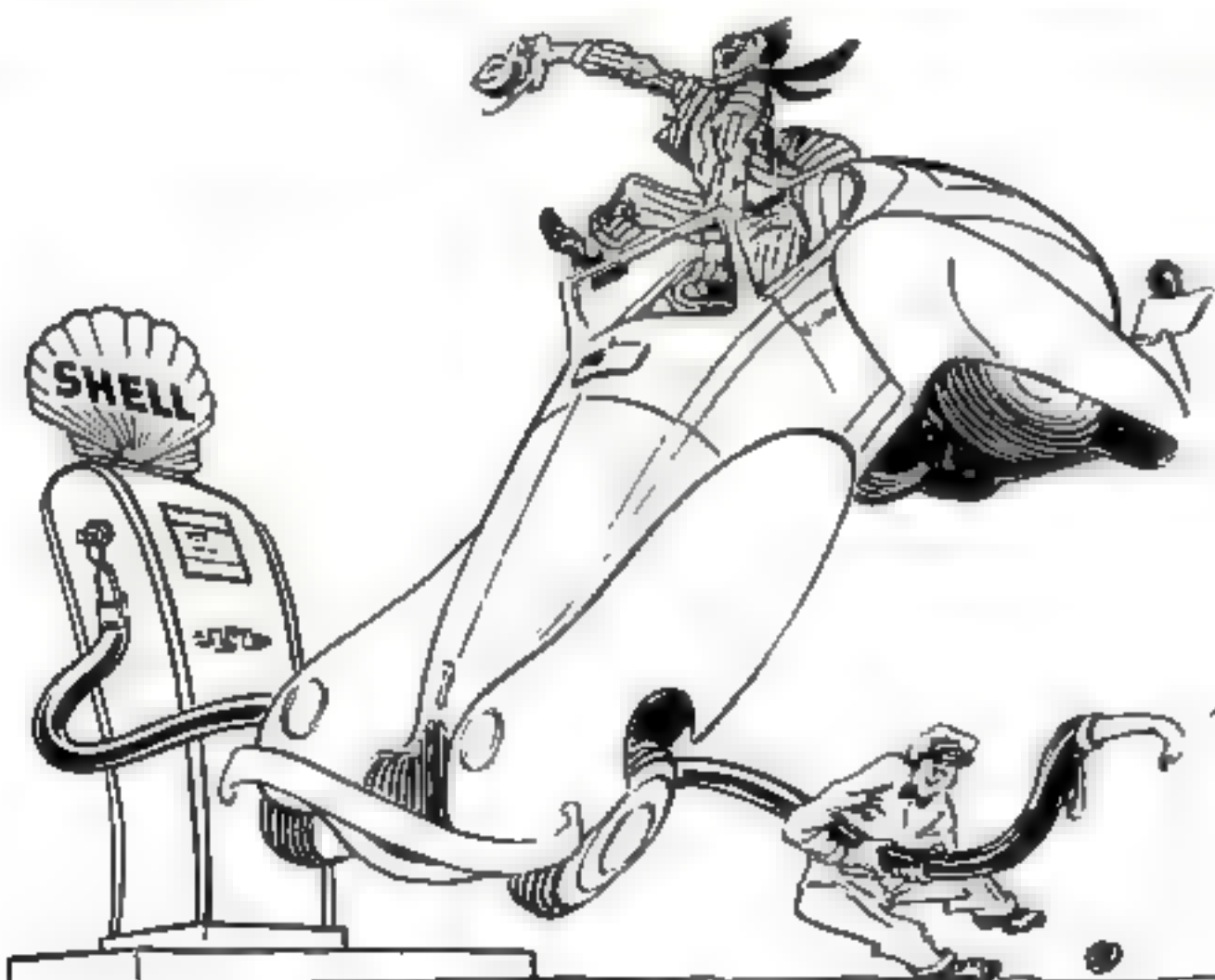
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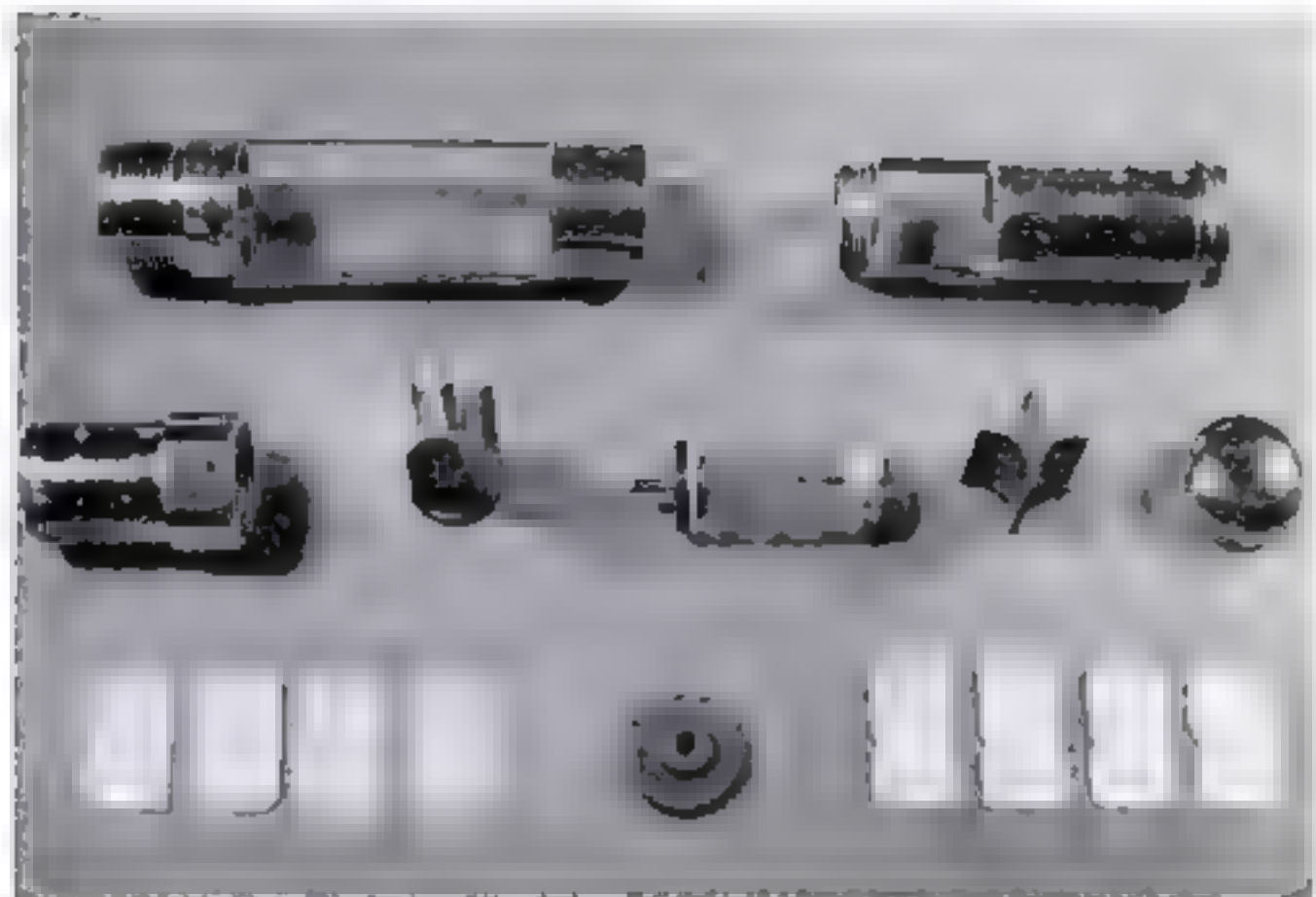


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SIMPLE CONSTRUCTION of the stomach camera is shown in this picture of all of its eight parts. The pinhole apertures (top right) are finer than a human hair. When it is assembled, the Gastro-Phot is only two inches long.

PICTURES REVEAL APPEARANCE OF DIFFERENT GASTRIC ILLS

Although this particular stomach camera is new, medical engineers have been experimenting with similar devices for more than 20 years. Early models were unsuccessful because the minute pinholes through which the pictures are taken soon become clogged by the corrosive action of the stomach's digestive juices, and the cameras themselves were much too bulky to be easily swallowed. These problems were finally solved by making the camera out of stainless steel and reducing it in size until it was smaller than a lipstick tube.

With the perfected camera, doctors and students at medical centers will for the first time be able to keep a permanent photographic record of stomach cancers, ulcers, polyps and other gastric ailments (below). In time, when a standard method has been developed for correctly evaluating Gastro-Phot pictures, the instrument will serve an even more important purpose: general practitioners who lack expensive X-ray equipment and are not trained to use the gastroscope will be able to send stomach photographs to city hospitals for quick and sure diagnosis.



CANCER appears in different forms, sometimes as a hard-looking lump (left) or a spongy cluster (right). For this reason it is always difficult to diagnose correctly with Gastro-Phot. When a suspicious growth is detected it is cut out.



POLYP is knobby lump on stomach wall. Stomach polyps are usually removed since they may be cancerous.

GASTRITIS corrugates lining with ugly lumps. White specks are points of light reflected from mucus drops.



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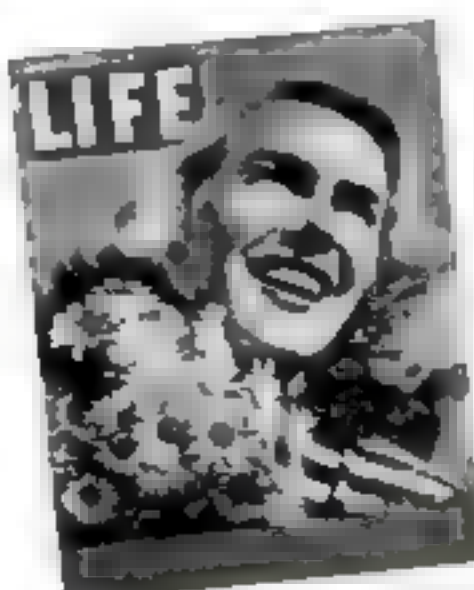
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COURBET loved to paint himself in diverse roles. At the left he appears as a romantic young man. In the center picture he is the arrogant traveler being humbly



greeted by his wealthy patron, Alfred Bruyas (center). Conceit of this painting made him the laughingstock of Paris. At right he saw himself as a handsome lover.



Gustave Courbet

Archetype of all lusty revolutionary artists, he gave 19th Century painting a furious one-man shaking from which it never recovered

GUSTAVE COURBET was a big, brash, truculently honest and insufferably egotistical man. He had just the personality needed to carry on almost single-handed one of the most dramatic and significant revolts in the history of Western art. He introduced a bluntly realistic style of painting at a time when the art circles of Europe lay firmly under the influence of exotic, romantic traditions. Scornfully he flaunted his huge, earthy pictures before the public and critics who denounced them as boorish. He became the bad man of European art, a swaggering, beer-swilling object of ridicule and scandal. But as he developed his unique style, painting with furious energy, proclaiming the principles of realism in newspaper advertisements, pamphlets and billboards, his fame and influence spread far. From him younger men like Degas, Monet and Manet learned to examine nature for its own mystery and incomparable beauty. Courbet, in fact, helped set in motion the whole searching development that evolved into the famous impressionist school of painting.

In this country the art of Courbet has been obscured by the long shadow of the impressionists and the moderns who followed them. But this winter, for the first time in 30 years, a large exhibition of his work was held in the U.S. at New York's Wildenstein Gallery. To the critics and artists accustomed to the rarefied symbols of abstract painting, the show was something of a surprise. Many of them had forgotten that such realism could be both forceful and inspiring. At the same time it was hard to believe that these pictures which looked so conventional today could ever have been the most controversial in Europe.

Courbet was born in Ornans in 1819, the son of a rich vine grower. He lived in a turbulent age. The revolutions of 1848 were sweeping over Europe, but violent as they were they made scarcely a ripple in the entrenched art circles of the time. Courbet alone, in the field of painting, was a revolutionary, a portrayer of the common man. One critic wrote that he "made a place for himself . . . like a cannon ball crashing into a wall." His work was so shocking that he was excluded from the World's Fair exhibition in 1855, so he rented his own gallery directly across from the exhibit, hung 40

paintings in it and put up a huge sign saying, "Realism: G. Courbet." Crowds, attracted by the novelty, were both amused and appalled. Only a few appreciated what he was doing. Delacroix, the leading romantic painter of the time, came away convinced that one picture, *The Studio* (pp. 62, 63), was a masterpiece.

Courbet reveled in his notoriety, which spread all over Europe. Society clubs, fearing heated arguments, hung up signs prohibiting discussion of his work. A banker in Frankfurt, Germany who was giving a dinner placed discreet messages under the guests' napkins saying, "This evening there will be no mention of M. Courbet." In almost everything he did Courbet caused a sensation. He was an expert hunter and in Frankfurt bagged the largest stag killed there in 25 years. But his most spectacular adventure ended in disaster. In 1870 he plunged into the whirl of politics.

For years Courbet had associated with the intellectual and political radicals of the day. When the Franco-Prussian War put an end to the reign of Emperor Napoleon III, Paris fell into the hands of the Commune, an illegal government which defied the new Third Republic in

Bordeaux. Courbet was made the art commissar in the Paris Commune. One of his first acts was to get mixed up in a plan to demolish a 143 foot column which stood in the Place Vendôme. This was one of the most impressive symbols of Napoleonic imperialism, and down it came. Then, in May 1871, soldiers of the republic seized Paris, and the Commune ended. Courbet was tried for attempting to overthrow the government and put in jail for six months.

Freed, he was shunned on the streets and in the cafes. Worse, he discovered that the government had decided to rebuild the Vendôme Column. To help pay for this, it seized Courbet's property, closed his bank account and auctioned off his pictures. For once in his life Courbet's confidence and energy failed him. He fled to Switzerland, so fat and bloated from beer that he could barely get through the door of the railway carriage. Four years later, sick in bed with dropsy in the town of La Tour-de-Peilz, Courbet gazed at Lake Geneva and murmured, "Ah, if I could only swim five meters, I would be well." Then, at the age of 58, he died.



PHOTOGRAPHED in 1860s. Courbet had a sizable beer paunch and smoked a pipe. He never married but kept numerous mistresses, one of whom blackmailed him for a large sum.



THE AMAZON is Courbet's romantic, brooding portrait of Louise Colet, a fashionable poet of the time, in a riding habit which the French call *Amazone*. Courbet hated to accept a portrait commission unless his subject was an enlightened friend like Mme. Colet who would not insist on being flattered. On Mme. Colet's face he painted deep shadows which would have horrified most women of the day.



THE STUDIO is a huge allegorical work showing Courbet's life and interests. He portrayed himself (center) painting a landscape, with his niece, a bel and a shepherd boy who reflect his passion for both realism and pastoral subjects. The figures at the represent varied types who interested him, including a priest



(second from left), a clown in a red coat and a prostitute sitting beside the canvas. An ardent hunter himself, he also put in a hunter and his dogs. Man tied to post is a symbol of academic art. At right are Courbet's close friends and patrons, including the novelist Champfleury (seated) and the poet Baudelaire (extreme right).



CLIFFS AT ETRETAT (*above*) is one of Courbet's many paintings of the sea and the Normandy coast. Enthralled by the ocean, Courbet became such an enthusiastic swimmer that sailors around the resort of Etretat called him the Seal.

LANDSCAPE WITH A MILL NEAR ORNANS reveals the artist's technique. Courbet sometimes used a paving stone with a pointed knife. This method, scorned by the critics then, was taken up later by Van Gogh. (His now-hooded figure by the crates then, was taken up later by Van Gogh, is now canonized, precisely.)



How many "second incomes" on Atkins Ave.?



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They are thrifty people. Four-fifths of them own their own homes. They know the added security of savings in cash and U. S. Savings Bonds, of adequate insurance. And *thirteen* of these twenty-three families—more than half—have rounded out their plans for the future by putting their surplus funds to work . . . in dividend-paying common stocks.

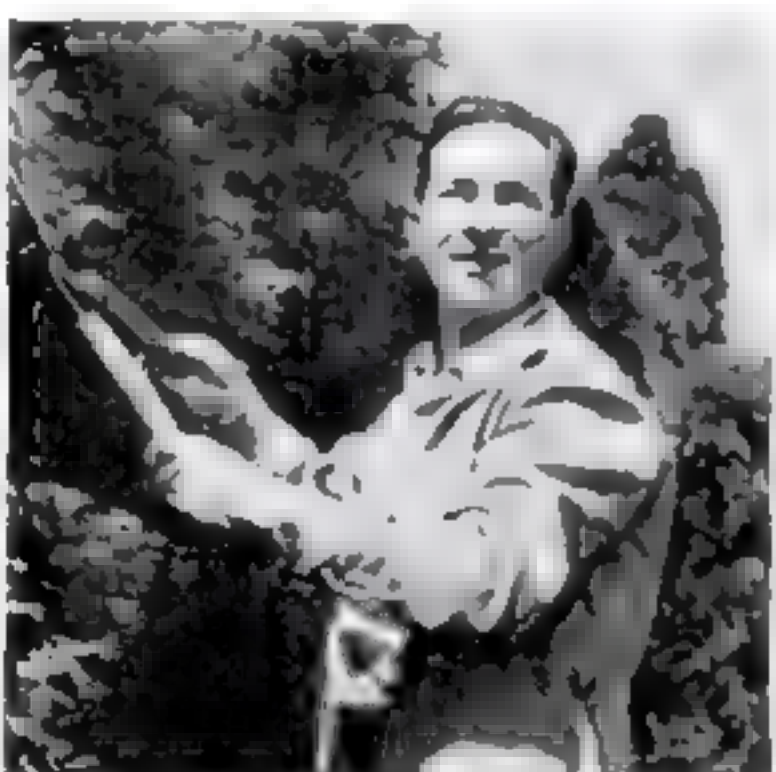
Thus thirteen families in this one block enjoy a "second income" from the profits of American industry.

Like millions of other Americans, these people have found that many opportunities for extra income are open to the prudent, *informed* investor—the investor who considers the risks as well as the rewards, and who bases his decisions on the *facts* which are available to all.

In your consideration of the advantages of stock ownership, the nearest office of a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange—and there are 1550 across the country—will welcome the opportunity to serve you.

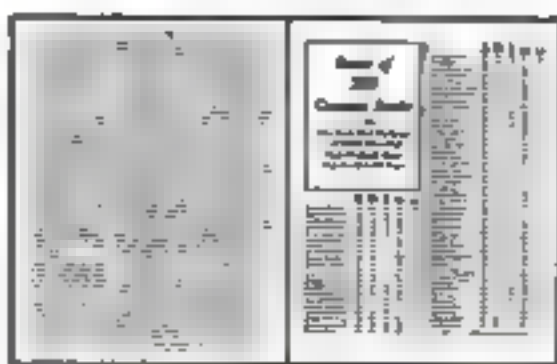


I. Richard Henny, salesman, with the postman who brings dividend checks to his home at 119 Atkins. Mr. and Mrs. Henny's income in 1948 from their shares listed on the Stock Exchange was 4¼%.



L. F. Simmons, 122 Atkins, is a field engineer. For 20 years he has bought common stock in the company for which he works—one listed on the Stock Exchange. His shares in 1948 paid him about 7%.

Investing for Income... Write for your copy of this interesting study.

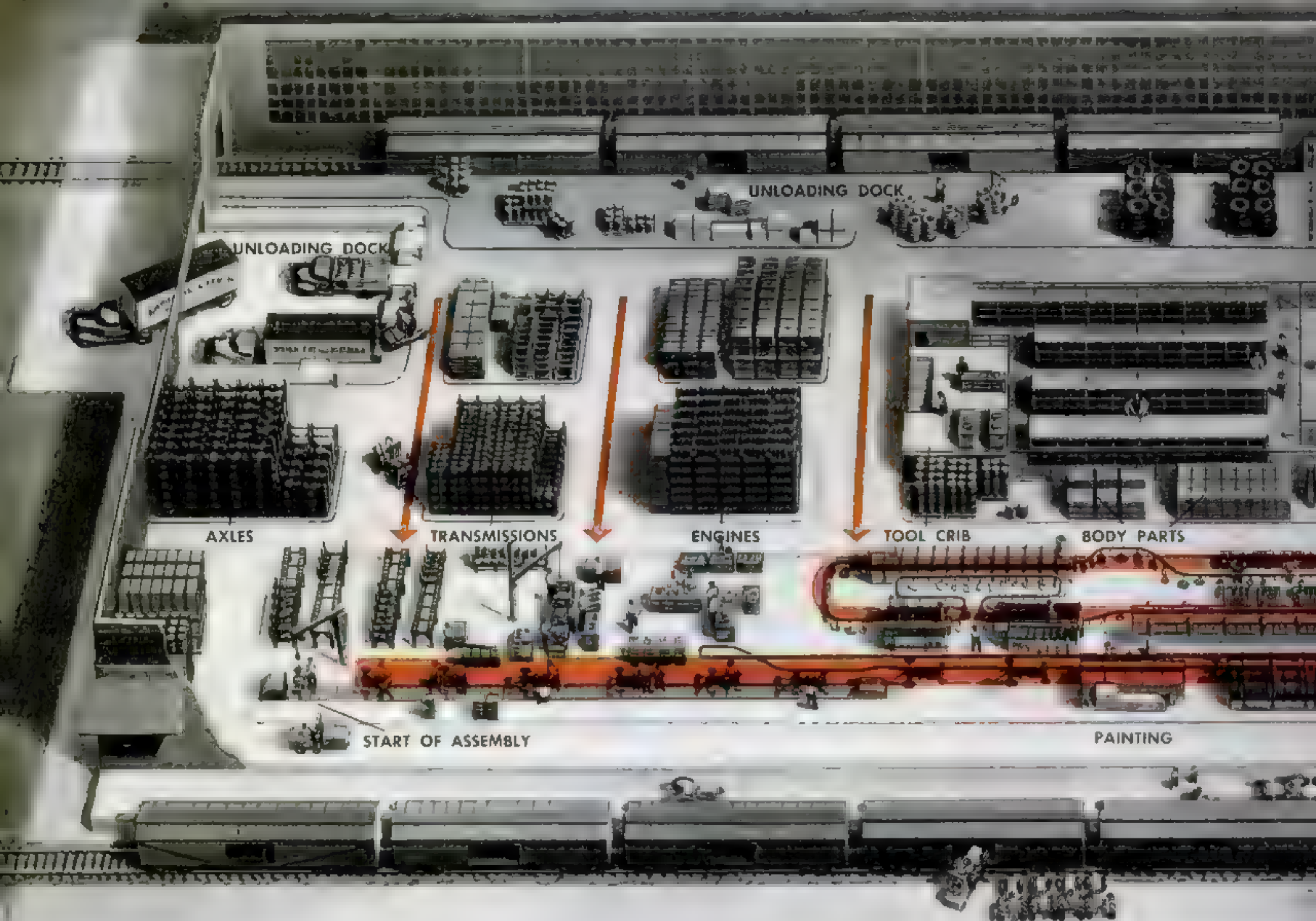


The common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange which have paid dividends every year from 25 to 101 years are the subject of an article reprinted from *The EXCHANGE*, monthly Stock Exchange publication. For your free copy, write Dept. L-2, New York Stock Exchange, 20 Broad St., New York 5...or ask at any office of a Member Firm of the Exchange.



Fred Nauer, of 120 Atkins, is manager of manufacturing for the Hamilton Watch Company. He has common stock in six companies, listed on the Stock Exchange, which paid him between 6 and 8% in 1948.

Invest wisely . . . through a Member Firm of the
New York Stock Exchange



SKETCH OF THE FERGUSON PLANT SHOWS ITS REMARKABLE ECONOMY OF MOTION. TRACTOR PARTS ARRIVE AT THE UNLOADING DOCKS (TOP) AND ARE IMMEDIATELY HAULED TO

MODEL FACTORY

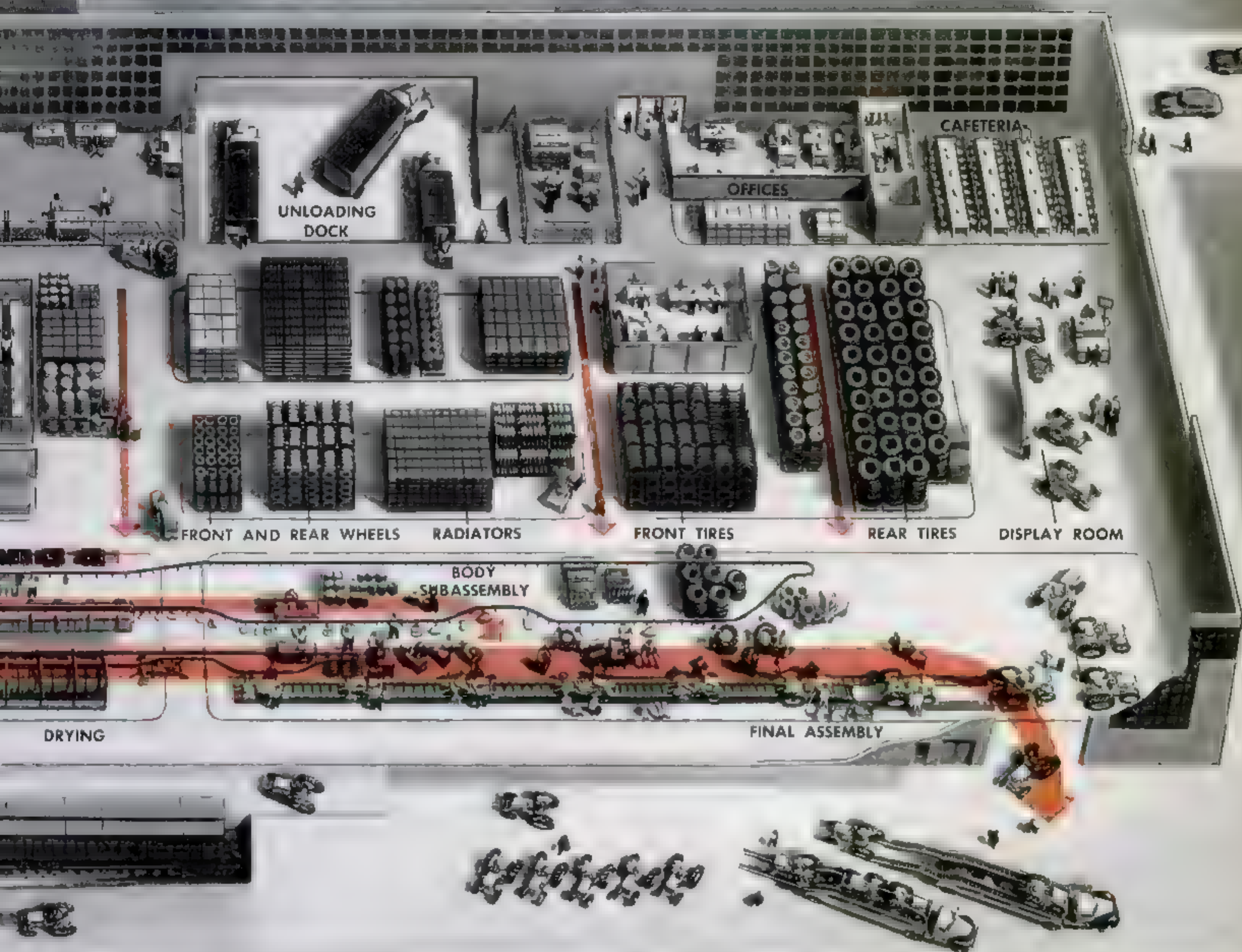
**NEW POSTWAR TRACTOR PLANT
CUTS DOWN ON WASTE MOTION
AND "HANDLING" OF SUPPLIES**

At the new assembly plant shown in the sketch above, as many as 500 tractors a day can be rolled off the lines. Put up in Detroit by Harry Ferguson Inc., it is one of the most radically modern of the postwar factories—and it proves that U.S. mass-production has hit a new peak of efficiency as a result of the lessons learned during wartime.

The building itself (right) is something of a miracle. It has 163,000 square feet of floor space and a trick roof which cools the interior with rain water and illuminates it with indirect sunlight. It is bright, airy and remarkably uncluttered. And it was put up in just 116 days.

It is what goes on inside the building, however, that makes this a model postwar factory, combining all known mass-production techniques inside walls especially designed to house them. Trucks and railroad cars roll right into the plant, which has unloading docks to handle nine trucks and six boxcars at the same time. All supplies that arrive at the factory, from nuts and bolts to 364-pound engines, are carted away with maximum speed by a gadget called the fork truck. This busy little device, whose possibilities were largely overlooked until the Army and Navy began using it during the war, is a sort of over-size scooter with big jaws to pick up heavy loads. The fork truck, shown on page 68, enables a single man to move hundreds of tons of material in a day.

All parts shipped into the factory are especially packaged for ease of han-



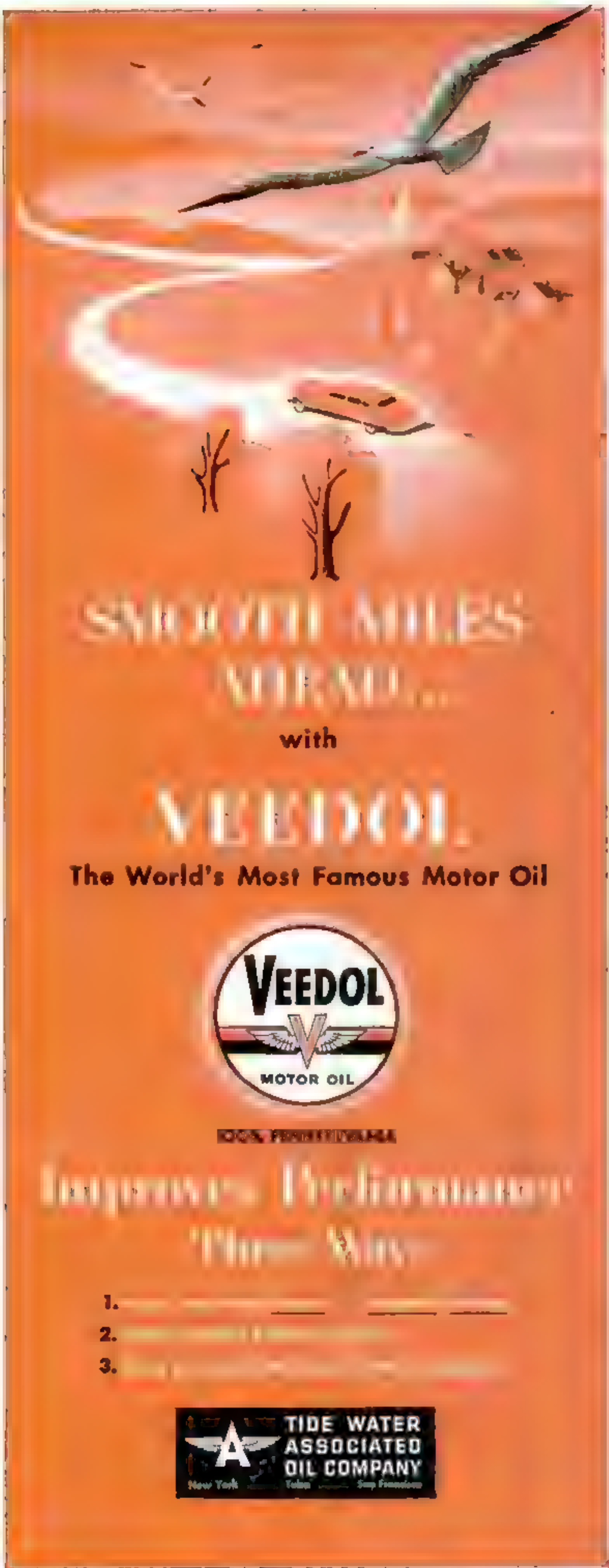
STORAGE SPACE (CENTER). THEN ONE MORE SHORT MOVE TAKES THEM DIRECTLY TO THE ASSEMBLY LINE (WIDE RED ARROWS). ACTUAL DIMENSIONS OF THE PLANT ARE 240x680 FEET

dling. Barrels of parts arrive on pallets—wooden platforms holding four—which can be lifted by the jaws of the fork trucks. Engines arrive in metal racks, holding four engines each. Some small assemblies are shipped in big, square, wire wicker baskets. All this makes it easy for the fork trucks to pick the supplies right out of boxcars or trucks in which they arrive and to stack them up in neat vertical piles in the storage area in the middle of the plant. There is space for 30 days' supplies, and inventory can be taken almost at a glance. From there the supplies can be moved, as the vertical arrows indicate, right to the assembly line, with an absolute minimum of waste motion or manual labor.

On the long assembly line the chassis takes shape, starting with the rear axle. At the same time another assembly line, indicated by the narrower horizontal red line, is collecting parts for the body on a moving overhead conveyor. After the two lines have passed side by side through a painting and drying unit, there are a few more operations, like the addition of tires and a final test, and the tractor is ready to leave the plant under its own power. Some are shipped like automobiles on long trailer trucks. Others go to a siding along the plant for shipment by rail. Here the ubiquitous fork truck performs its final service—it lifts the 2,400-pound tractors into the cars and stacks them two deep in neat rows. The plant has all supply and shipping problems licked but one: last week it was shut down because a strike at the Bendix Corp. kept it from getting brakes.




WELLS IN ROOF are designed to trap rain water, which is expected to keep the plant about 10° cooler in summer. In winter roof can be heated and drained to remove snow.



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MOTOR OIL

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The Way

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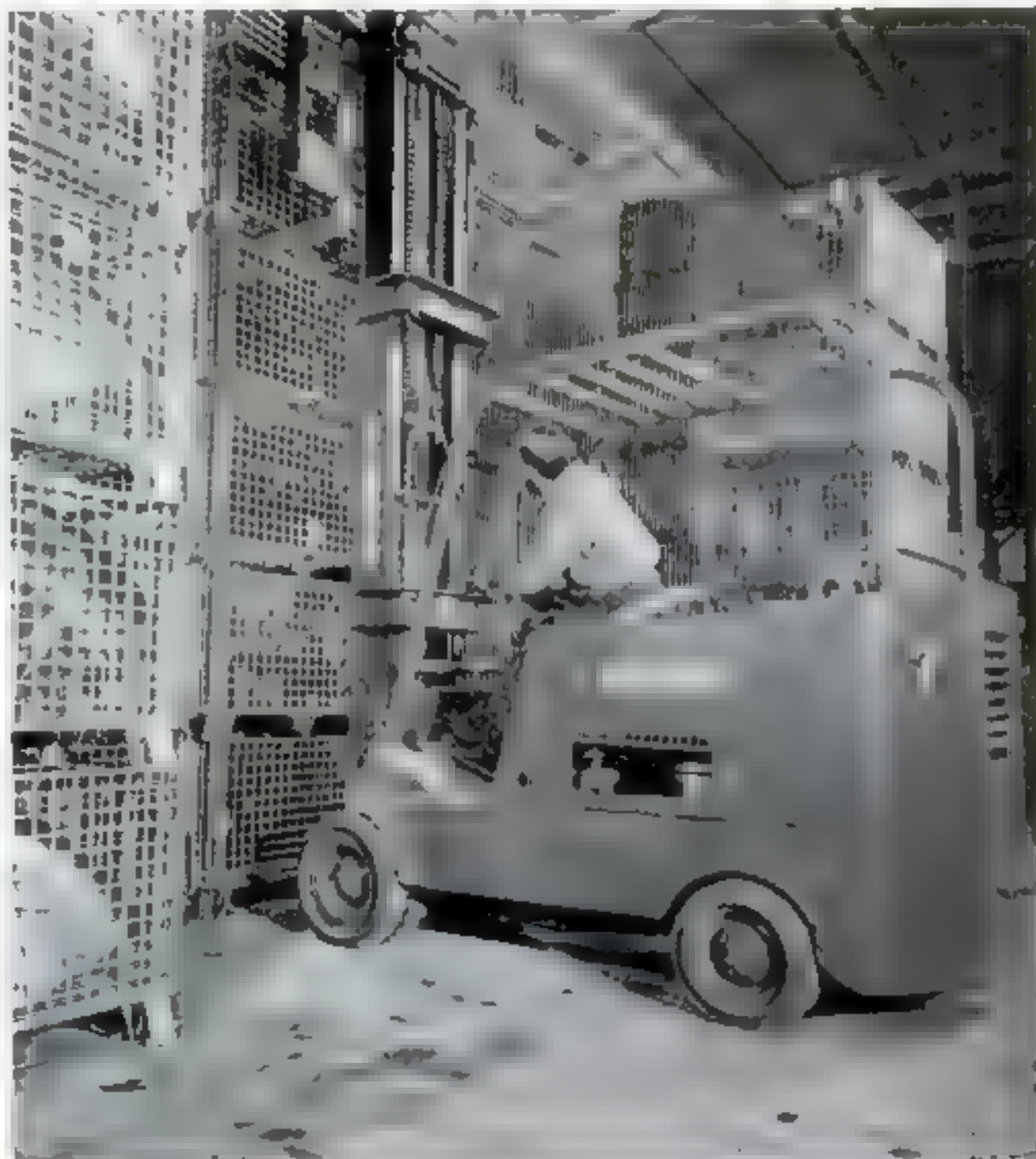
**TIDE WATER
ASSOCIATED
OIL COMPANY**

New York Tulsa San Francisco

MODEL FACTORY CONTINUED



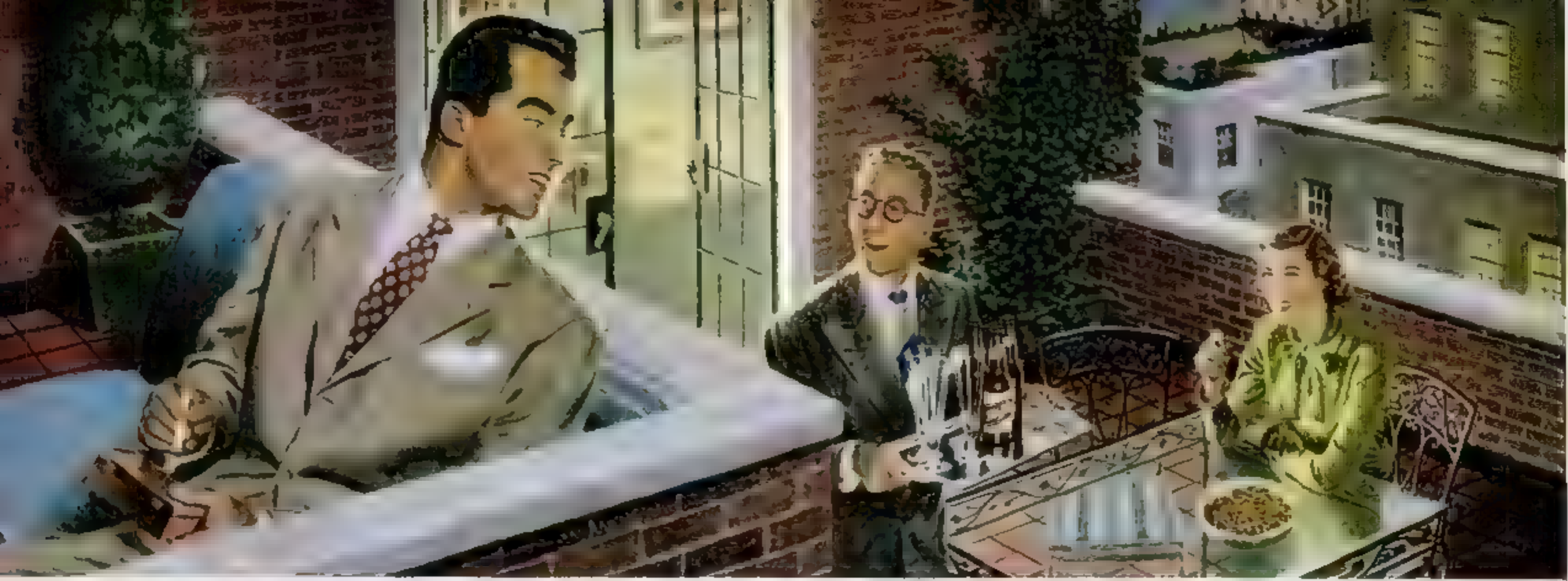
ASSEMBLY LINE moves tractors on conveyor belts which are built into floor. This enables workmen to walk all around them and work on both sides.



FORK TRUCK lifts wire baskets containing fender parts from the stockpile. When basket is emptied it can be folded flat for reshipment to parts factory.



OWNER Harry Ferguson, a Scotsman, drives tractor on steps of his house in picture which appeared in *LIFE* in 1948 when he sued Ford Motor Co. for \$251 million, charging patent infringement and conspiracy to wreck his firm. He is ex-partner of Henry Ford Sr. in tractor-making.



"I was curious..."



"I tasted it..."



Now I know why Schlitz is...

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous!"



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WATCH TIME

For Graduation, Weddings, Anniversaries,
Birthdays and every Gift Occasion—
there's no finer gift than a watch, no finer
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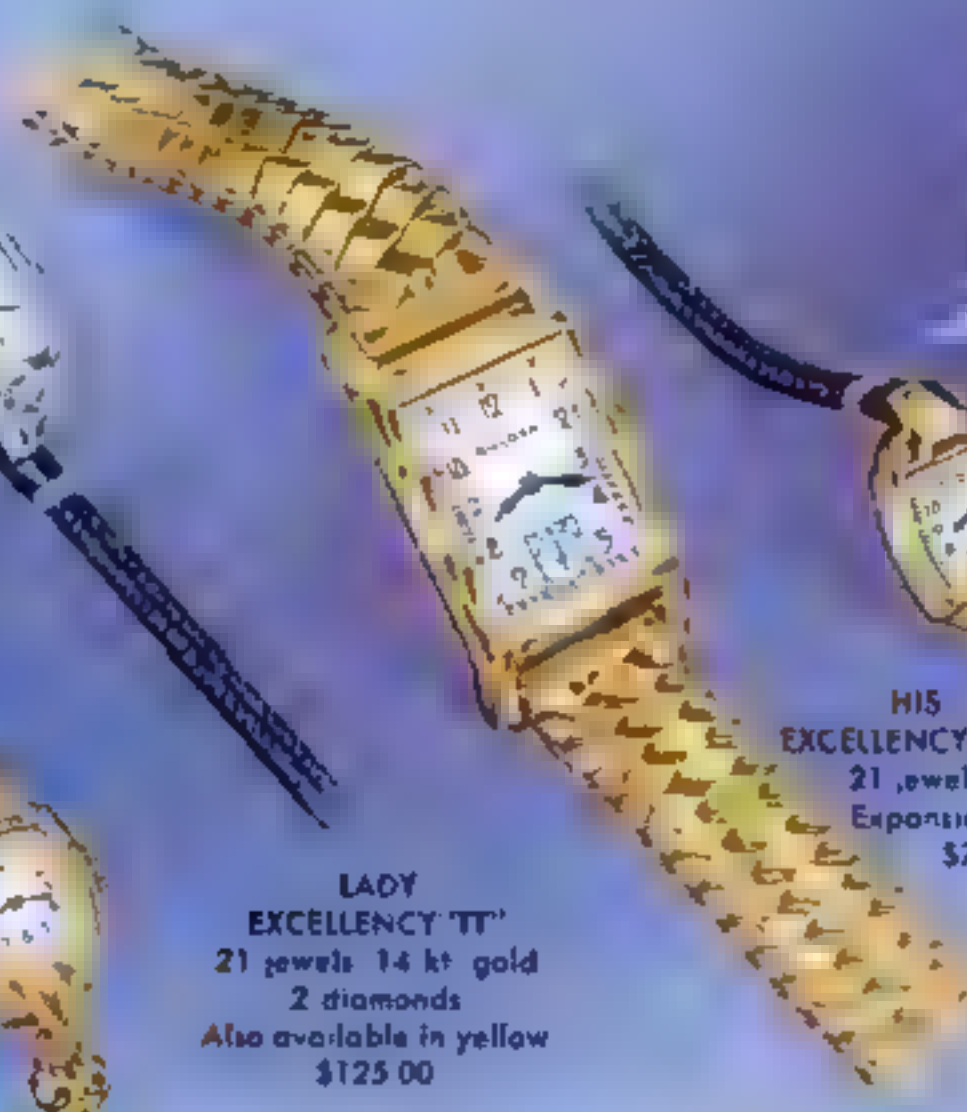
HER
EXCELLENCY "A"
21 jewels. Also
available in white
\$49.50



HIS
EXCELLENCY "XX"
21 jewels. Also
available in white
\$49.50



HER
EXCELLENCY "II"
21 jewels
\$57.50



LADY
EXCELLENCY "TT"
21 jewels 14 kt gold
2 diamonds
Also available in yellow
\$125.00

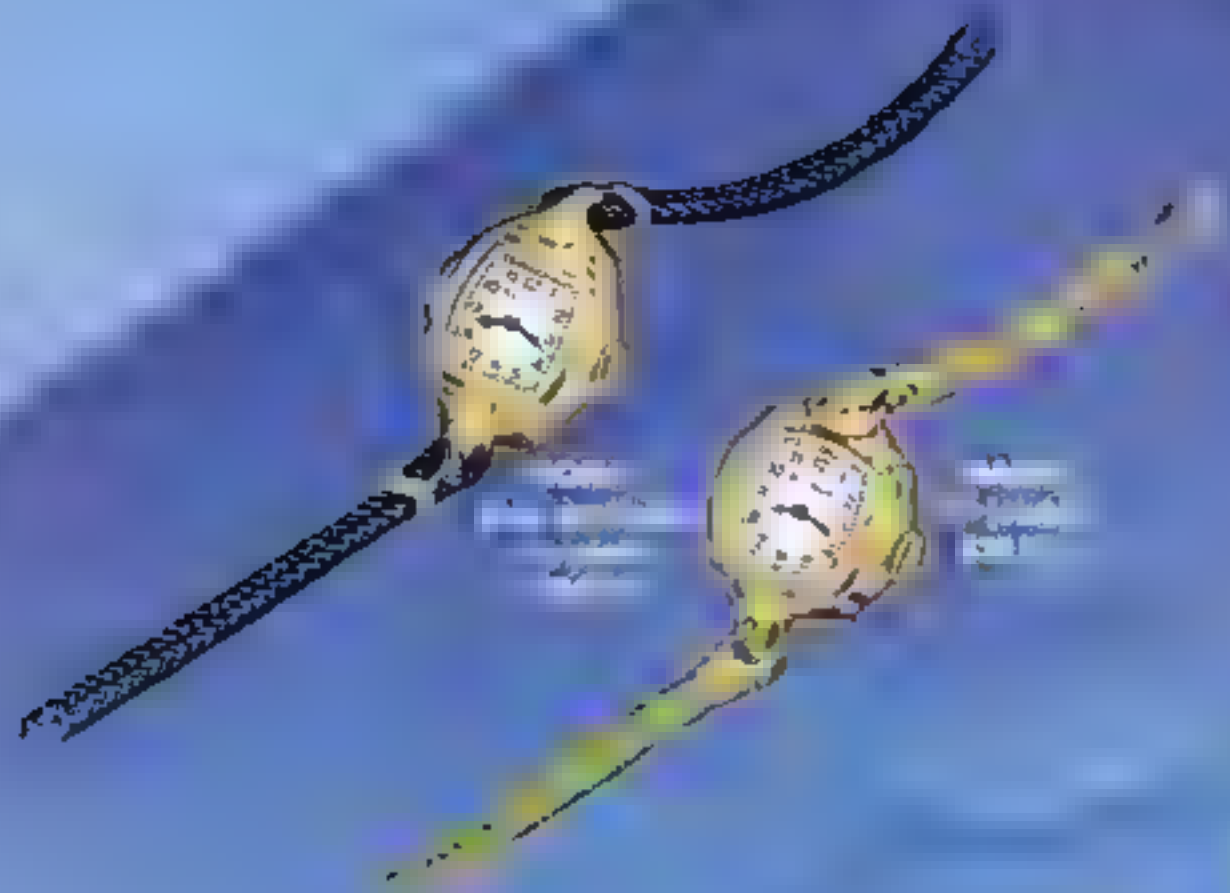


HIS
EXCELLENCY "UJ"
21 jewels
Expansion bracelet
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BULOVA
Excelsior
21 Jewels

MISS
EXCELLENCY "RR"
21 jewels
14 kt gold
\$65.00

CONTINUING LEADERSHIP THROUGHOUT THE YEARS



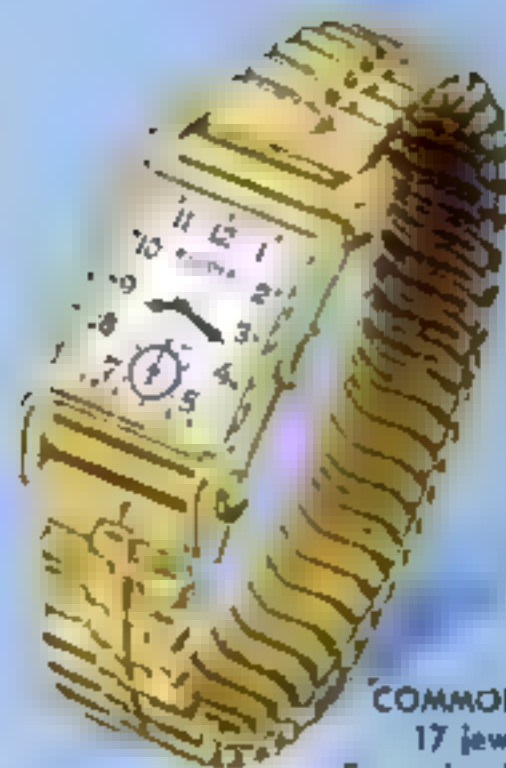
DUNCAN
21 jewels
14 kt. gold
\$135.00



WALTON
\$24.75



CADET
15 jewels
Expansion bracelet
Also available in pink



COMMODORE
17 jewels
Expansion bracelet
Also available in pink
\$59.50



AMBASSADOR
21 jewels. Also available
in white and in pink
\$67.50

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We asked thousands of people, from coast to coast, and found out just what you'd expect:

*People stick to pre-war
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have bought Imperial before...
and they're buying it again!



It's good to know... **IMPERIAL**
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91 years at fine whiskey-making makes this whiskey good. 86 proof. Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskeys in this product are 4 years or more old. 30% straight whiskey. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.



UNDER COLLEGE FUND-RAISING BANNER, ANNE BOTTOMLEY (IN DARK SWEATER) AND SIX OTHER CHEERLEADERS LEAD OFF BIG PARADE

SYRACUSE SPRING WEEKEND

The juniors move up, the seniors move out and everyone has fun.

At 7 a.m. on Saturday, May 7, the 18,000 students of Syracuse University at Syracuse, N.Y. were awakened by loud toots and squawks made by seven pretty coeds galloping through the campus on horseback and blowing bugles. This signaled the start of the annual Spring Weekend.

At Syracuse, Spring Weekend is traditionally a women's affair. It is the time when juniors "move up," when new officers are sworn in and when the seniors hand the juniors lighted lanterns symbolizing the lamp of loyalty. It is also a time for fun,

and one of the coeds who enjoyed it most was a junior named Anne Bottomley, 20, of Great Neck, N.Y. Anne was up before the bugles to help decorate her sorority float. As next year's head cheerleader, she rode in the lead car of the great parade (above) and was followed by 57 floats symbolizing the college's drive for \$15 million in building funds. She led her classmates in the singing of the alma mater, watched the pageant, collected her lantern and was still having a wonderful time when the big dance ended at 2 o'clock the following morning.



GRINNING MULE, one of the members of a 20-mule team of fraternity men in the parade, bites his harness.



TEASED BY ESCORT, Anne giggles then roars with laughter in a restaurant where they stopped for a beer.



DURING PAGEANT THESE GIRLS IN FLOWING ROBES DID A MODERN DANCE TO DRAMATIZE NEED FOR FUNDS



DRESSING THE QUEEN, blond senior Lorna Copp (right), Anne puts on some finishing touches with comb

while a friend goes to work on queen's mane. Lorna earned title of queen by defeating five other candidates



AND TO SYMBOLIZE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES AT SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY



LEADING THE SINGING, Anne, dressed in a blue cheerleader's sweater, stands on library steps and keeps time during the singing of the alma mater.

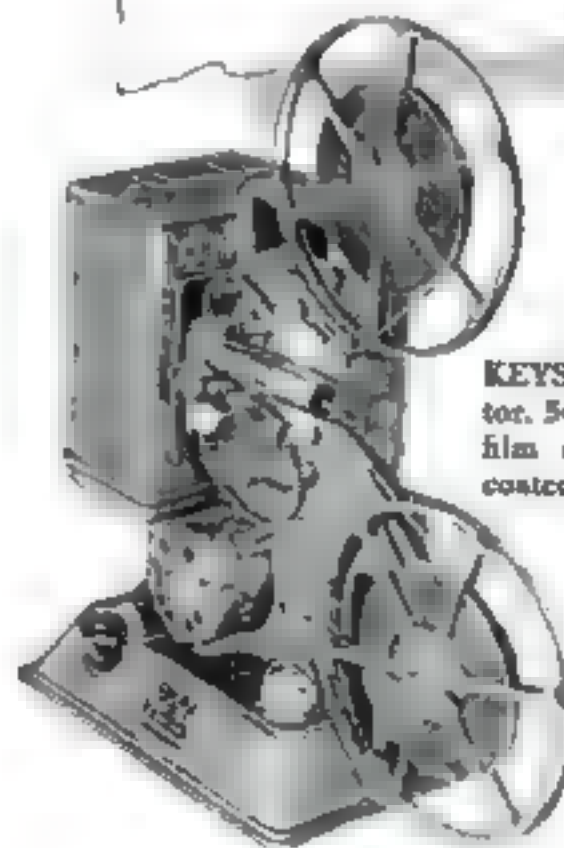
CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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Keystone 8mm Camera
costs only \$54⁹⁵ INCLUDING TAX
takes sharpest, brightest
color movies at low cost!**

Here's an easy-to-operate camera with every fine feature you need to film your family, friends, vacation scenes in beautiful color. It has interchangeable lens mount for telephoto or other lenses... Equipped with S.S. coated Wollensak lens

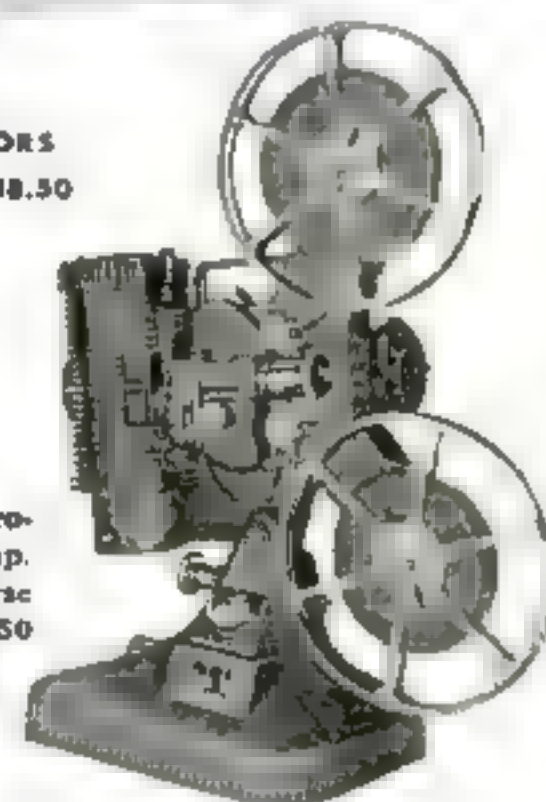
... Audible footage indicator... 3 operating speeds, 12, 16, 48 frames a second... Locking device to allow you to get into the picture... Telephoto view finder... Built-in view finder. See this wonderful Keystone value at your dealer's!



**KEYSTONE
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from \$54.50 to \$138.50**

KEYSTONE 8mm projector. 500 watt lamp. 400 ft. film capacity, fine f1.85 coated lens. Only \$74.50

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FINE 8MM AND 16MM MOVIE CAMERAS AND PROJECTORS

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SAYS GOLF CHAMP
LLOYD MANGRUM

Got hair as hard
to handle as a
trap shot?



Keep your hair in
"tournament" shape...



With the Vitalis
"60-Second Workout!"



Follow Lloyd Mangrum's example. Take...
50 seconds to massage. Vitalis' special formula not only prevents dryness but stimulates, refreshes your scalp as no non-alcoholic dressing can! And massaging with Vitalis routs loose dandruff, helps check excessive falling hair.

10 seconds to comb. Now your hair looks naturally well-groomed. No greasy "patent-leather" shine—Vitalis contains no mineral oil—just pure vegetable oil. Get Vitalis today. At drug counters for home use, at barber shops for individual application.



Product of
Bristol-Myers

Vitalis
for handsomer,
healthier looking hair



EARLY MORNING BUGLER Betsey Smith of Riverdale, N.D. wakes up sorority girls. At this point it was raining, but it cleared up by parade time.



BETSEY'S BIG MOMENT comes later in the day at moving-up ceremony, when presidency of women students is turned over to her by predecessor (left).

**Fast HELP for
HEADACHE**



BROMO-SELTZER
FIGHTS HEADACHE
THREE WAYS

For fast help from ordinary headache always take Bromo-Seltzer. It fights headache three ways.

1. Relieves Pain of Headache.
2. Relieves Discomfort of Upset Stomach.
3. Quells Jumpy Nerves.

Caution: Use only as directed. Get Bromo-Seltzer in your drug store fountain or counter today. A product of Emerson Drug Company since 1887.



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defrost a refrigerator?**

Get a "de-frost-it" and you'll never again have to endure that weekly mess of defrosting by hand. Nightly automatic defrosting by "de-frost-it" improves the efficiency of your refrigerator... keeps it more uniformly cold... maintains better humidity. Heavy frost (the "trouble-maker") never gets a chance to form. "De-frost-it" pays for itself through savings in food, time, electricity and repairs. Get a "de-frost-it" and see for yourself.



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your refrigerator defrosts automatically with the new

Paragon de-frost-it
"DEFROSTS... WHILE YOU SLEEP"

Paragon ELECTRIC COMPANY
Two Rivers, Wisconsin
America's largest exclusive manufacturer of Time Controls including nationally-known TIME-AIDS, WINDOW and ATTIC FAN TIMERS, "de-frost-it" and other precision timers

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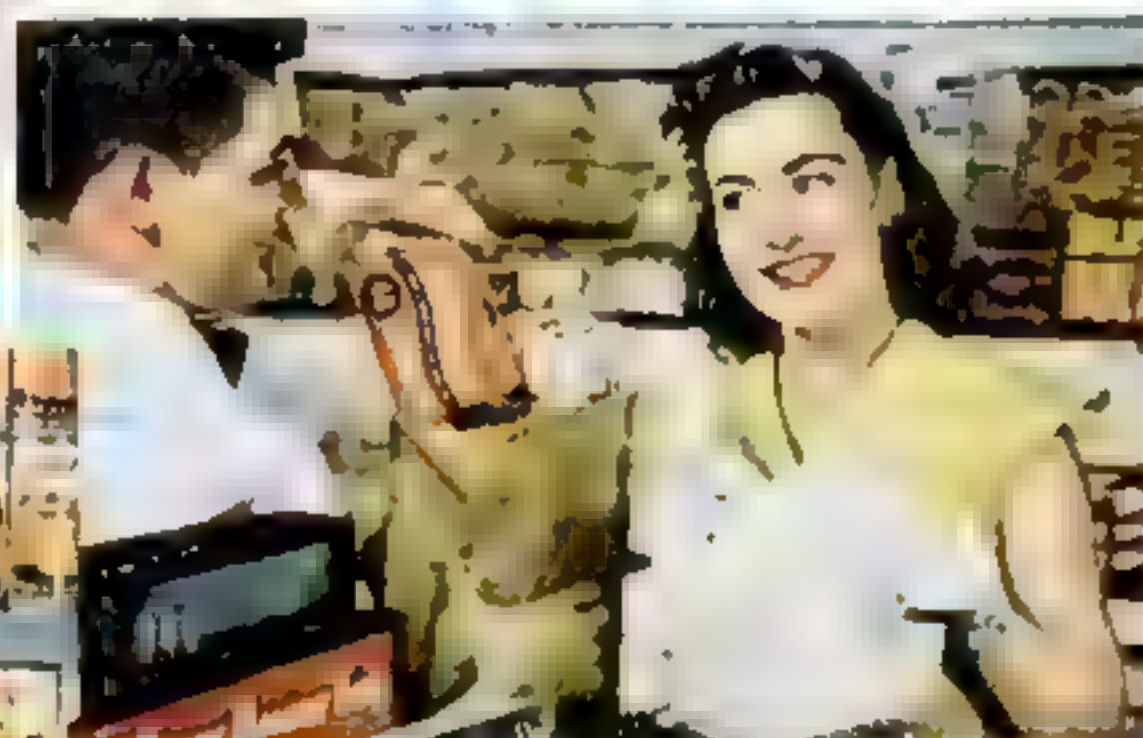
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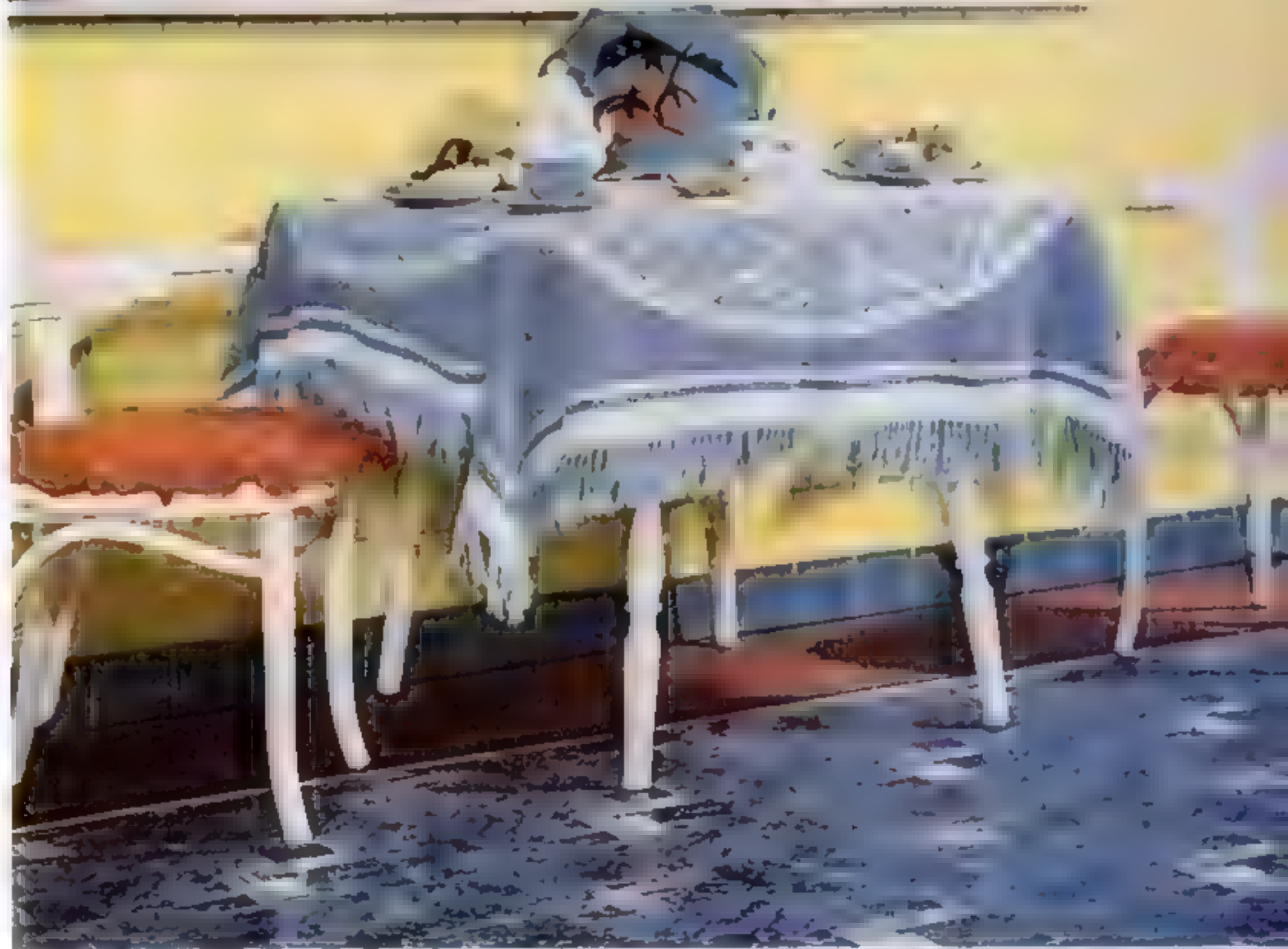
A&P Super Markets



BATHS BRIGHTEN UP... KITCHENS SPARKLE ...with long-lasting, low-cost Congowall. This amazing new wall covering was developed by Congoleum-Nairn, makers of world-famous Gold Seal Congoleum. You can cut Congowall readily with a sharp knife, mortar-like recessed lines make seams all-but-invisible. Covers any smooth, dry wall surface.



CONGOWALL'S A CINCH TO APPLY! Heavy... yet flexible, easy to handle! Patented fiber backing assures smooth, trouble-free installation without cracks, blisters, bubbles. Always look for this distinctive back marking: it identifies genuine Congowall.



CONGOWALL, CONGOLITH AND CONGOLITHUM ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF CONGOLUM NAIRN CO.

Walls go gay, stay that way, with low

One touch proves Congowall's great superiority. Feel the baked-on enamel, the recessed mortar-like lines, the thickness of Congowall. These say quality!

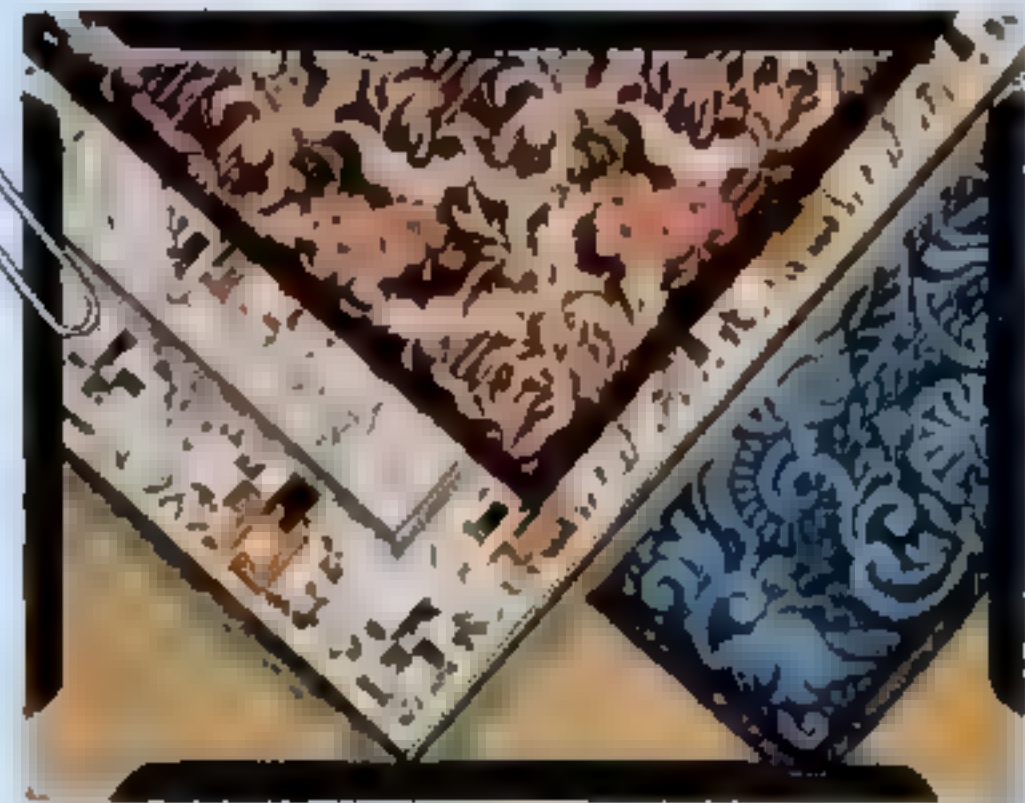


EASY TO APPLY... LESS THAN 14¢ A SQ. FOOT

- Congowall works decorating wonders in kitchen, bath, hall, dinette, children's room, in a matter of hours!
- It's inexpensive, easy-to-apply...yet enduring Congowall stays sparkling-bright and gay year-in, year-out! Never needs refinishing!
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- Gay colors, smart multi-shaded pastels, new marbled designs to choose from!
- Gives you the famous Gold Seal guarantee of satisfaction or your money back!
- See one and-only Congowall at your dealer's now—identified by the distinctive back marking!



*News for floors!
Famous Gold Seal
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See all the sparkle Congoleum Rugs lay at your feet! This most famous of American floor coverings is all dressed up in gay new designs—ready to work decorating wonders, on the *smallest* of budgets, all through your house!



Congoleum is so easy to clean—so simple to care for! As for wear, listen to this! Congoleum gives you a wear-layer of heat-toughened paint and baked enamel equal in thickness to 8 coats of the best floor paint applied by hand!

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Just unroll Congoleum—no fastenings needed! There's no easier, more inexpensive way to a brand-new room. See Congoleum now in rugs or by-the-yard—with the famous Gold Seal guarantee of satisfaction or your money back!

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Very Obviously... Superb

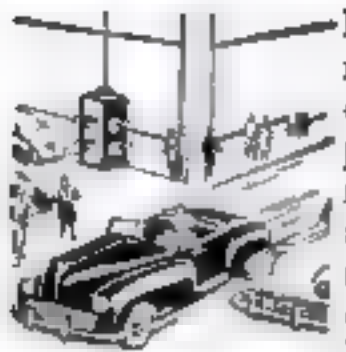
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THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD—86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CORPORATION, N. Y.

RISLONE with your oil guarantees your car smooth, quiet power

You can feel the improvement in 10 miles as it frees your motor of gum and sludge



Rislone's "motor magic" works in cars of any age. It permits driving at normal speeds immediately in new and reconditioned cars. In older cars, Rislone restores

power-surge pick-up, instant starting, and smooth, quiet power at all speeds!

There are no harmful ingredients in Rislone. It's a full-time lubricant, a super oil-alloy that helps any and every motor-oil. It keeps your car at peak performance as you drive, by dissolving gum and sludge to free sticking valves. That eliminates sluggish power, and slow-speed jerkiness.

Prove to yourself the difference Rislone can make in your car. Try it today. Your money back if you don't feel the difference within 10 miles. Available at car dealers, better garages, and service stations everywhere. The Shaler Company, Wauwatosa, Wis.

Whenever you change your oil... put in a quart of **SHALER Rislone**

(2 quarts for larger cars). As you add oil, make every fourth quart Rislone. N-4

FOR HOME PERMANENTS!

And all your cosmetic uses. Dispenses clean cotton as you need it—special top holds wave lotion. New, practical, inexpensive.

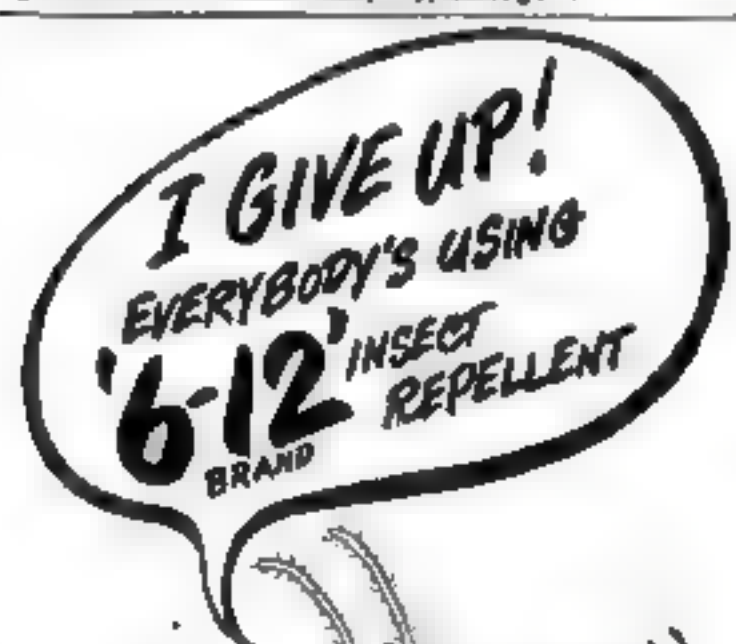
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Mosquitoes - Black Flies - Chiggers
Only 49¢ at Drug, Sports and Hardware
Stores everywhere. Buy Before They Bite.

MUSIC



SHAW'S ARTY EFFORTS ARE GREETED WITH BORED LOOKS AND SNICKERS

ARTIE SHAW'S BOP FLOP

His "symphony" music lays egg at new nightclub

For the opening last month of Broadway's flashiest new nightclub, called Bop City, Bandleader Artie Shaw planned something terrific. Bop City was designed to titillate teen-agers with the latest varieties of be-bop, along with a menu that offered "bop suey" and "bopanana splits." Everything went off fine at the opening, which included a six-piece bopset and Singer Ella Fitzgerald, until Shaw walked on stage with a 40-piece symphony orchestra and solemnly proceeded to interpret the long-hair compositions of Ravel, Debussy, Prokofiev. From polite attention the bop-happy patrons sank into a fidgety lethargy and finally broke into snickers. How good humor was restored at Bop City a few minutes after Shaw's fiasco is shown in the picture below.



ELLA FITZGERALD'S SINGING GETS A ROUSING ROUND OF "BOPPLAUSE"

Southwate
by John Devereaux and Henry Keith

America's New

"Stay-Fresh"

Summer Suit

Your Southwate will never sag, bag or drag. It's a new blend of worsted and mohair, made whisper-light by exclusive Fluid Tailoring. Southwate is cool. Southwate is crisp. Southwate is fresh. It stays that way on the hottest day. The pick of the field at

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THE PLAYFUL BOY IN THE STRAW BOATER

Wearing gaily striped summer shirt and carrying camera in his hand, Franklin frolics during a picture-taking party on the Delanos' lawn.



PHOTOGRAPHER FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT AT THE AGE OF 20

THE EARLY LIFE OF FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

These unpublished snapshots from family albums
were brought to light by Historian Stefan Lorant

IN the course of research for a book in progress on the life of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Stefan Lorant (*below*) recently came across a historian's treasure in the Roosevelt family albums at Hyde Park. There, among the photographs of F.D.R.'s youth which the world has already seen (*LIFE*, Sept. 9, 1940 and Oct. 6, 1947), Lorant found a whole collection which for many years has been unknown to anyone save the family and intimate friends.

Most of the pictures are candid, homely snapshots made by amateurs who had no thought of documenting F.D.R.'s life for posterity. They were thinking only of recording happy or important moments in their personal lives. F.D.R. himself had the same innocent intent when he picked up his own camera (*above*) and asked the others to hold still.

All of the pictures were made in the period before Roosevelt was stricken by infantile paralysis. The earliest shows him as a 2-year-old child sitting on the lap of his 20-year-old Aunt

Laura Delano. The family treasured it not so much because it was a good snapshot of little Franklin, but because it was one of the last pictures taken of poor Laura, who was burned to death when her curling iron set fire to the lace of her dress. The latest picture is of F.D.R. in 1915 in an oxcart—and it was the oxcart rather than its passenger which intrigued the photographer.

If the Roosevelts and their friends had had an inkling of destiny, they would have employed their Kodaks with a nervous and self-conscious striving for perfection. Then all of these pictures might have been in better focus, of better composition and considerably less charming. Franklin Roosevelt would have assumed the posed look which he has in the studio portraits, and perhaps there would have been scarcely an impression on a negative to reveal the frolicsome young man he really was. Thus for the sake of posterity it is a great stroke of fortune that the amateurs never knew what they were doing.



STEFAN LORANT

Mr. Lorant, a successful European editor who came to the U.S. in 1940, has already published two books of American history—*Lincoln* and *The New World*—and has finished a third called *The Presidency*, a pictorial history of presidential elections which will be published by the Macmillan Company in the fall.



THE DELANOS GATHER FOR GRANDPAPA'S 80TH BIRTHDAY IN 1889

Grandfather Warren Delano II, the patriarch, was a seafarer and China trader who helped build up, lost and then rebuilt the family fortune. In the back row (left to right) are Frederic Delano Hitch, F.D.R. (aged 7), his mother Sara Delano Roosevelt, Frederic A. Del-

ano and Warren Delano III. In front row are Annie Delano (Mrs. Hitch), Grandpapa and his wife, and Mrs. Warren Delano III. Katharine Delano Robbins sits on rug in foreground with children Warren and Muriel. At her left is young Lyman, son of Warren Delano III.



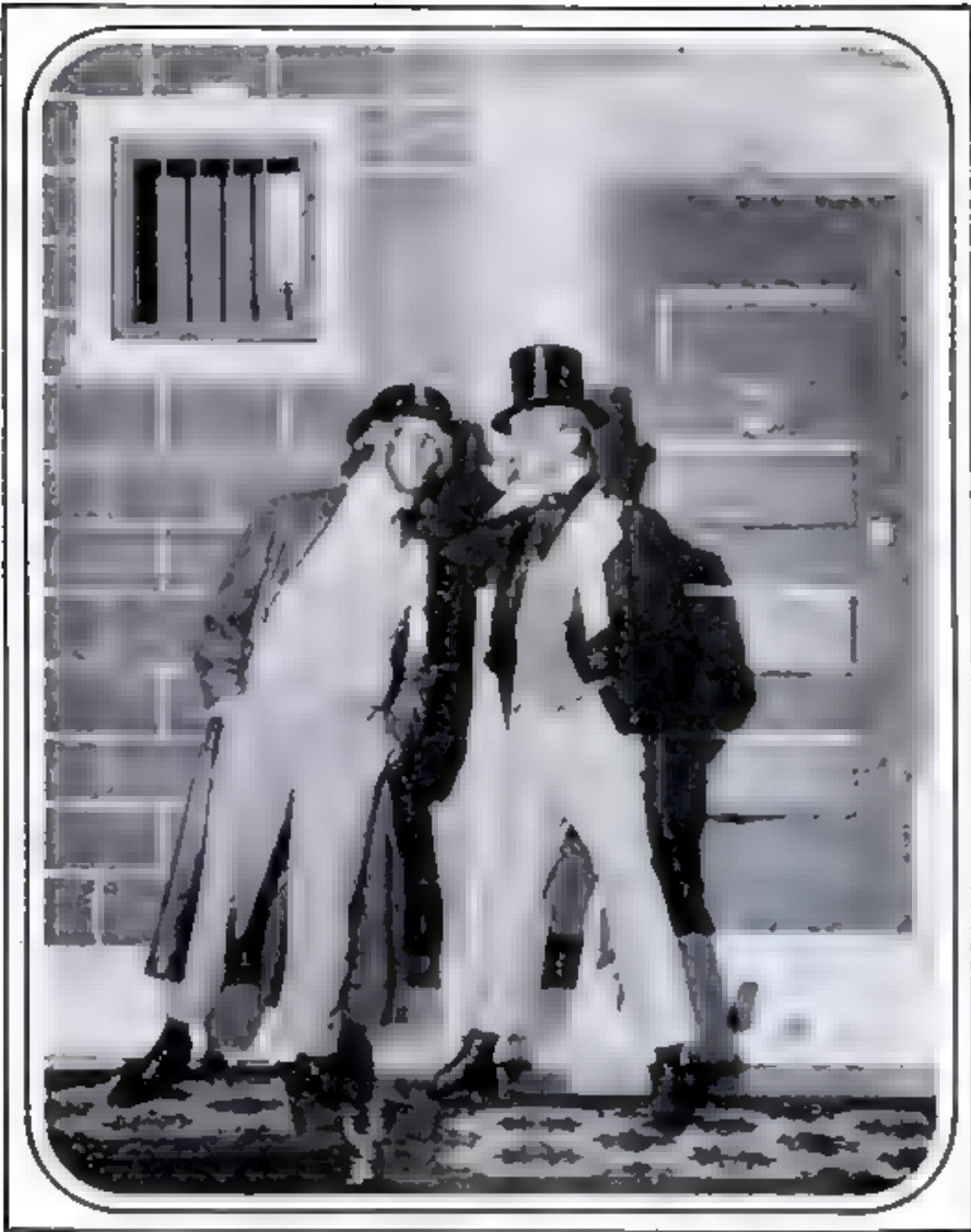
AUNT LAURA AND THE BABY

Franklin was 2 years old when this picture was taken, and Laura Delano 20. A short time later the girl died tragically in a fire.



FATHER AND SON

James Roosevelt was little Franklin's close friend, despite the difference of more than half a century in their ages (59 and 5).



THE SCHOOLBOY ACTOR

At Groton in 1900, 18-year-old F.D.R. (right) and E.V.R. Thayer played Uncle Bopaddy and Poppytop in *The Wedding March*. This was a great triumph for Franklin, who suddenly inherited the part when another young actor was taken ill.



WITH A FEW COUSINS

Three of his cousins were Sallie Collier (in his arms), Kassie Collier and Warren Robbins. In 1933 he appointed Robbins Minister to Canada. But Kassie became a Republican (Mrs. George St. George) and was a speaker at the 1948 convention.



CLIMBING "THE FRIAR"

At Campobello, where a great black rock called "The Friar" looms out of the water at low tide, the adventurous Franklin tried his skill

at climbing. Here, a few years after he actually succeeded in scaling the Friar with a rope, he makes a careful trip along its slippery side.



COURTING ON THE PORCH

In the summer before their marriage, Franklin made animated conversation while Eleanor sat listening, rapt and demure.



ELEANOR, FRANKLIN AND FRIEND

HIS HAPPY YEARS

Campobello, the Canadian island which lies between Maine and Nova Scotia in the Bay of Fundy was the playground of F.D.R.'s early years. There his family had a summer residence and kept the schooner *Half Moon*. There in the summer of 1904, soon after his graduation from Harvard, 22-year-old Franklin entertained his 19-year-old fiancée Eleanor. "Both of us were very young and very undeveloped," she recalls. And as an added handicap they had to contend with the still slightly hostile air of Franklin's mother, who from the day he first told her of it had opposed the engagement as premature. But their courtship thrived, and even though the marriage was delayed until the next year, it was in this summer that Sara Roosevelt reconciled herself to the loss of her son at what she considered a still tender age.

In the years that followed, the young Roosevelts returned nearly every summer to Campobello. As their six children were born--the first Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. died of flu at the age of 8 months--the



WADING WITH FRANCES DE RHAM

In 1910, on a family picnic, he tucked up his trousers and went wading with granddaughter of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

AT CAMPOBELLO

beach and the summer houses became noisier, and more pictures were taken by the doting elders. The Roosevelt friends—the de Rhams, the Winstons, Livingston Davis—also came to Campobello on visits. Henry de Rham was a Harvard classmate, and Henry's wife Frances (*above*) was the daughter of Richard Henry Dana, who wrote *Two Years before the Mast*, and the granddaughter of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The de Rhams and the Roosevelts went swimming and fishing together and took picnic lunches to the beach at Herring Cove. They played golf on the little island course Franklin had laid out, and which the year-round residents used as a pasture. "Franklin won the championship," his mother related, "but it is difficult now to remember whether the score was recorded in strokes or sheep."

After 1910, when F.D.R. stood for the New York State legislature and was elected, he found less and less time for Campobello. But the island always remained in his mind as a beautiful and enchanted place.



F.D.R. WITH 4-YEAR-OLD ANNA



WITH MOTHER AND THE BOYS

On one of his trips to Campobello in 1913 he posed for this picture, which was intended to record the growth of James (standing) and Elliott but which proved to be a remarkable illustration of the resemblance between F.D.R. and mother.

THE GENTLE FATHER

Like any fond father, Franklin Roosevelt loved to play with his children on the lawn. Here, on a midsummer afternoon in the cool grass above the water at Campobello, he gently dandles his second son, the 2-year-old blond-haired baby Elliott.





A HAPPY STROLL WITH ANNA

Little Anna, too young to go sailing in rough weather, used to wait at the dockside so that her father could carry her up the hill when he came home.





THE YOUNG SQUIRE AT THE FAIR

Franklin was an excellent horseman, and in 1905 he impressed the gentry at the Dutchess County Fair with his deft handling of the trotter Bobby.



THE HUNTER ON THE DUNES

As Assistant Secretary of the Navy, F.D.R. relished a hunting excursion in an oxcart along the shore of North Carolina.



ON BOARD THE "HALF MOON"

Here, a few years after his marriage, Franklin entertains his mother Sara and his law associate Henry Hooker on his yacht.



THE MAN AT THE WHEEL

He was a good seaman and navigator and passed some of the happiest hours of his young manhood guiding the *Half Moon* along the Maine coast.



SEATED ON HIS LARGE STONE DIVAN, SRI RAMANA MAHARSHI RECEIVES AN OFFERING OF FRUIT. THE OFFERING IS BEING PRESENTED BY

HOLY MAN

Sri Ramana Maharshi has India's answer to most of man's problems

by WINTHROP SARGEANT

OH yes," the aged Hindu explained. "The defeat of Adolf Hitler was one of the master's greatest achievements. It was accomplished to a large extent by thought transference. In fact you might say that Adolf Hitler was an undivine force sent into the world especially to try the master. The master works for the realization of the divine on earth. Of course Hitler was doomed," he added with quiet finality. No breeze stirred the banana trees in the sun-baked courtyard outside. In the adjoining foyer a woman in a sari knelt before a large framed photograph of "the master," offering flowers and mumbling prayers. I had no idea whether the master, Sri Aurobindo, one of the most famous yogis in India, would endorse this somewhat sweeping account of the issues involved in World War II. I suspected that his explanation, at any rate, would be more complex. Sri Aurobindo is regarded in India as a formidable thinker as well as a sage. His ashram (which means the establishment built to house his spiritual



A VISITING DELEGATION OF HINDU PRIESTS FROM THE HUGE, ANCIENT TEMPLE IN THE NEARBY TOWN OF TIRUVANNAMALAI (PAGE 102)

disciples) includes dozens of impressive modern buildings and covers a large part of the French-administered town of Pondichéry near the southern tip of India. It is no exaggeration to say that Sri Aurobindo's ashram is Pondichéry's leading industry, attracting thousands of pilgrims annually from all over the nation.

I was not to see Sri Aurobindo. I knew that beforehand. Though he is reported to have a radio and to read all the newspapers, Sri Aurobindo lives in complete seclusion. This seclusion is broken only four times a year, when the faithful are permitted to glimpse the master for a few moments. Otherwise Sri Aurobindo is a hermit. His next public appearance was months away. I decided to move on and visit Sri Ramana Maharshi, an equally famous holy man who lives at Tiruvannamalai, about 100 miles inland. Sri Ramana was reported to be more sociable.

There is no place to eat at Tiruvannamalai, so I had the cook at Pondi-

chéry's Grand Hotel de l'Europe fix me some provisions which my bearer, Francis Xavier, loaded into the back seat of the rattletrap car I had hired for the journey. Francis Xavier was an Indian, but he was no Hindu. He was one of India's two million devout Roman Catholics, and he had taken a dim view of the whole expedition. "Why you like all this devil mischief, sir?" he inquired gloomily, shaking his white-topped head (he looked like an Indian Uncle Tom). "When we go back to Madras way, we go to Mass. Very nice, sir, very beauty." Then he pulled himself together with an air of military stoicism. He had formerly been the proud servant of a long line of British officers, most of whom had died impressively from a variety of diseases including pneumonia and plague. He talked interminably and reverently about their deaths, assuring me that he prayed for their souls every day, and had started to pray for mine too. Francis Xavier prayed for all his employers.



WITH HELP OF A CANE, Sri Ramana takes a walk at the foot of sacred mountain. Though slightly lame, Sri Ramana has a vigorous constitution, lives with a yogi's typical abstemiousness.



ATTENDING DARSHAN, Sri Ramana's disciples sit cross-legged and silent, listening to his comments on life and Hindu theology. They include many

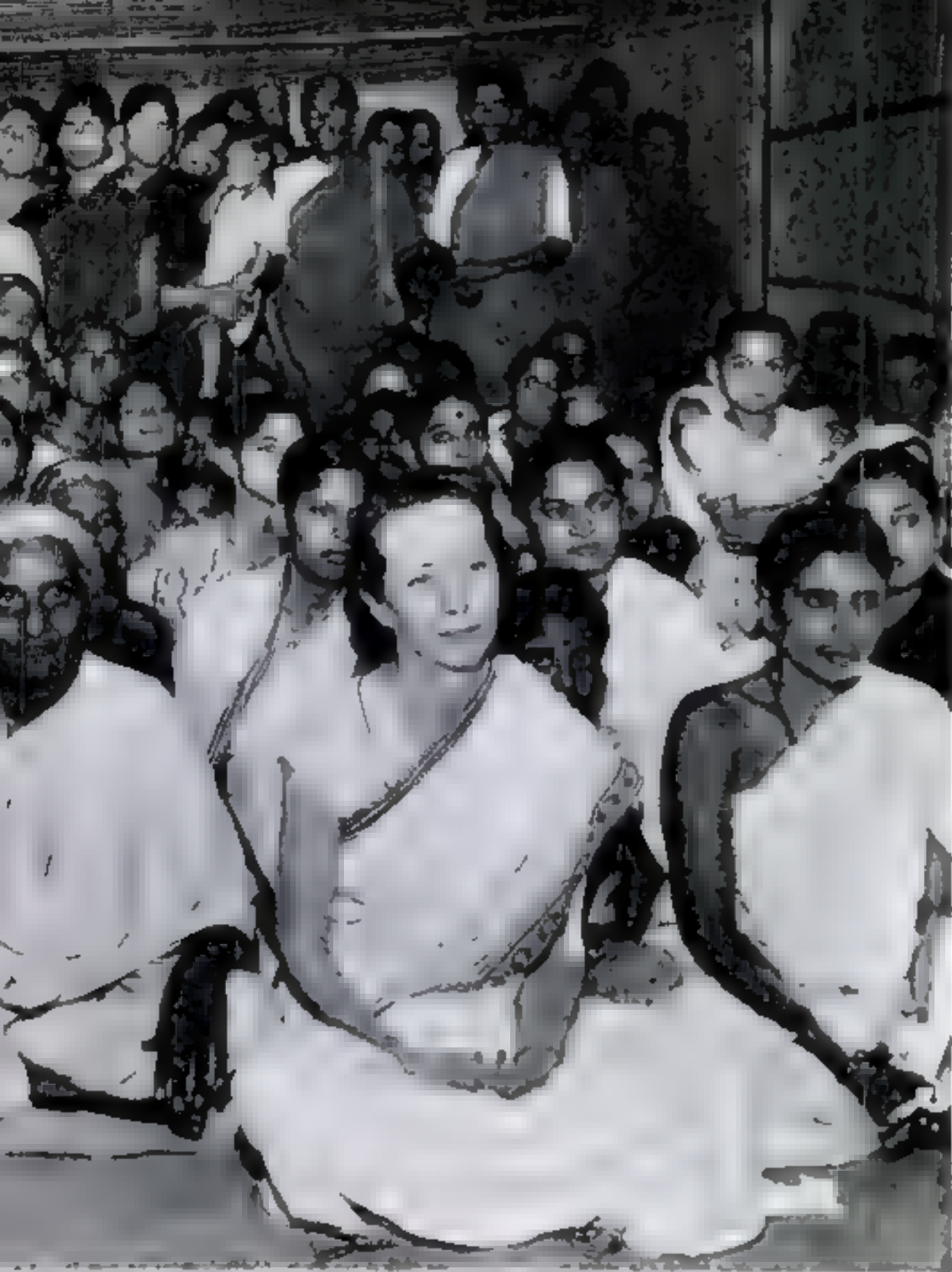
HOLY MAN CONTINUED

We drove in silence until presently he turned to me. "Map, sir?" he inquired with an efficient look. This was the signal for one of our most constant ceremonies. I had gotten into it by an innocent deception when I had once expressed a desire for a map of Bombay, and I had been forced to continue this deception all over South India. The map which he always drew proudly from his pocket was a map of Ireland. I had studied it repeatedly and gravely at crucial junctures everywhere between Bombay and Pondichéry. It had long since become far too late to disillusion him. I studied the map again with concentration and handed it solemnly back to him. "We will go to Tiruvannamalai," I announced.

Tiruvannamalai (the word means "sacred, unscalable mountain") is a ramshackle town with a very holy reputation. It was built long ago at the base of a conical mountain which is widely regarded in south India as a symbol of the god Siva. It is approached



BATHING POOL on the ashram is for Hindu religious ritual of washing. In background at left is sacred mountain on which Sri Ramana formerly lived.



Europeans and Americans as well as throngs of Hindu pilgrims. In the foreground at right is Thelma Benna, an American disciple born in San Francisco.

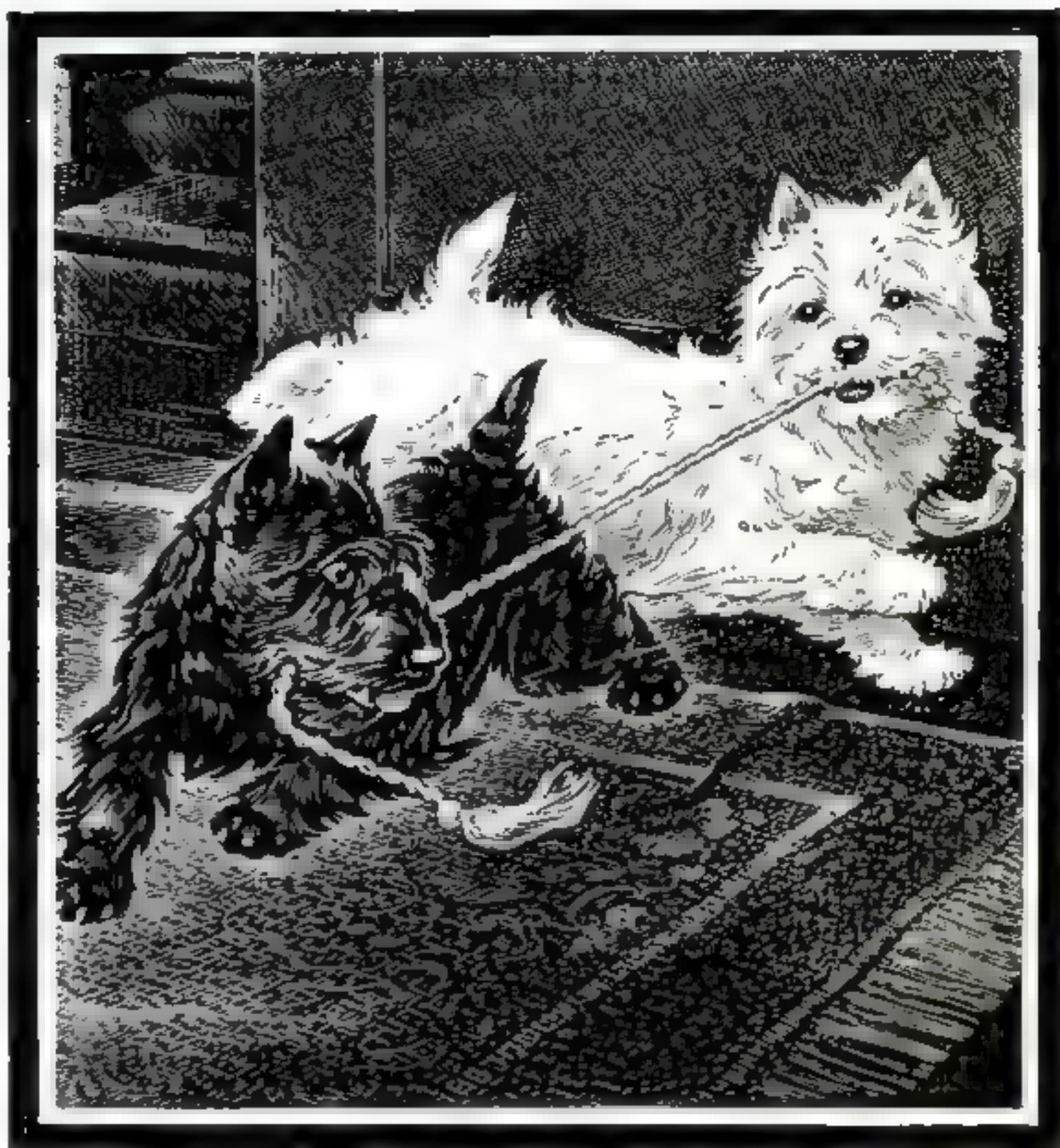
through a dry, boulder-strewn biblical-looking landscape where huge terra-cotta images of gods and horses stare quietly at travelers from nooks by the roadside. The main image at many of these shrines is a fearful-looking mythological figure whose name, Francis Xavier explained, is Bhima. Every time Francis Xavier caught sight of Bhima he crossed himself. "Devil mischief," he muttered defiantly. Even for a devout Indian Catholic, south India is too full of ancestral deities to be an entirely comfortable place, and the sheer exuberance and fantasy with which the Hindu imagination has ornamented the landscape is enough to unhinge even a Westerner's sense of realism.

The power of religion in India is something unimaginable elsewhere in the contemporary world. It operates on hundreds of levels, from folk-deities like Bhima to the most abstruse and elaborate structures of Hindu theology, each level appropriate to a particular social rank or caste. Progressive intellectuals—scientists, industrialists, politicians—in big cities like Bombay and Calcutta rail

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



ON FESTIVAL DAYS thousands of devout pilgrims from all over India pass through the ashram's entrance to pay homage to Sri Ramana Maharshi.



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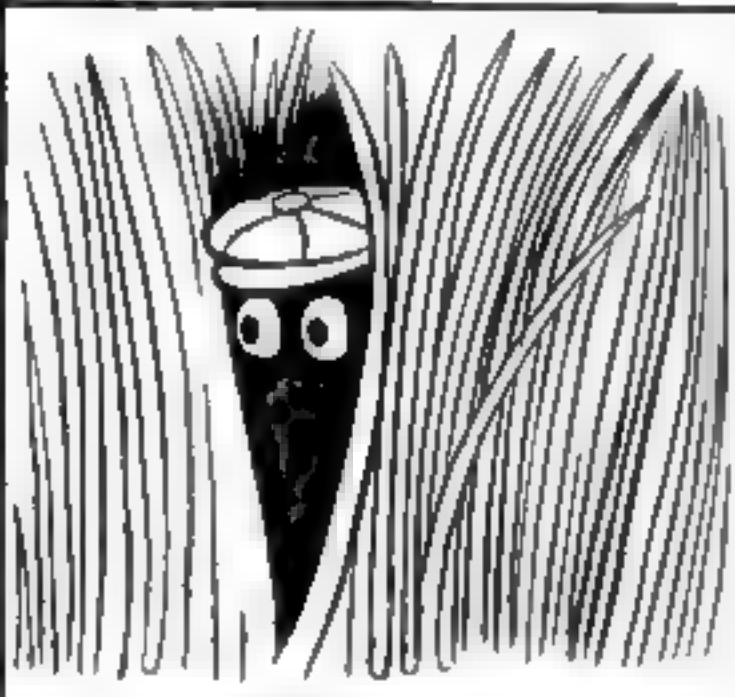
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HOLY MAN CONTINUED

against it, blaming it for India's material backwardness, but its waves lap at their very doors. It prescribes the begetting, eating, marrying, dying, business and recreation habits of the pious Hindu to a point where every hour of his waking life is a ritual of some sort, and it makes India seem to some Westerners a curious nation composed almost entirely of priests.

Even India's political life, with all its forms borrowed from Western democracy, is a series of religious ceremonies to the Indian man in the street. The vast crowds that assembled to see and hear Mahatma Gandhi and that assemble today to pay homage to his brilliant and progressive successor, Pandit Nehru, are following one of the oldest Hindu rituals, the ritual of darshan, in which throngs have gathered for thousands of years to witness the presence of holy men. India has thousands of holy men who range from naked, ash-strewn roadside ascetics to highly educated Cambridge graduates. It has a corresponding hierarchy of gods ranging from sticks, stones and trees up through idols like Bhima to the abstract conceptions of Hindu metaphysics. At the top of the hierarchy of holy men are the proprietors of this metaphysical world, the great yogis of which the most famous in all India are Sri Aurobindo and Sri Ramana Maharshi of Tiruvannamalai.

Sri Ramana's ashram lies at the foot of the sacred mountain a little way beyond the town. Unlike the town itself, the ashram is neat and carefully swept. It consists of several dozen simple stone buildings, a number of bare courtyards and a brand-new Hindu temple sprouting gods like candles on a birthday cake, all of them luridly painted and almost indecently shiny. The rest of the ashram is almost as up-to-date. Enameled labels, exactly like American traffic or subway signs, indicate directions, rules of the ashram ("It is forbidden to touch the person of the Maharshi") and various buildings. There is a bookshop where the Maharshi's publications are sold. There is an administrative office presided over by the Maharshi's brother, a dour-looking Brahmin who is responsible for the ashram's business and promotion. There are the Maharshi's own living quarters, his open-air darshan hall complete with a carved stone couch to lie on, and the cottages and dining halls in which his disciples sleep and eat.

The place has 20 or 30 permanent residents, and thousands more troop in and out on visits, especially on holidays or occasions of pilgrimage. When a yogi gets to be as famous as Sri Ramana Maharshi, his establishment represents a considerable investment in real estate and construction. At the rear of the main courtyard there is an animal cemetery where carved gravestones commemorate Sri Ramana's former pets. They include a bird, a dog, a monkey and a cow named Lakshmi (after the goddess of wealth) who died at the advanced age of 22. The present pet is a white peacock which struts importantly around the courtyard. It is a gift from the wealthy Maharani of Baroda.

Calendars and clocks

"I AM an American journalist," I explained to the priestlike man in a crew cut, robes and sandals. "Are you interested merely in something to write for your paper?" he inquired. "Or have you a deeper purpose?" I replied quite shamelessly that I was in search of salvation. He nodded with grave satisfaction and began showing me about the establishment. I inspected the temple; I was shown a miraculous well which had appeared fully dug after the removal of three handfuls of sand. I bought some books in the bookshop. Then I was shown Sri Ramana's quarters, a long, bare room with a flagstone floor, sparsely furnished with several bookcases and another large couch. A number of life insurance calendars and several alarm clocks showed that the Maharshi had a particular interest in the passage of time. There were no chairs. I was then led to the men's dining hall where, seated on the floor, I drank tea with several of the faithful. They included a former professor of English literature from the University of Madras, one of the most famous authors in India, several Europeans and even an American or two.

There were obvious questions I had to ask about the Maharshi. "Did he work miracles, cure the sick, bury himself alive or do the other spectacular things most Americans associate with yogis?" Oh dear no. The Maharshi had once passed through such a period and could no doubt do these things if he pleased. But he was way beyond all that. "Was the Maharshi anything like the late Mahatma Gandhi?" Oh no. The Maharshi was on a "different plane altogether" from Gandhi. Gandhi had been a political figure. The Maharshi was above and beyond politics. "What did the Maharshi's followers

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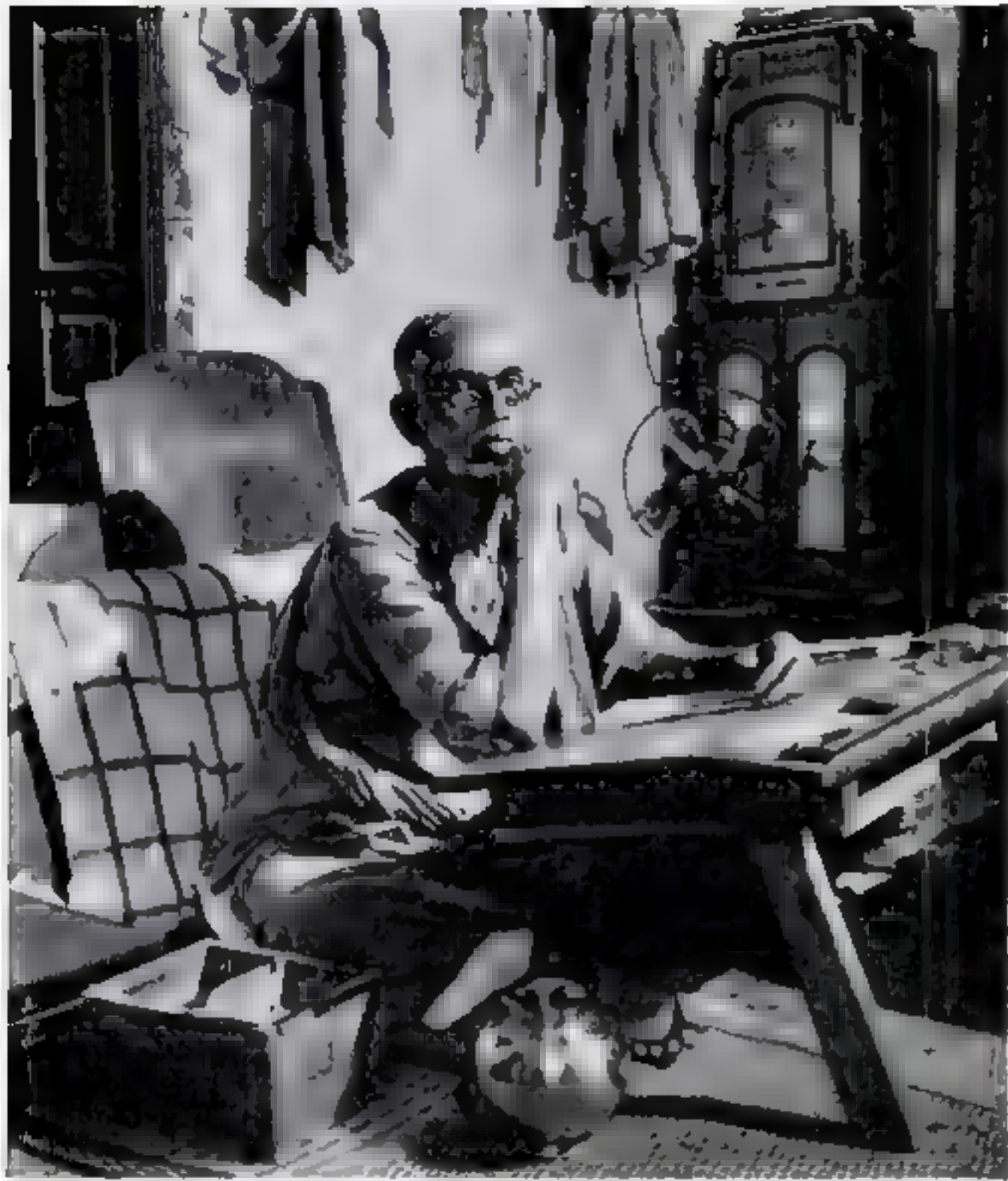
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HOLY MAN CONTINUED

think of their neighbor Sri Aurobindo?" Here there appeared to be a certain sense of rivalry. Sri Aurobindo was a holy man all right. But he had been reported to perform miracles, like curing the sick, with considerable publicity. The Maharshi would never do things as publicly as that. He had done plenty of curing in his time. But when he had any curing to do, he did it in private. "Had the Maharshi and Sri Aurobindo ever met?" No. The Maharshi hadn't left Tiruvannamalai in 50 years, and since Sri Aurobindo never left Pondicherry there was no likelihood of their ever meeting. I gathered that the Maharshi was the center of a self-contained universe which hardly recognized the universe of Sri Aurobindo. To the Maharshi's disciples, the Maharshi piloted the whole world from his ashram. "The world follows him," they assured me. "Even those who don't know they are following, follow him." I was back again at the stage of argument which held Sri Aurobindo responsible for the defeat of Adolf Hitler, but this time it was Sri Ramana Maharshi who controlled global destiny.

Darshan for the faithful

AFTER some conversation and tea drinking I was led into the presence of Sri Ramana himself. He was a small, thin man of about 70 with close-cropped white hair and a stubby beard and mustache, an extremely kindly and intelligent face and a deeply tanned body, clad in a loin cloth. He reclined on a massive stone couch propped up with pillows. An American alarm clock ticked on a shelf behind him and a calendar hung from one of the posts that propped a canopy over his couch. An electric floor lamp stood beside his head, a brazier full of hot coals burned in front of him and there was a stand full of burning incense to keep the flies away. He was holding darshan. His couch was flanked by a couple of privileged disciples in the yellow robes of the Hindu priesthood, and sitting cross-legged on the floor about him were two or three dozen people, all gazing rapturously at the master. From time to time a particularly fervent disciple would prostrate himself on the floor before the couch, methodically touching forehead, right ear and left ear to the flagstones. Occasionally one of the faithful would come forward with an offering of a banana or an orange, which Sri Ramana accepted with a benign smile. It was forbidden to wear shoes and everyone was barefoot.

Sri Ramana would have looked like a superior human being in any surroundings. He had the quietly assured look of a man who has experienced a great deal and thought everything through to a final, unshakable conclusion. Even an unbeliever could see that he

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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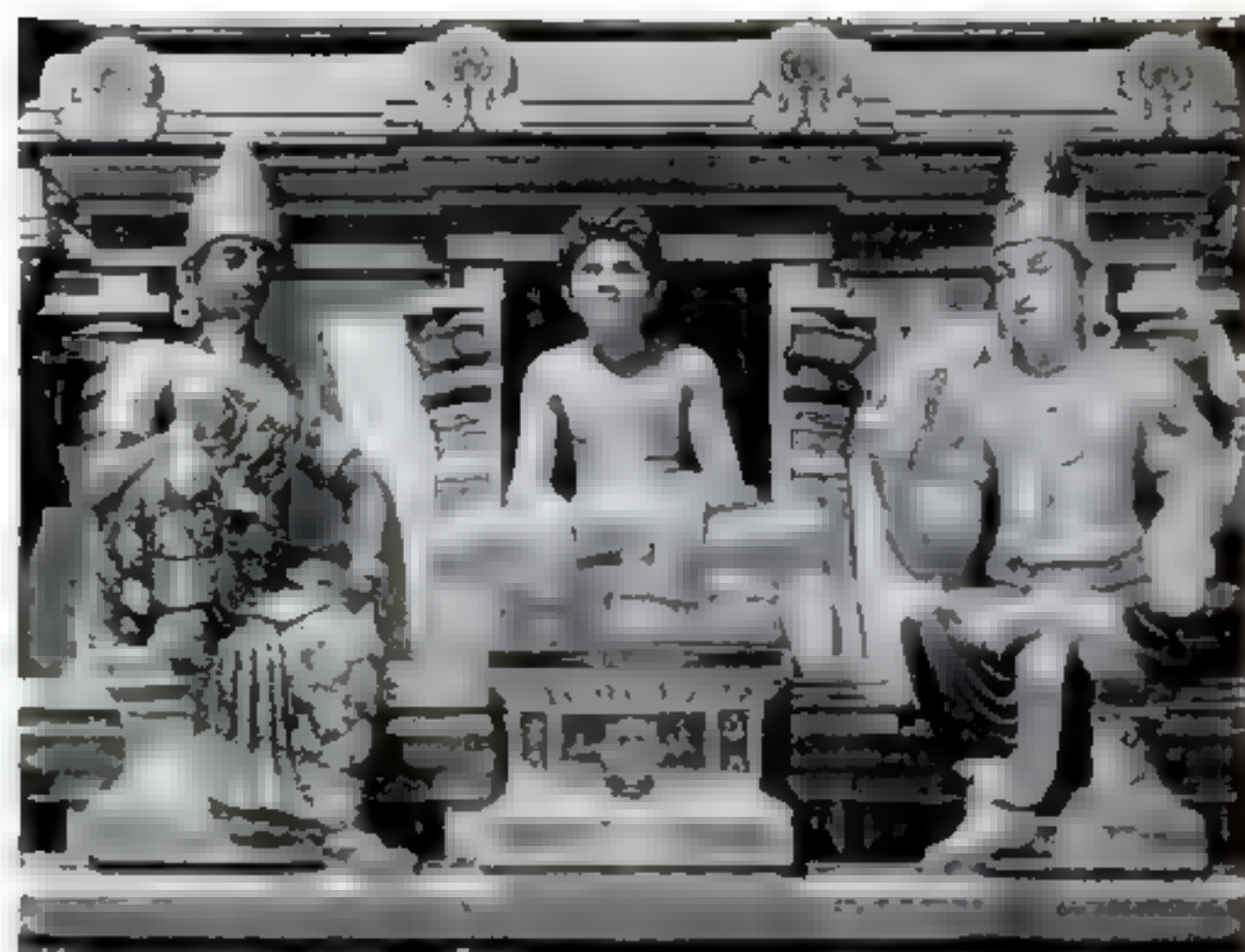
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PLASTER STATUE of Sri Ramana as a young man ornaments the dome of the private temple belonging to the ashram (shown in picture below). The figures on either side of Sri Ramana are statues of local Hindu mythological deities.

HOLY MAN CONTINUED

possessed a sort of personal serenity that is rare even in the contemplative Orient. I mumbled a few words of greeting which I hoped were appropriate and was smilingly waved to a place on the floor. The Maharshi spoke very little, sometimes in English, sometimes in the Tamil language which a considerable part of his audience didn't understand. But that didn't seem to matter. "You can attain peace merely by being near him," the professor of English literature explained later.

The Maharshi was presented with an old book of Tamil scriptures from which he read odd passages aloud, commenting on them in a leisurely tone of voice while his listeners gazed raptly. Finally he stopped talking altogether and simply smiled an endless warm-hearted smile. After an hour or so he rose from his couch and, supporting himself with a long cane, was led by a disciple back to his living quarters. The whole scene had a biblical quality about it, like something that might have happened thousands of years ago. It was a reenactment of the typical scene between master and disciples that has been going on since long before the time of Buddha and that continues in India today as if time stood still and history did not exist.

The fact (to them) that the Maharshi was the center and leader of the world did not particularly conflict in his disciples' minds with the fact that Sri Aurobindo, a hundred miles away, claimed to lead the same world. The devious complexities of Hindu thinking, in which symbols and realities are inextricably confused from the Western point of view, made both hypotheses perfectly tenable. To the yogi the world of appearances—including its wars, dictators, bombs and skyscrapers—is merely an illusory figment produced by the action of the senses. The real world (which is not the world one sees) is to be found only when the avenues of sense perception have been methodically closed off, and the inner soul is brought into harmony with the eternal essence known as Brahman, a Sanskrit term that conveys something analogous to the Christian mystic's idea of God. Yoga, the technique of the yogi, is a method of attaining this state of harmony.

There are numerous kinds of yoga, all of which involve the shutting out of the material world and the concentration of the faculties on the inner self. Some of them require more or less spectacular bodily techniques—control of breathing, special austerities of diet, peculiar ways of sitting to invite contemplation, and so on—and result in trance-like states and peculiar powers that have often baffled Western psychologists and amazed Western laymen. India is full of exhibitionistic yogis, pseudo-yogis, outright tricksters, fortunetellers and magicians, who claim all sorts of supernatural powers and perform amazing stunts. Indians, who have an unquench-



TEMPLE DOME swarms with brightly painted statuary. Arrow shows the seated figure of the youthful Sri Ramana.

able love of anything fantastic, magical, or supernatural, follow them in droves and most Westerners, quite rightly, regard them as circus freaks.

But great yogis like Sri Ramana regard all this magic and trickery as child's play. Their disciplines are aimed at a purely religious goal. Yoga in its higher aspects is part and parcel of the religion of Hinduism. And Hinduism is not only one of the world's oldest and most durable civilized religions, it is also one of the world's largest, counting some 230 million orthodox followers in India alone. Through its vast protestant branch, Buddhism, it has spread throughout the Orient, influencing the thinking and ways of life of nearly 380,330,000 human beings. With the East awakening from its subject status and playing an increasingly independent role in international affairs, these figures indicate something of political as well as philosophical portent.

Hinduism is not only old, durable and extensive; it is unquestionably the most complicated religion in the world. It owes some of this complexity to the mental attitudes of a people who have always loved intellectual elaboration for its own sake. What the West calls theology has expanded in India to the proportions of a universal science which includes nearly every aspect of Indian culture. Indian art, music, literature, psychology, even Indian sociology and economics (except where they have been influenced by the West) are all theological pursuits. This theology, which Westerners often refer to as Hindu philosophy, is by no means primitive. Its literature would already have filled vast libraries before the Christian Era, and it has been growing ever since. It includes enormous mythological epics, moral treatises, dramas, technical studies and commentaries. It encompasses a huge amount of what even Western scholars concede to be great literature and a mass of obscure metaphysical speculation that has, in its time, touched on most of the major problems of Western thought. The West often forgets that it was the Hindus who invented the concept of zero in mathematics and who evolved the science of algebra. They also, in their peculiarly vague, dreamy way, anticipated countless Western scientific hypotheses, from the theory of atoms to modern psychiatry's concept of the unconscious mind. Of course they failed to match the progress of Western thought in the field of experimental science.

Experiment vs. contemplation

BUT to the orthodox Hindu mind, which considers the material world an illusion of the senses, experiment has never seemed important. While the Westerner busied himself with test tubes in an effort to subdue and comprehend his material environment, the Hindu simply sat and thought. That, as India's progressive politicians know, is one of the main reasons for India's material backwardness today. It is also one of the reasons why Westerners find it difficult to understand India and why they often underestimate the Hindu mind which in morals, mathematics, psychology, philosophy and other fields of more or less subjective thought is at least the equal of our own.

The most obvious feature of Hinduism is the overwhelming array of gods, demigods and mythological figures to whom the average Hindu pays homage. They exist by the thousand in the form of animal-faced, eight-armed and otherwise fantastic statues that adorn the walls and roofs of Hindu temples. To the simple-minded Hindu they are idols to be propitiated and fostered according to the rules of primitive ritual. To the more intelligent and educated Hindu they are symbols of abstract ideas—fertility, wealth, wisdom and so on. They are led by a trinity of superior gods who represent forces of nature: Brahma, the four-faced creator of the universe; Vishnu, the preserver, and Siva, the multiple-limbed god of dissolution. These three are survivals of ancient deities who have existed in various forms since the earliest records of Oriental civilization. Behind this complex facade of polytheism lies a structure of abstract thinking that is more comprehensible to the Western mind. Its outstanding tenet is the doctrine called "reincarnation"—the idea that the human soul never dies but is reborn again and again like the vital force that causes plants to sprout, seed, die and resprout. Ultimately, by a process of purification, the soul becomes free of the necessity of repeated rebirths and is permanently united with the vital force itself. This final state is the goal of all human life, and the surest method of attaining it is the discipline of the yogi.

The ramifications of this doctrine form the subject of what is perhaps the greatest work of literature ever produced in the Orient, the *Bhagavad-Gita* or *Song of God*. The *Gita*, which is to Hinduism what the Sermon on the Mount is to Christianity, dates in word

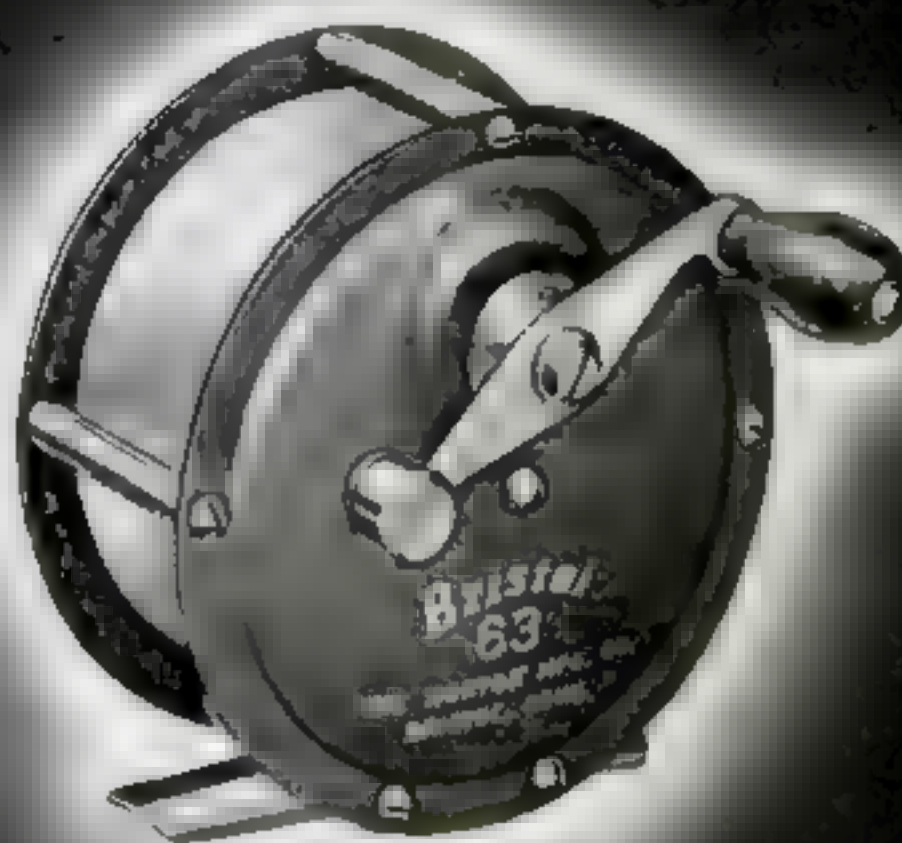
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LARGE ANCIENT TEMPLE stands in nearby Tiruvannamalai, seen here from slopes of holy mountain. Tree in foreground is a banyan, sacred to Hindus.

HOLY MAN CONTINUED

of mouth form from long before the time of Buddha (500 B.C.) and was written down in Sanskrit during the early centuries of the Christian Era. It has been repeatedly translated into English, most recently and lucidly by the British novelist Christopher Isherwood. It is an amazingly compact document of perhaps 20,000 words and, like many great religious books, takes the form of a narrative. This narrative begins at a moment of emotional crisis when its hero, a young warrior named Arjuna, is about to plunge into battle. Suddenly Arjuna is overcome with an enormous sense of futility. He asks why he should lift up his sword and go about butchering the enemy which, after all, consists of men very much like himself. He is answered by his charioteer, Krishna, a semi-divine mythological figure who has been sent into the world to guide him. Krishna's explanation, involving the nature of life and death, the relation of the individual human soul to the rest of the universe, the true distinctions between good and evil and the Hindu path of righteousness through yoga, forms the rest of the narrative.

Seldom in the history of religious and philosophical writing has so much profundity been encompassed in a few pages, and the result is a compendium of the essentials of Hindu religion. As Krishna describes it, life is an impermanent dreamlike state in which the soul is beset by illusions and desires. The path of the wise man lies in detecting these illusions for what they are and in renouncing all worldly desire. Once independent of his desires and unattached to glory, ambition, pride or any other fruit of worldly achievement, he can go through life in complete serenity and pass from it into an eternal union with Brahman, the omnipresent spirit of all created things. Those who fail to achieve this detachment and serenity are condemned to be reborn into a succession of future lives over and over again until they have learned their lesson.

Now what has all this ancient doctrine got to do with Sri Ramana Maharshi, the sun-tanned old gentleman who lives at the foot of the mountain near Tiruvannamalai? Everything. Sri Ramana's views are extremely orthodox and correspond exactly with those propounded in the *Gita*. His life of austerity, his renunciation of all worldly desires, his contemplative serenity, his unshakable peace of mind are all part of the traditional equipment of the Hindu sage. To millions of Hindus he is a living saint and an example. Sri Ramana, they believe, is about to break his cycle of rebirths. When he dies he will be absorbed into eternal union with Brahman. In fact Sri Ramana's soul is already united with Brahman. Only the presence of his physical body, an outer husk connected with the world of appearances, still sustains the illusion that he is a man like other men.

The education of a yogi

HOW did Sri Ramana attain this remarkable state? This question is answered with great enthusiasm by almost any of the devout followers who live at his ashram. Many Hindu yogis reach the state only after years of austere disciplines. Not so Sri Ramana. Sri Ramana was able to dispense with nearly all the elaborate techniques of contemplation. He was practically born a yogi.

Sri Ramana was the son of a reasonably prosperous lawyer who lived near the city of Madura in South India. He was 12 years old when his father died, and his mother and uncles undertook the problem of giving him a good, conventional education. He was a boy of



MYTHOLOGICAL STATUARY lines the roads of the countryside near Sri Ramana's ashram. These terra-cotta horses are figures from old Hindu epics.

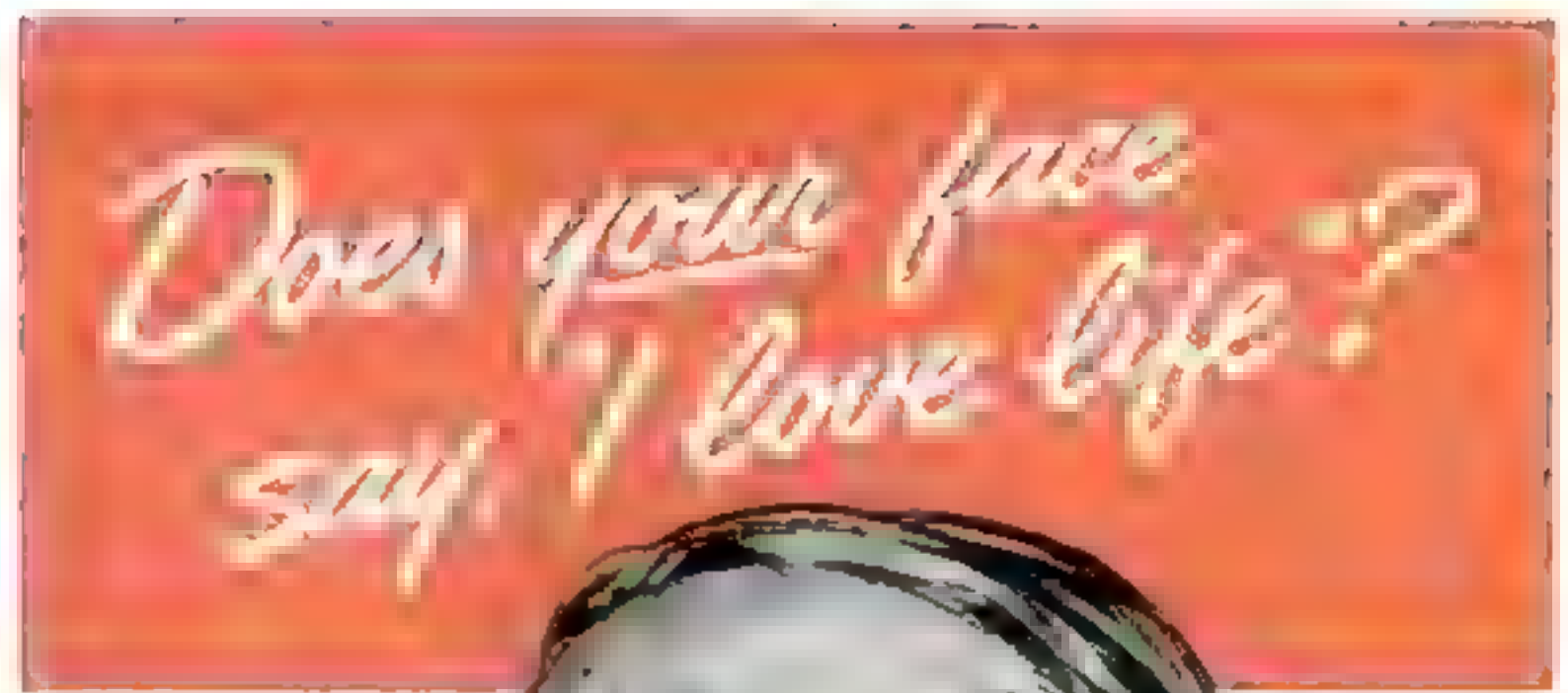
more than average intelligence. But Sri Ramana seemed to have no interest whatever in getting on in the world. He pursued his studies in a desultory way. He had a habit of falling into deep sleep from which nobody could awaken him. He was obsessed by a peculiar dream of a holy mountain which he had never seen or heard of but which ultimately turned out to be the conical mountain of Tiruvannamalai where he settled later in life. At 16, when he was about to enter the University of Madras, Sri Ramana passed through a curious emotional experience which in the West would be considered somewhat morbid. He began seriously thinking about the idea of death. "Who or what is it that dies?" he asked himself. "It is this visible body that dies. But when this body dies, shall I also die? That depends on what I really am. If I be this body then when it dies, I also would die; but if I be not this [body], then I would survive." These reflections on the immortality of the soul, or the true "self" as Hindu theologians call it, led Sri Ramana to undertake an experiment. Lying rigid on the floor, he tried to reproduce in his own body a state resembling death, closing off all the sensations, feelings and thoughts that attend the experience of living. When he arose from this state he had apparently discovered by a process of elimination, which reminds one of the Hindu invention of algebra, the unknown quantity he was seeking. He knew the nature of the immortal, indestructible X which remained after all the physical and mental phenomena of life had been eliminated. The equation $X = \text{the real Sri Ramana}$ came as a revelation, and Sri Ramana was instantly transformed into a sage.

"Who am I?"

TO the Hindu mind, nurtured on millenniums of metaphysics, this revelation contained nothing fantastic or incredible. It was simply the standard discovery made repeatedly and through various methods by generations of yogis since the dawn of Hindu thought. The remainder of Sri Ramana's long life is described by his followers as a mere chain of outward events which had no further effect on his nature. He grew even more oblivious to his studies and when the family rebuked him for laziness, he ran away from home with three rupees (about one dollar) in his pocket. He made his way, as a mendicant, to the town of Tiruvannamalai where he recognized the holy mountain as his predestined home. He shaved his head, threw all his clothes except a loincloth into the bathing pool of Tiruvannamalai's ancient Hindu temple and sat for days in meditation. At first he meditated in odd corners of the temple. Later he took to meditating in various caves on the sides of the mountain itself. At the age of 21, in 1900, he wrote a small book entitled *Who am I?* which contained the gist of his discovery. He subsisted on chance offerings of food from passers-by, though he was reported to be able to do without food entirely for long periods. Gradually his reputation spread, and pious Hindus from all over India came to sit in his presence and listen to his teaching.

The teaching has since been elaborated by various disciples and now fills numerous volumes and pamphlets. Several Europeans have written books about it. But it contains nothing sensational and little that is new. Sri Ramana is not the founder of a new religion. He seeks no converts. Hinduism has never been a proselytizing religion, and it lacks entirely the organization of the Western churches. Sri Ramana has simply "found his soul," as Westerners put it, and is willing, by example and precept, to help others find theirs. The method is merely a variation on a theme that is at least 3,000

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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RIGHT: Surface of same tooth polished with new Listerine Tooth Paste.

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HOLY MAN CONTINUED

years old. Sri Ramana's favorite point of departure, the question "Who am I?" was stated long ago by Socrates as "Know thyself," and has been echoed by thousands of great moral teachers everywhere. "If only the mind is kept under control," says Sri Ramana, "what matters it where one may happen to be? The mind of the ignorant one, entering into the phenomenal world, suffers pain and anguish. When the world recedes from one's view, that is when, free from thought, the mind enjoys the bliss of the self. There is no such thing as the physical world apart from and independent of thought. Just as the spider draws out the thread of the cobweb from within itself and withdraws it again into itself, even so out of itself the mind projects the world and absorbs it again into itself. The self alone is the world."

There is, of course, no point in logical dispute about religions. A man believes or he does not believe, and that is all there is to it. A Christian, who has a more dynamic view of human destiny, might find the extreme subjectiveness of Sri Ramana's philosophy a practical weakness. The average Hindu, whose closest relationships are between himself and the infinite, has failed to evolve the sense of social responsibility that grows from the Judaeo-Christian dictum, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." The average worldly Western man might point out that Sri Ramana's way of life is all right for sages but offers very little help to the fellow who is trying to pay the rent and keep his children clothed and fed. These are some of the differences that have always divided East and West. And India's progressive political and industrial leaders are very anxious today to teach India the secrets of the West's material advance and to wipe out the poverty, disease and social inequality of her "phenomenal world" by other methods than pure contemplation. Probably they are right and even Sri Ramana would not deny the temporary validity of their aims. But the yogi takes a longer view. According to his philosophy, the world has seen countless cycles of creation and dissolution. Man's material conquests rise and subside. The world is not really going anywhere in particular. The only thing that is certain is the indestructibility of the human soul, which strives eternally toward ultimate union with the all-pervading essence known as Brahman. Had Sri Ramana, like Sri Aurobindo, defeated Adolf Hitler? Not in the physical sense certainly. But in the yogi's contemplative universe, the "physical sense" is a more or less irrelevant illusion. Sri Ramana's universe is ruled by a power that has long guaranteed the futility of all earthly ambition. According to Hindu theology, Sri Ramana himself is identified with this power. Accepting these premises, anybody can work out the equation. It may not be what the Western mind calls "realistic." But it is certainly not illogical.



RIVAL HOLY MAN Sri Aurobindo's ashram is in neighboring Pondicherry. A woman dressed in a sari kneels in prayer before photograph of "the master."

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DRAWING THE HOUNDS together for the hunt is Huntsman George Beeman. Arapahoe club is proud pos-

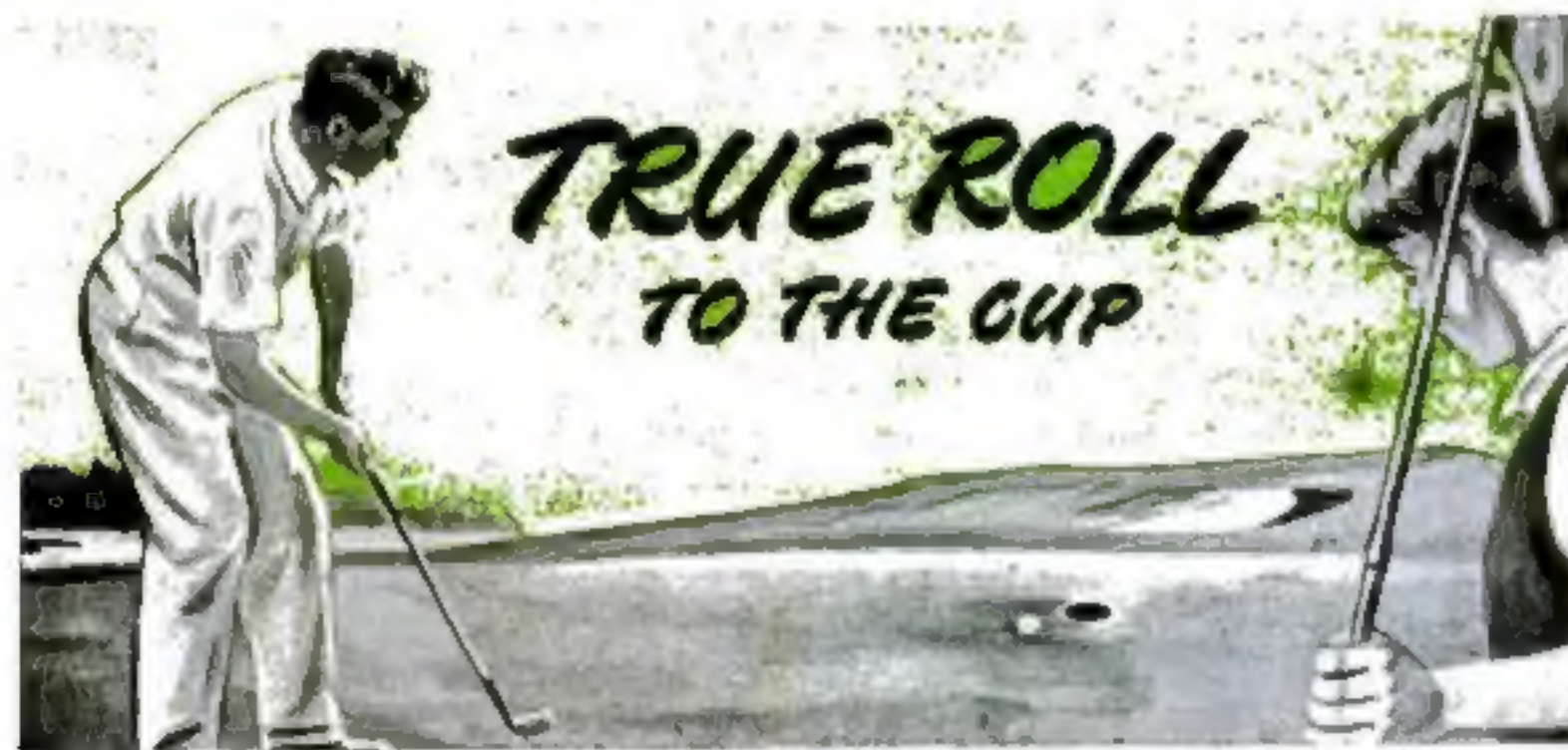
essor of 35 "couples" which are descended from English hounds but seem as happy hunting coyotes as foxes.



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Arapahoe Hunt CONTINUED



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